

# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXI

Contents for March, 1911

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# MacLean's Magazine

Vol XXI

Toronto March 1911

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## Grabbing Legislation at Ottawa

Being a few facts and observations concerning the gentle  
art of lobbying and the art of "influencing" our Parliament

By T. A. Petersen

THERE is in Canada a market for franchises and for some sorts of legislation, and there are franchise and legislation brokers, just as there is a market and a broker for May wheat or early strawberries, or rubber. The legislation market is not affected by tariffs. It is not governed by the law of supply and demand.

Next to making a man a Premier or a member of Parliament, the granting of a franchise is the best gift in the power of the people, and, what is more, it is often a negotiable security. But there are some people in this world who are not content to take a franchise as a government would give it to them, but who are continually looking for franchises under especially favorable terms, especially favorable legislation. To supply this demand there exist men who operate in the town halls, the city halls, the Legislative Buildings and the Federal Parliament Buildings of the country. They are legislation brokers. In calling them "brokers" one casts a reflection upon pawn shops, for the art of securing leg-

islation is often quite vulgar. But Art it is, and much more profitable too, than painting or sculpture, or poetry or picking winners.

It is in order that these franchises may be secured with as little trouble as possible, with the least possible government exactions and with a maximum of Government assistance, that the legislation broker is employed. He is the man with pail, the man who can be a good fellow, the man who may possibly manage a delicate piece of corruption and who, in short, knows the strings.

The great railways keep men on deck at Ottawa all session round to protect their old rights and secure new ones.

Great corporations desiring trifling favors, such as the right to dam the St. Lawrence river, have certain means of having their wishes presented favorably to the House of Commons.

And in a third class, are men who are forever studying the map of Canada for some new place to get a water-power or a railway franchise and who, having found one, get the government to grant a fran-



THE IMMIGRANTS

Drawn by C. W. Jeffers-Jones

chase to a set of dumplings, until such time as this holder of the franchise may get time to sell his rights to some real capitalist whose money is out of work.

One day last session, little Jim Conmee, M.P., from Port Arthur, had a very painful experience. It was in his capacity as a lobbyist—for there are lobbyists who only lobby and others like Mr. Conmee who carry their operations clear inside and upon the sacred oil-cloth of the sacred House of Commons. Little Jim wished Parliament to pass a private bill permitting a certain group of gentlemen to build a system of canals between Lake Superior and Winnipeg, via Fort Frances. The proposed bill was to allow them, in short, to do just about what they pleased with the millions of horse-power contained in the myriad lakes and rivers of the Rainy River district.

Before the Railway Committee of the House of Commons the bill was fought out. Hon. Clifford Sifton, who is rather at odds with the Liberal Administration, opposed the bill in the ground that it was giving the gentlemen represented by Mr. Conmee, too much for too little. The Tory members fought the measure, of course, just as they would fight if the Liberals proposed to vote themselves out of office.

But Conmee was full of faith. With the apparent sympathy of the Party and with the ostentatious aid of several Liberal M.P.'s who are always identified with co-operation interests in the House, he had no fears.

Hon. George Graham, the chairman, intimated that he would take the vote of the committee. "Jim" hurried downstairs to bring in enough Liberal friends to swamp the opponents of the bill. When he came upstairs, showing a neat little flock of tame votes ahead of him, the fat gentlemen who had been looking on all the time, and in whom were apparently to be seen the "interests" represented by Mr. Conmee, beamed. They saw the vote coming.

Jim stepped to the front of the committee room and stretching his neck and standing on tip-toe, he courted the heads

of his votes. He seemed satisfied. He signalled the chairman to go ahead and take the vote. It was taken. Jim lost. He had not counted his votes correctly though all he had needed to have done was to have made another trip downstairs and scrape up more tame votes—votes that had not listened to the argument against the bill but that were Conmee's for the asking.

That was how Mr. Conmee failed to get that franchise. That franchise would have been worth millions to Mr. Conmee's gentlemen friends. They perhaps had no money in their own pockets worth listening to, but with that franchise they could have gone to a thousand different boarding places of money and could have sold it for numerous shekels.

Now that is one way of securing or trying to secure franchises at Ottawa. It was only an accident that it did not work. It has worked before this. It always works if only Mr. Conmee is more careful in counting his votes.

Mr. Conmee might be said to be one kind of franchise grabber. He sees a good thing to get a franchise for and he uses his friends in the party, it is alleged, to get it. Then he sells it—we suggest, or possibly gets his 'merely nominal' fee from the promoters who benefited by it.

Then, it has been known that the whip of a party would introduce a bill, on behalf of some large corporation, just as when Mr. Fred Pardee fathered the St. Lawrence Power Company's bill last session. In the Canadian House of Commons there are few men held in higher esteem than Mr. Pardee, and it could not for a moment be suggested that Mr. Pardee's connection with the proposal to dam the St. Lawrence River was due to anything more than his belief that the proposed power development would benefit Canada. But the skill of the franchise grabbing promoter was there revealed in securing the one man, next to a Cabinet Minister, capable of coaxing the support of the party for the scheme.

There is a class of lawyers too, a little pettyfogging class, that hang out their signs in Toronto and Ottawa and Mon-

treel and who are 'for hire' to any body of gentlemen—franchise seekers are always 'bodies of gentlemen'—in search of a favor from Parliament. These little lawyers have, as a rule, nothing to do with great civil cases or with great criminal trials. They move in a grey back-ground of pettyfogging—writing 'lawyers' letters' for a client, drawing up the papers in real estate transactions, advising people how much notice is due the landlord. But behind everything they are working to 'acquire merit,' or as it were to lay up treasures in Ottawa, upon which they subsequently draw, just as though it were a bank account.

One of these lawyers once boasted that "a young fellow can pick up a pretty nice living by this sort of thing. I made \$5,000 a year the first year I tried it."

For instance, take this case:

Blank, a struggling provincial lawyer of good family, made himself a strong party man. By application and industry he secured a little prominence among the Liberals of his district. Every time he had a chance he did little favors for passing Cabinet Ministers. One day his great opportunity came. There was an embarrassing quarrel up in the country in his old home town, between two factions of the party. The quarrel was seriously embarrassing the Government and a proposed Cabinet Minister. The merry little lawyer went to his old home town and worked like a beaver. He took care that the Party chiefs at Ottawa should see that he was working, and on a certain day the Premier called him and said, "Mr. Blank, you simply must get that man to resign."

"But it is impossible," objected Blank, who was really disheartened.

"Mr. Blank," said Laurier, "it must be done and I leave it to you—No. Do not say you cannot. I know you can. No. Do not say a word. You will do it, I am certain. Good-evening."

Blank decided that the Premier was right. He went to his constituency and by hard work did what was required.

Two weeks after the whole thing was settled the Party remembered to thank Mr. Blank. Cabinet Ministers thanked the little lawyer. The Premier himself

summoned him and thanked him and added: "We are greatly in your debt, Mr. Blank. When you see an opportunity for the Party to repay you don't hesitate to tell the Party. It will not forget your service."

As a lobbyist, as a franchise grabber's tool, Blank was 'made.' A year later he was approached by a group of gentlemen who wanted something from Parliament. They had heard that Blank had 'pulled.' Blank named his fee and accepted the commission. He mentioned what he wanted and then reminded the Liberal Party. The Liberal Party thanked him for the opportunity of doing him a favor. The group of gentlemen secured their wish.

Of course, lobbyists such as this see to it always that the government is in their debt. They work for the government at election time and at all times. They keep the favorable balance as large as possible.

Once, a lobbyist 'for hire,' became obstreperous. He was given a commission to secure certain legislation, but when he began to work he found that another lawyer, the young son of a Cabinet Minister, was handling it and 'working' his father's influence. He protested to the Cabinet Minister. He carried it to Laurier himself and Justice was done. The Cabinet Minister's son retired from the matter. But that was the last of the little lobbyist. He had shown temper. He died as a legislator. Subsequently, being hard pressed, and having stumbled upon a misty bit of scandal he black-mailed a Cabinet Minister to the extent of getting him to assist in the passing of a 'desirable' bill.

The other night a number of Canadian M.P.'s walked out of one of the little private dining-rooms on the third floor of the west wing of the House of Commons, and each carried, under an arm, a bottle of champagne. And each sang, or tried to sing, and each rejected.

At the end of this merry company walked a tall dark square-jawed man with fine bold eyes and large fists and shoulders. He, too, was rejoicing. But he was perfectly sober. He was a lobbyist.

He left his friends with the bottles to dwindle away into their private rooms in the building, and collided with another large group of men who had just come up in the elevator and who were just going into another room for some beer and crackers. They were new-paper correspondents in Ottawa from the West with a certain delegation.

But they knew the big lobbyist. He hailed them as brothers and went in with them. He summoned a waiter and stood with his great shoulders to the door as he handed him one hundred dollars.

"There," he said, "is a hundred. Nobody can buy a drink here to-night but me."

The correspondents were not that sort. They wanted to buy their own drinks and even then they weren't looking for headaches. But good fellowship dare not kick. They drank. Others came in—M.P.s and strangers—and they were quenched. The hundred dollars vanished and the big black man handed out forty dollars more. The clock droned around. A committee of three were operating the piano. Some gentlemen were vocalizing.

By and by everybody went home. The last man out of the room was the lobbyist. When the crowd had left him he went down to his specially chartered apartments. He went up to his room and pulled off his boots. He took a little medicine because the doctor had warned him of his kidneys. About dawn he went to bed, sober enough but haggard.

He did not have any legislation pending. His company was asking nothing. But a month later a little bill came up in committee, concerning the regulation of that concern. The proposed regulation would have been a trifle embarrassing to it, but it was not exerting itself very much. It knew its friends.

The members who had partaken of the lobbyist's hospitality that night, had a vague idea that it was his company. Their

minds dwelt upon it. "Tommy was a good fellow—damn nice fellow!"—and they got rid of the proposed embarrassment to the big company by killing the bill.

Now this article may be misunderstood. Some people, not knowing Ottawa, may think that it means that lobbyists are always buying drinks, that Canadian M.P.s and Press correspondents are always open to a quencher and always appropriately grateful.

That is not so. The majority of members of the House cannot be touched by the lobbyist. But the trouble with them is that they are too loyal to their friends and to the party. This loyalty often leads them into error. You may think that the inference is that franchises should not be granted, that public ownership is the great desideratum, that 'vested rights' is tommy rot, and the capitalist a thief. It may have been inferred that the favors granted to political heeters by the Party were extraordinary favors and that what we have described applies only to the Liberal Party. But these impressions would be wrong and are not intended.

The concessions which the lobbyist gets are the price which we, the people, pay for his exploiting new parts of the country or new things. Without this exploitation we would suffer. The only question is whether this system we have copied from the Americans should not be replaced by the English system of controlling lobbying; whether we should not maintain a uniform control over all enfranchised companies such as railway and power corporations. The favors which the government may show to the lobbying henchman, are not always extraordinary and are undoubtedly subject to the sincere consideration of the government head. But members and Ministers cannot always be vigilant enough to escape the wiles of the favor-seeker.

## The Thief

By Charles Shirley

Illustrated by W. A. Beatty.

HE'D 'a swiped the nuts off his own wagon, if he'd had one," said Shorty MacLean. "He'd 'a robbed a bank if he'd thought he could 'a done it neatly. He was a' artist at thievin'—steal the hair off 'a doggie without the doggie knowin' it, and now—he's dead, him and Stripes."

"Terrible!" sighed little MacPherson, who is a Knox College student from Toronto, but who goes in for cor-punching in his holidays. "It is terrible to think of," adding, "and do you mean to say, Mr. MacLean, that there was nothing left of the two men that could be called a—that could be buried?"

"That's what," replied Shorty. "There were two heaps of something that was part ashes and part—somethin' else. The two heaps were lyin' under the wreckage after the fire. They knew one of 'em was Stripes, because there were little bits of melted-up brass among the ashes, which had been Stripes' buttons. There was a gun, which must have been in Stripes' hip pocket. There were two spurs on two bits of burned leather, which had been the heels of a pair of R.N.W.M.P. boots. So they knew that heap was Stripes. The other heap—well, it was just ashes mixed in with bits of wood from the remains of the car. They couldn't find Striver, and the ashes looked as much like him as anything, so they called him dead. Guess he is, too."

"What 'come of the hand-cuffs?" demanded big Pete Black, whose mind ran to police stories and that sort of thing. "Were they melted, too?"

"No," said Shorty. "Stripes didn't have hand-cuffs on his man."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he knew what Striver was like. Knew he didn't need them."

"Poor Stripes!" we sighed.

"Poor Striver!" added little MacPherson, thoughtfully.

"He was a darn little skunk!" exclaimed Black, bitterly.

"Yes," said Shorty, suddenly taking up another lap in the story of his adventure. "That was my first train wreck, and I hope it'll be my last. It was the first time the poor old Thief ever was pinched, and I guess it was his last, all right. Fellow on the train was tellin' me he was near heart-broken when they pinched him. He was talkin' to his horse back of the corral on the Jew's place, when the boys told him Stripes was comin' for him. All he said was, 'Tell Stripes I'm here.' The fellows thought he'd run, but he wouldn't. Just waited for Stripes. Stripes led him away quiet as a lamb. Both of 'em was killed two hours later."

"Good riddance," muttered Black.

We were in the bunk-house. The oil burner was lighted. Outside, the wind was blowing. Shorty had been telling us in detail how the local train, running down from Medicine Hat into our part of the country had been wrecked. Two men were reported killed, Sergeant Jarvis of the Mounted Police, and his prisoner, George Striver, commonly known as "The Thief." Our Shorty had been down at the Hat on business for our owner. He had been sitting in the same smoking compartment on the Canadian Southern train as were Stripes and Striver, when the engine pitched into a light engine running toward the Hat. Shorty, as he

had told us, had heard the brakes go on, had heard the crash, had seen the roof coming through right over Stripes and his man. After that he had remembered nothing. When he came to, the wrecking train had cleared the track and they had sorted him out with the rest of the injured. In one place were the two dead—or what was surmised to be their ashes; in a special car running back to Medicine Hat were the more seriously injured. But Shorty, and the others who had escaped with a few bruises, had been kept for the night at a ranch-house. Next morning he had been driven across to his own outfit—his outfit.

"How much did you get out of them?" asked Black suddenly, reverting to Shorty's description of the Canadian Southern Railway's claims agent, who had bought off Shorty's claim.

"Two hundred dollars."

"You were a fool," commented Black. "You could 'a' had more by standing out for it. Why, there was one fellow who hadn't even a bump on the head, and he got—"

He paused, listening. Someone had knocked at our door. The sound came again, feebly.

"Come in!" yelled Shorty.

Nobody came, but there was some sort of a noise outside. Then the sound was repeated, still feebly.

"Come in!" called Shorty again, and at the same time he threw the door wide open. I heard him say, "What's the matter with you, you fool?" Then there was the sound of something scuffling in the doorway and Shorty appeared, dragging a limp figure into the light. He dropped it gently on the floor, panting.

We all stepped forward to look. Black pushed his way between MacPherson and me.

"Whew! he exclaimed, whistling. "Whew! It's Striver. It's the Thief!"

"No, it ain't," Shorty said. "The Thief is taller."

"No, he ain't."

"I seen the Thief last," retorted Shorty, bending closer over the prostrate man, "I ought—I ought t' know—and yet—"

He peered, perplexed.

I sent MacPherson to the owner's house for sponges and cloth and bandages. I

told him to say, if Miss Isabel wanted to know what was the matter, that one of the horses was hurt. I didn't want her fussing around. The unconscious man on the floor of the bunk-house was in pretty bad condition. His face was laid clean open. It was a nasty wound, and we worked a long time before we had it dressed. Meanwhile, Shorty had gone off for the doctor, and I had spent five minutes outside the door of the bunk-house arguing with the boss and his daughter, Miss Isabel, that they didn't need to do anything.

## II.

In the morning we held a consultation. Just after breakfast I called Black and Shorty and MacPherson—leaving out the other hands that were sleeping in the other bunk-house—and I told them my idea.

"There's no need," I said, constituting myself chairman. "There's no need for us to tell anybody anything about this Striver—if it is Striver—ain't his angel. He's a thief, we all know it. Yet he never did anybody any harm in his life, and what's the sense—if it's Striver—of putting him back in the hole where the Jew will prosecute the warrant against him? When the doctor comes, give him the tip. He knows Striver. If it's Striver, he needsn't say anything."

"All right," assented Shorty and MacPherson. Black nodded, dubiously. I knew what was ranking in Black's head. At the last busting match at Medicine Striver had beaten Black—rode a bad-sactor that had left Black rolling in the dirt. And Black "fancied himself" as a broncho-buster. That was why his assent was slow.

So we arranged to keep our man in the bunk-house, and when the doctor came we told him what was what, and he said nothing in reply, which meant that he knew what he knew and no more. There was only one hurt to the stranger. That one had been caused by a blow across the face and the head. The face was in bandages. We were still wondering whether the man was Striver or not.

In my day in the north part of the cow-country in Alberta, there had been a thousand stories about George Striver, the Thief. In the southern parts he was

not so well known, though at odd periods stray cow-men would pass by and tell yarns about Striver, the Thief.

There wasn't a man but had a sort of sneaking regard for Striver. He was tall and fair and handsome enough, and he was always—the gentleman. It may seem contradictory, but he was. He would steal any mortal thing except something you trusted him with. He seemed to do it for the love of doing a neat piece of work. He did not need to steal. In fact, he never took anything of any considerable value. And yet when he was taxed with stealing he would admit it and look as abashed as though he had been caught murdering a baby.

He traveled all over the north country trying to get over the habit. People said that he came from England. Some said he seemed to know more than others said there was a girl in the case. But no one over heard of her, except when the Thief would be smitten with remorse. Then he would mention dimly that he could never look "her" in the face. But no "her" ever materialized. No one ever knew him to speak to a woman beyond the barest civilities. He did not drink. He did not "paint the towns red." He just made a track from ranch to ranch trying to reform, and failing.

Rany, on the Thompson ranch, took hold of him and declared he was going to reform him. It was a good enough bargain for Rany, because anybody was willing to hire Striver, he was such a man with cattle, and he could ride so much like the all-fired Satan himself. But Rany said he was going to "reform" the Thief. He gave him extra high wages. But the Thief did not need them. He gave his money to the children in town, or to the Indian youngsters that he might happen to run across in a camp. He lent the fellows money and never wanted it back again. And yet, he would steal an old silver watch, or a little bag of nuggets that some fellow had brought with him from the gold country. Or he'd steal a knife or a stick-pin—for the mere joy of stealing.

The fellows all took it good-naturedly and dubbed him—the Thief, without meaning a bit of harm in the word. But somehow, it hurt Striver, and made him

wear a hang-dog appearance, often. He went to Rany's ranch, as he went to all new jobs, in high spirits, hoping to get over his habit, and one night he called three of the fellows around him and pleaded with them not to call him The Thief. He made them promise that if he never did anything again they would quit calling him by that name. They laughed at him, good naturedly, and clapped him on the back. But next week he stole an ivory lucky piece from a Mexican. They wouldn't have known where to have looked for it, only that the Thief was in camp. They asked him where it was and he owned up. Then he went to Rany and told him he was quitting the job. Rany said no; said he wanted Striver to take a consignment of cattle to Winnipeg and handle all the money matters for him. Striver, touched, stayed, and said he would. He took the cattle and brought back every cent of the money correct. But he had not been home two days before the brakeman on the train that had carried Striver and the cattle down to Winnipeg wrote up asking for his watch. It was a German silver affair, not worth a dollar. Striver took the letter to the boss and then fished the watch out of his dunnage. Next day he quit and went to the next ranch, primed with new resolutions and new hope. But he failed, as he had failed before, and now his last employer, a nasty foreigner, with a pumped-up notion about the rights of property which he had acquired since his coming to Canada, had laid a charge against Striver and had had him arrested. Striver had a "weakness" before, but the arrest made him a criminal. The train which had been conveying him and Stripes Jarvis to the local headquarters of the R. N. W.M.P. was wrecked. And the question in our mind was—whether George Striver, commonly known as the Thief, was dead and cremated, or whether this bruised and battered affair which had arrived at our bunk-house during Shorty's revival of his adventure, was the man.

## III.

For three days he lay in the bunk-house and said nothing. He was attended by Anderson, the local doctor, once a day. He said nothing to the doctor. We fed

him, and all he said was "Thank you," in a formal way—for he was conscious enough. But he put in his time lying staring at the ceiling through his bandages, or sleeping. On the fourth day he unexpectedly announced his intention of getting up. Shorty MacLean heard him speaking and went over to the side of the bunk.

"I'm going to get up," said the stranger.

"Y' aren't able," replied Shorty. "Lie down. You'll put yourself to the bad if you get up."

"I'm going to get up," persisted the stranger, in a peculiarly steady voice, "I heard the doctor telling you yesterday that I was pretty well mended and that the bandages could come off to-day."

While Shorty was wrangling with him the doctor's run-about came whirling up the road. He heard what the stranger had to say and he said it was quite correct—he would take the bandages off and let the patient get up. So the stranger won his point from Shorty.

When I walked into the house that night there was the stranger sitting with his head bent over, studying the floor in a corner of the room.

"Evening!" I said. "Feelin' any better?"

"Thank you," came back a monotonous voice. "Thank you! I do. I feel much better. I'm glad to be sitting up."

Black came in. It was before the big oil burner was lighted. I saw him straining his eyes to catch sight of the unbandaged face of the stranger.

The stranger looked up, vaguely, at Black. "Evening!" he said, in that same steady tone, not the tone of a cow-puncher at all, but the tone of one of these Englishmen that you meet in Saskatchewan in the fall, shooting ducks.

"Evening!" returned Black, coldly. "Feelin' better?"

"Yes, thank you."

Again the head dropped and the man seemed to be studying the floor. I was fixing some records on the gramophone when I heard him speak again.

"Gentlemen," he said, slowly. "Gentlemen, I hope I haven't given you a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all," I said.

"Because," he went on, "I am afraid I don't know how to repay you for it—"

"Don't talk about that," snapped Shorty who had entered the room.

"Evening!" muttered the stranger, as he looked up through the dusk and saw Shorty hanging up his hat. "I am sorry to have put you—as I was saying—to so much trouble, but now—I have to be honest with you, gentlemen, now I would like you to tell me, if you can, how did I come here?"

We stared, to see if he was serious. Apparently he was.

"Why," I answered, "you knocked on our door last Sunday night about ten o'clock. We found that you had a dirty cut across the face and that you had a big bruise on your head—"

"Did I come in these clothes?"

"Yes."

"And have you any idea where I came from—where I had received these injuries of which you speak?" He let the shade of a smile flit across his face.

"Darned if we know," returned Shorty. "Fraid we don't know if you don't."

"Hell!" said Black, leaning forward and suddenly striking a match. "He knows mighty well. Wasn't you in that train wreck—with Stripes?"

The man seemed to be thinking over what Black had said. Black put his match to the oil burner and under the yellow light I saw the stranger's face, since it had begun to heal, for the first time, yet he had it turned so that I could not see it in detail. It looked like Striver's face and yet there was something different about it, as though the wound, though it was healing over very neatly, had altered it in some manner.

"Train wreck!" he muttered, "and a person whom you call 'Stripes'! Do you know," he said, suddenly turning to me, "was it a—goods train, or a—well, in short, what sort of a train was it?"

"Look here!" said Black, roughly putting aside the question. "Look here! This is the year nineteen hundred and eight. You are in the bunk-house of the Bar U. ranch in Southern Alberta. The owner's name is Barthe." The stranger looked up at the mention of the name. "We think," Black went on, without noticing, "that you



STRIVER . . . ROSE A BAD ACTOR THAT HAD LEFT BLACK . . . ROLLING IN THE DIRT.

were hurt in the wreck of the Canadian Southern Saturday night, near here. We also think that you know damn well who you are and that your name is Striver, Striver—the Thief."

It was out before I could stop him. But Black went on, "At first I didn't know for sure. I couldn't make sure of the face. But when you turned your face to the light a minute ago I knew who 't was, and you know, too."

The stranger stood up in the middle of the floor. He was swaying; he was still weak.

"Sir," he said, with the dignity which nobody but one of those duck-shooting Englishmen can raise, "Sir, you have the advantage of me. I have been messed up, somehow or another. I am sorry to say that I apparently have lost my memory. I do not know my name. I do not know how I came to be in this country. I do not know how I was hurt nor when. My only recollection is that I was in England, that I was riding a small horse, that something happened, and that—I return to consciousness here in this place where you have been so kind as to shelter me. I must thank you for your hospitality."

He was just toppling over when Shorty caught him. He had fainted.

"Black!" Shorty exclaimed, "You are a confounded liar. This ain't Striver."

"Wait and see," returned Black.

It was three days before the stranger was out of his bunk again. I told Anderson, the doctor, about his claiming to have lost his memory. At first he laughed. Then he examined the stranger again and came to me, outside the bunk-house, serious.

"He's not lying," he said.

"You mean that he has lost his memory, or part of it?"

"Yes. I was looking at his head again. He has been hurt before sometime—perhaps years ago. The first wound probably injured his brain in some way or another. The second shock has restored his memory only for those things which happened before the first accident. It's what we call Aphasia."

#### IV.

One morning, the stranger came out of the bunk-house rigged in some old clothes that Shorty and I had scraped together for him. He walked with a long stride and an air of self-reliance that would have marked him anywhere as a man who had been "accustomed to things."

"Mr. Brown," he said, "the physician has said that I am quite fit again. I wish to know if there is anything to do on this ranch here, of which I believe you are the manager, by which I may continue to support myself and perhaps earn enough to pay back what I owe you and the other men."

"There's nothing but cow-punching," I replied. "We are shy one man, but he'd have to be able to ride. As for paying back, forget it."

"I can ride."

"Can you? Then Shorty'll get you a horse, and we'll break you in. If you can stand the job, the wages will be thirty a month and grub and your place in the bunk-house."

Shorty brought a horse. At first the stranger looked afraid of the saddle. He said that he had been accustomed to the English hunting saddle. But the moment he was up on the horse I could see that he had ridden the Mexican saddle before, and as we rode off the odd puzzled expression came back into his face.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "I feel like a fool. I said I was unaccustomed to this sort of saddle, yet when I am in it I feel as though I had never ridden in any other. I am the victim of a lost memory I am afraid. But, by the way—I can tell you my name. That much and a little more came back to my memory after I had my—my little relapse. My name is Gerrard, Anthony Gerrard. My people were the Gerrards of Lancashire. My parents were not living when I went to school—Eton. I was staying at a country place, the Barthes, and I remember riding out before breakfast one morning with young Barthe—that is the end of my memory. But my name is Gerrard. It will give you a handle by which to call me. Isn't that your word, 'handle'?"

"All right, Gerrard," I said. "But what did you say was the name of the people in England—the Barthes?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because the owner of this place is Mr. Barthe."

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

Gerrard seemed to have been born in the cow-punching business. There was only one man I knew in those days that

could do so well with a horse. That was Black.

As we were all riding in from the big corral that night I saw the owner's daughter cantering across the pasture toward the house—Miss Barthe, Miss Isabel. She had been out on one of those eastern horses that I wouldn't trust farther than the length of a tight line.

Suddenly, I saw a little spurt of dust under the girl's horse. The horse was plunging, and as I looked I saw it jerk its head free and start off on the run. Ordinarily, there would have been no trouble, but there was a barbed-wire fence not far from where the easterner was heading for and if he struck it—

We hurried after the girl. Black and Gerrard made a lead on us. "Look out for the barb wire!" I shouted, as they passed out of hearing. I saw Black turn and yell something at Gerrard. I saw Gerrard give him an answer and spur his horse. Gerrard's horse gained. Black lagged. Inch by inch Gerrard crept up on the eastern horse, and with a side-long motion Gerrard put his horse beside the runaway and seizing a rein, brought him up.

We saw him lift his hat as the girl thanked him, apparently, and he held it suspended above his head, as though he was surprised. Then she must have decided to dismount, for Gerrard left his horse and held the easterner, while the girl jumped down. Gerrard fixed the girth and handed the girl up to her saddle again.

"Say!" said Shorty to me, as we drew near. "Nobody ever saw the Thief hand a lady up on a horse."

"Say!" growled Black, coming back at that moment, "Do you mean to tell me that wasn't the Thief that rode that way? Is there anybody else in the country had the Thief's way of sideling his horse up to a thing the way he did?"

"You're right," I admitted. "That certainly was Striver's trick. And yet—it isn't Striver. You never saw Striver talk or act the way Gerrard does, and, besides, Black—Gerrard ain't a Thief."

Black ignored my answer.

"He looks like Striver, don't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"And the only difference is that he doesn't talk like him, or act like him!"

"Yes, but—"

"Yes, but—nothing," Black answered sharply. "That's Striver, I tell you. He's shammin'."

Black rode ahead of us, muttering. Shorty and I caught up to Miss Barthe and Gerrard. They were riding side to side, and talking pleasantly.

"Brown," she said, "I pretty nearly had a bad one that time. I mustn't ride him without a curb after this. But Mr. Gerrard saved me. You didn't know, did you, that Mr. Gerrard and our family were old acquaintances?"

"I beg pardon, m'am—"

"Oh, yes," she laughed, "when he was a little boy going to Eton he used to visit at our place in the holidays with my brother. We lost track of him five years ago when he was thrown from a horse."

"I hope you are not hurt, Miss," I said.

Good cow-punching never yet made a good mix with a pretty girl.

## V.

That night I found Black writing letters. That was something unusual for Black. Two days later I brought the mail to the bunk-house and sorted out three for Black. One was from a Medicine Hat paper. The other two were in Mounted Police envelopes.

"Quite a correspondence these days, Black," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, drily "Do you object?"

"Oh, no," I answered hastily, "I was only wondering."

"Don't do it. It's bad for you," he sneered.

"None of your lip," I warned him.

"Then mind your own business," he said.

I felt sore, because he was right. It was none of my business. Yet I knew Black was up to mischief and I did not like the appearance of the police envelopes. I had seen Black's resentment growing stronger every day against Gerrard. He seemed convinced that Gerrard was Striver, the Thief. I sometimes thought he was, too, but I saw no reason why the man that Gerrard had proven to be should be saddled with the shame of whatever Strivers, the Thief, had been.

The owner called me to the house that night and took me into the smoking-room.

"Brown," he said, "you have managed this ranch for three years. I want to know something of Mr. Gerrard."

"How do you mean," I said. "As a cow-man?"

"No," he said, "Not that. I mean, there is a mystery about Gerrard which it is only fair to myself and Isabel to clear up. We knew Gerrard as a boy in the Old Country, before I came out here to ranch. He and my son, who is now dead, went to Eton together. My son—was killed in an accident. He was riding with Gerrard. Gerrard's horse went over the embankment at the same time, but Gerrard recovered. He was taken home by some relative of his—his parents were dead, and apparently remained only long enough to recover his health. At all events, when next I made inquiries, he had gone to Canada, and we could find no trace of him. I want to know what you know of him here. I may say first, quite frankly, I like him."

I was arguing it out with myself. I thought of a question by which to gain a moment's time.

"Will it make a great deal of difference what I say?" I asked.

"Yes, it will. He has asked to marry my daughter. She wishes it. But he says he has no memory of what took place since the accident in England, and I fancied that you—"

I had made up my mind.

"Well," I replied, "I have been trying to think of anything I know. All I know is that he has been an excellent man with us here on the ranch. Dr. Anderson says that the man has evidently been a victim of something that he calls—"

"Aphasia?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know anything about him, except that you imagine that he must have been a passenger on the train that was wrecked?"

"That is all."

I was about to leave the room when Shorty came running across the veranda and beckoned to me through the French window. Barthe opened it and let him in.

"Quick!" said Shorty, "Black and Gerrard have been fighting. Black followed him and Miss Isabel when they were riding by the little corral. I followed him. Black had a bunch of papers in one hand and he was calling Gerrard by the old name—calling him Striver, the Thief. At first Striver was cool. But Black kept insulting him and finally struck him across the head. It's opened Gerrard's wound again. Hurry up!"

"Where are the papers that Black had in his hand?" I demanded.

"Black has them. He thought he had killed Gerrard, and he's bolted."

We found Gerrard as Shorty had described it.

He was delirious by morning. Miss Barthe and her father wanted him kept in the house, but Shorty and I said no. One of them wanted to stay beside him, but Shorty and I said no again.

Gerrard was Striver and the Thief rolled in one. We knew that the moment we heard his delirious talk. The blow which Black had dealt him had not only reopened the wound, but it had recalled the Thief, George Striver, into the body of Anthony Gerrard, into which the Thief had entered at the time of which old

Barthe had been telling me—when Gerrard had been thrown from his horse in England.

## VI.

Late that night the big oil burner spilled a yellow light down on the face of the man Gerrard, the Thief—Striver. His lips were going. He was tossing to and fro. He was in fever.

"I know," he muttered, "I know. I can't help it. I don't mean it. I don't want the things and I don't need 'em, but I—I can't help it."

"Sh!" said Shorty. "Shut up, old man. You're hurtin' yourself talkin'."

"It don't matter," went on the sick man, "I can't help it. It's something outside of myself—it's some outside influence that makes me this way."

He was quiet for a time and then went on:

"I have everything—everything—~~yet~~ when I see it—when I see some little thing, some bauble that some of the fellows have—I want to steal it. That's the word—steal. I like to get things away from them without them guessing. I like to deceive them, to put my hand in cunningly,—cunningly, carefully,—Oh so gently, that they never know what I am

doing. Then I love to hide it—To hide the thing away and watch them looking for it."

There was a silence. An hour afterward I waked out of a doze to hear him again.

"And now," he was saying, "they have been calling me—the Thief. It isn't fair. I know it isn't fair. I told them I couldn't help it, and they promised that if I—if I—I stopped they would quit the name. I thought I had won out. I thought I could control the itching and then—I saw the Jew with his silver spoons and—I wanted them. Not the spoons, but the Jew's perplexity. That was what I wanted. I took one spoon at a time. There's nobody could have done it so cleverly. No, no. But the Jew—the Jew, damn him, he's put it to the law." A pause. "Yes, Stripes, I'll go quiet, if only you won't hand-cuff me. Yes! Yes! But now—I am the Thief. I am the Thief."

The tone of the voice was changed. The expression of the face. We waited for Anderson, the doctor.

"It's Striver, Doctor," I said, as he entered.

"Sure?" he asked, taking off his gauntlets.

"Yes, he thinks he's the Thief again."

Very carefully he examined the wound. Shorty held the oil burner down close so that he could see better. When at length he had finished the examination and fixed his man, he called me aside.

"I've a theory," he said.

"What is it?"

"I want to send for Trevis, of Winnipeg, to come and trepan the skull."

"What's that mean?"

"A ticklish operation on the head."

"What would that do?"

"That—I think—is what has made the difference between Striver, the Thief, and Gerrard. If we don't lift that bone your man will wake up as Striver, the Thief. If we do, he may wake up—Gerrard."

"But suppose he wakes up as Gerrard, but remembers what he has done as Striver?"

"Well—we'll have to risk it. It's only my theory, anyhow. But the man who should do it is Trevis. He would have to come from Winnipeg."

"Is there time? It takes two days."

"N—no."

"Then you'll have to do it yourself, doctor."

I had taken him by surprise. He was only a "rural practitioner." He had come west after graduating from some eastern college, thinking that the west was the place to make money quickly. He hesitated.

"I would—I would be taking a risk," he said.

I knew he was not afraid of that. It was modesty that was troubling him.

"I would need a nurse," he objected again.

"Wouldn't Shorty and I do?"

"No."

"Then—hmp! Then—how would Miss Isabel do?"

"Miss Isabel?"

"Yes, Barthe's daughter. She—"

"Think she would?"

"I'll see."

I carried the proposition to Barthe's daughter. I did not tell her what difference we hoped the operation would make to the sick man. I did not let her think that Gerrard had ever been anything other than she had known him. I said merely that it was a delicate operation, that it must be done quickly, and that it needed a woman. She accepted, quietly. Old Barthe grumbled, but gave in. The doctor went home in his run-about for more instruments. We cleared the big dining-room in Barthe's house, and we disinfected the walls. Shorty held the chloroform and one of Gerrard's hands—where he could feel the pulse. Isabel Barthe stood by with a tray of knives and sponges and antiseptics. Once, in the most trying part of the operation, Anderson indicated with a cart nod of the head a certain thing that the improvised nurse was to do. With cool, steady, delicate fingers she did it. Ten minutes later the operation was over.

## VIII.

"And now," ruminated Anderson, washing his hands, "we shall see."

"What shall we see?" demanded the girl, taking off the great white apron she had worn. "I thought you said that the operation had been successful."

"It was, but—"



BLACK BOKE AHEAD . . . MUTTERING.



"But what?"  
 "Oh, I was just wondering how long it would take him to come out of the anesthetic. But, meanwhile, Miss Barthe, you must go and rest. You have been under a strain, though you may not feel so at this moment."

Shorty nudged me and pointed suspiciously to the girl's hands. She was twining and untwining her fingers nervously.

"But I want to stay," she objected.  
 "No," re-affirmed Anderson. "You must go."

He was afraid of the result of the operation. So were we. We waited for our man to come out of the sleep.

"Of course," said the doctor, a trifle nervous, as Gerrard began to stir uneasily. "Of course, this has been only my theory."

"Of course," I assented.  
 "God, but it's weird!" said Shorty, not irreverently. "He'll be awake in say an hour, and he may wake up as Striver—or he may wake as—Gerrard!"

"Sh!"  
 He began to stir. We tip-toed to the side of the bed and listened. His breathing was regular.

Presently he stirred. The ghost of a smile flitted across his face. He half-opened his eyes and then closed them again.

"I think—I think—" began Anderson. "I think it will be—Gerrard."

The man's eyes opened wide, though they were still heavy with sleep.

"Somebody call me?" he whispered thickly.

We did not speak. We drew back.

The voice sounded like the voice of Gerrard, and yet—I wondered a thousand things concerning the new man that would come out of the grip of the chloro-

form. Would it be Gerrard, tall, dignified, good-natured, self-controlled, self-reliant; or would it be Striver, the Thief, a man who was afraid of himself, a man always running away from his own temptations, a man who could not govern himself, but who was governed by one small idiosyncrasy of his own brain? And more horrible than this alternative was the possibility of Gerrard awakening and remembering Striver. For if Striver waked he would be nothing but himself, an object mortal. If Gerrard waked, as the Gerrard we had known before, it would be well for himself and for the girl, Miss Barthe. But if Gerrard waked and remembered himself as Striver—I could not guess what catastrophe might follow.

Then, suddenly, we heard him whispering weakly, and we went to his side.

"Hello, Brown," he said, faintly. "Have I been getting messed up again?"  
 "Sh! Don't exert yourself!"

"I remember now—it was that fellow Black—he called me Thief—ridiculous notion—that my name—was something else—sounding something or other—how odd!"

He smiled contentedly. After awhile Anderson left in Miss Barthe and old man Barthe, telling them not to talk.

It was all right for Gerrard after that. Striver was dead. It was his ashes that had been left in the wreck of the Canadian Southern. But out of those ashes had come—Gerrard.

Shorty and I went out to water the horses. I found a note from Black, a poor maudlin note. He thought he had killed Gerrard. I had not known it before—but I saw from the note what the trouble was. He had been jealous. He liked Miss Barthe.

## A New Town for an Old One

By

Augustus Bridle

IN a thousand years Highton had accumulated forty thousand people, a slum, and thirteen charitable organizations; a mile of elegant little shops, four parish churches, one castle frowning over the town and one cathedral that had the ancestral qualities of all the other things summed up in a single poem of stone, history and imagination. Within the memory of living man nothing had ever been started in Highton except an epidemic of measles, a fire and five charity bazaars. The fire was the only thing that failed to flourish, for the walls of Highton were all of stone a foot thick, and the only thing that was really singed was a thatched roof near the suburbs.

Of course Highton was a cathedral town, and that in England is a peculiarity. Ordinarily it means that in most essential respects the cathedral runs the town. At any rate the Dean of Highton Cathedral was counted the first citizen; after him at all feasting functions of the mayor came the bishop, then the mayor, next the sheriff—and the rest were canons, probandars, lay readers and a scramble of parish clergy, two editors, the town clerk, bailiffs, mass bearers and common citizens.

Now most of these functionaries were not merely born; certainly they were not made; and just as surely they were "descended." Everything of any consequence in Highton had to show pedigree. The castle on the hill was built by liegemen of William the Conqueror. At the Guildhall there were four silver maces, the bearers of whom began to figure at public functions a good many hundreds of years ago. But if the first bearers of those four historic maces had any points in solemn behavior not practised by the present quartette they must have been set to a dead march.

Before tracing the labyrinth of pedigrees, however, it might be as well to say that if there was one man in Highton who knew every day of his comfortable life to the things that were and that had been and which were to come, it was old Thomas Snippet, private banker, real estate vendor, broker, valuator, assignee and—well there has been some newspaper talk of persons in our prairie towns who had a large number of functions as though that were a mark of democracy: yet here was Thomas Snippet of Highton who had a round dozen of business titles and practised every one of them every day with the aid of his two sons, one of whom was Reginald. And if there was a young man in that almost prehistoric little city who had got weary of the whole pedigreed show it was Reginald.

But of course the Snippet business was peculiar. Primarily it was based on the fact that Thomas Snippet knew the boundaries, confines, extent, present value and past history of every glebe, moorland, bailiwick and hedgerow within a ten mile drive any direction from the cathedral tower. So did his father before him, who got the business in the same stand—No. 24 Topley Circus—from his father again, and so a back and back till it was family tradition that once upon a time a remote ancestor had some sort of shop where he sold things and did his financial business on the side. If Thomas Snippet had ever moved his signs two doors up the Circus he would have expected to lose half his business because his clients never would have found him: though, thank God! there was no need of that, for in all his lifetime there had been nothing new on that circus and so far as he could see there never would need to be.





IN THE ONE TOWN—THE CATHEDRAL DOMINATED EVERYTHING.



IN THE OTHERTOWN—THE "CATHEDRAL" WAS OF WOOD HEATED BY A BOX STOVE.

One thing Mr. Snippet had never tolerated in his office: that was a typewriter. He did all his correspondence by sleight of hand and the letters he and his sons wrote were models of penmanship. Every evening before going to bed he held a conference with his sons on the transactions of the day. They sat in the dining room, upstairs, sipping rare old port, smoking—thanks to young Reginald, cigars if you please!—and the old gentleman patiently listened to each boy relating the intimate details of each conversation, letter and telephone message carried on since morning in the office downstairs. The telephone Mr. Snippet had put in very reluctantly; for he had a notion that any man might talk double when his face was invisible. He had also diligently opposed the introduction of electric trams on the streets. Highton was beginning to get giddy.

The family had a most delectable sort of life. Young Reginald had been the only one to suggest any violent change in the poetic sequence when he intimated to his father that real estate values had really so advanced on the Circus the post

few years—as a matter of fact it was about five per cent.—that it would pay better to rent the two storeys for offices and build a house in the suburbs.

"No!" was the old man's invariable answer. "It's better to be close to the office! Think of the time we save—"

"Yes, but the trolleys—"

"What's that you say? Trolleys? I say—you're not forgetting—trams!"

"Well, trams if you like. Anyhow they'd get here in a jiff."

Whereat, Mrs. Snippet—lovable old lady with a dinky little lace head-dress and interminable crotchets and tea-sippings in the library—pretended to be amused; whereas she was really just dying to get out to the suburbs.

"My dear," shouted Mr. Snippet hanging down his glass of old port—best of a century old, hurgain lot he had picked up by the cask somewhere—"think of it! Would you be able to sleep a mile from the office? Then you're much more faith in thieving humanity than I have."

Candidly, there had not been a robbery in Highton for at least nineteen years. There had never been a real promiscuous

dog-fight which would have been very much out of order. Once a man had been observed running up the street, but it was supposed he must either have been going to a fire or a doctor or else he was plainly demented.

"Besides," concluded Mr. Snippet, "we should be a half hour's walk from the cathedral. Bless my life!"

Whereat he dogmatically took snuff; settled is—the Snippet household never should be divorced from the Snippet business, at least while he lived, which he hoped and trusted would be a good while yet, for he could still drink as much wine and as many brandies and sodas in a night as either of his sons; though it was young Reginald who had inaugurated the brandy and soda and had even gone in for a casual domestic cocktail—sharply American!

Otherwise the Snippet home was beautifully, almost pathetically English. Every morning the demurest of all maids ported to each room a tray of biscuits and tea, silently picked up each pair of boots, polished them and set them carefully at each door at precisely the same minute and in the same order every morning—except when

Mr. Snippet went once a fortnight to half-after-seven service in the lady chapel at the east end of the cathedral. The beds were all historic fourposters, with impressive curtains, amazing breadth and depth and an abundance of dimity. There were mantels and mirrors and taharets and couches and go-as-you-please commodities in every room. Every afternoon at four, Mr. Snippet took ten in the office, so that from the first peep of morn till the last sip of port at night, life was a lovely, semi-domesticated routine, as comfortable as a kitten by a fireside. Thomas Snippet had a pride in his home and his business; and he could say without fear of contradiction that there had never been a day when he had missed his wine or got his wrong slippers or sent a wrong letter to a client; nor a year when he had gone behind in his business.

"Yes, but how much do we get ahead?" queried discontented Reginald. "About one per cent. per annum."

"Bless me, And isn't that enough?" snapped the elder. "What more would you want? Surely—you don't intend to—"

"Get rich quick, father? Oh no! Ods

bedkins, no! That would be so very—very if not un-English at least very unlike Highton, wouldn't it now?"

Thomas never liked the tone of hanger in his younger son's voice; didn't like the way he muttered to the stag hound or the indiscreet way in which he frequently went out nodding instead of riding the horse bought on purpose for him; and as for driving the family trap—well, Reggie never had done so since getting out of knickerbockers. His conduct was quite unexplainable even though twice a year regularly he broke out and ran up to London on the flyer; the last time or so insisting on spending six bob recklessly on one of those new-fangled sleeping apartments which was a sure sign that some parts of England at least were becoming woefully Americanized.

In fact there were all too many obvious evidences to the elder Snippet that Highton was becoming painfully modern. Tourists were coming as never before; noisy, rushing folk that wanted to see everything in an hour. Of course they were Americans—possibly some of them Canadians, though it was all one to Mr. Snippet who had never seen even a map of Canada. All he knew definitely about Canada was that it was bounded north by the Arctic sea and that C.P.R. was a rather better investment than Hudson's Bay Company. At any rate Highton was much too beautiful and profoundly historic for such people to presume to see it in less than a week. Heaven's was it not a thousand years since the vessels of William the Conqueror built the castle on the hill? The two swords in the Guildhall, were they not worn respectively by Edward the Fourth and Warwick the King-maker? In the showcase at the hall there were documents in parchment, quill-illuminated, showing how the great William had carried on his first operations in real estate when he compiled the Domesday Book. Besides there were the four ancient silver maces—ah, and if all that was burned to-morrow there was the cathedral, the blessed, imperishable castle of historic religion first built in the Norman style, as for instance the two great central towers which the clergy had built in the day when the barons on the hills were putting up castles and the men of God had to do likewise. Time had been, too, when Crom-

well of impious memory had stabled his godless horses in that very cathedral; when the old clock built in the midst of the middle ages had been torn apart and sentered—till, blessed be fate! some pious discoverer, but a few years ago, had gone about to collect diligently every part and parcel of the old timepiece and had articulated them so skillfully that to-day the clock tells the hour, the minutes and the day of the month to the boom of the great cathedral bell.

All which had been ding-donged into Reginald's ears since he had been a choir-boy up in the mysterious stone loft at the side of the nave—which was on great festivals like Christmas and Easter. He knew every crypt, cranny and cloister in the great old pile; the number of miserees in the choir; almost the very carvings on the great osken throne of the bishop, the brass tablets in the stone floor, the images in the niches, the armors on the walls and the difference between stained glass of the eleventh and glass of the fourteenth century. He knew every lane and old wall in the town; every shop and facade and panel of carved oak—and it was all very delightful, should have been interesting enough to have kept him in Highton till he became a grandfather.

But Reggie had a bad habit of reading the newspapers; not merely for social gossip and the stock quotations but rather more on account of the news from a place called Canada. For the past few years he had noticed how the things about Canada had been getting into the headlines. Scarcely a copy of the London dailies but had a column or so about the great colony; and of late even the local editor had taken to printing Canadian news.

"I tell you it's the whole cheese now—days dead!" he said again and again.

"Stuff and nonsense! Nothing but a frozen Siberia," argued the old gentleman. "Half the people are Indians and the other half wish their forefathers had never gone to such a place. All this palaver is the work of boomsters—railway and steamship companies. I take no stock in it whatever. If you're really going abroad—why not go to Australia. That's English."

"Hm! More's the pity—I say." Reggie seemed bent upon going; in spite of the fact that he was the most pop-

ular young man at all the balls, the bishop's teas, and the charity bazars.

"Yes, I'm going, dad! I'm going—to Alberta."

"Hut tut! Why that's where they're all cowboys and redskins."

"Phew! Say—do you know that there are at least a hundred towns in Alberta; that the capital of Alberta has had a railroad only five years and at that it's just about as big as Highton, cathedral and all?"

Absurd arguments, even if true. But the day came when Reggie took a farewell soot friend town calling on all his young lady friends who almost tearfully told him what a wild goose he was. Then he packed his luggage—and went; when the flowers of spring were blooming in the dell, the larks warbling over the timestories of the fields and the whole face of West-England a dream of loveliness.

## II

The part of Alberta that Reggie got to with his trunks and his portmanteau and his knee breeches and his dinky little cap was nowhere near Edmonton. It was Wabena on a new side line; seen from the train window just a water tank, a sawmill, a hotel and one church. The place where it seemed to have been spilled from the tail of some real estate comet had been nothing but a defunct buffalo pasture a year before Reggie landed there. The town hall was not finished and the fire-hall was just going up. The hotel had no paper or plaster on the walls and very little that was really civilized except the bar, which didn't contain any such old port as the Snippets drank. There was one photograph on the sitting-room shewing how Wabena was started a year ago—with a table, a valise and a man signing over the deed of the land on the open prairie with not even a house in sight.

The only thing that "used to be" at all, was the trail that roped in from the skyline over the long sweeps of the lay hills, took a hitch down the main street and landed up at the hotel. All the rest had been made the day before yesterday.

Reggie drew a long breath—remembering Highton; the streets that crept out of classic lanes and wound out into smooth country roads beset with hedgewalls with flowers atop, past Highbury Trim and

Westmeath and Kingscross and then never out of sight of some little town as big as two Wabenas. But he put up at the hotel, took a stroll up the street and counted the buildings. There were just twenty-nine—including the elevator.

One of them had half a roof on when he rented it and opened up the first real estate office in Wabena. He looked round till he found the printshop, a cross-eyed little shack off in the middle of a bunch of wolf-willows and prairie roses; and he got some letterheads printed—Reginald Snippet, Real Estate, Mortgages and Loans—on which first of all he dated a letter to his distant dad. Then he lighted a fresh cigar and hunted up a paintshop; borrowed a pot of paint and a brush and painted a shingle which he stuck up the very day the roof was finished. Down at the general purpose store where the proprietor kept everything from a paper of pins over the counter, to a self-binder out in the yard, he bought a table and a few chairs and inside of a week he was ready for business.

Then he began to get lonesome. Nobody within a hundred miles of Wabena knew Snippet. There wasn't a paper in his bare little office to show that he knew a poplar bluff from a buffalo wallow. There was nowhere to go but out to one end of the street. It peered off into the trail, at the police shack and back again to the water tank. At the hotel nothing but cow-men, landseekers, broncho-busters, a few drummers and the town carpenter, the livery-barn man and a gang of geezers running a steam plow half a mile out of town. On a rainy day most of the town got into the hotel; and it was a rummy sort of gathering. There wasn't a piano in Wabena; neither a tennis net—and if there were any civilized girls they had the knack of keeping out of Reggie's way except on Sunday when, of course, everybody went to the church.

The Methodist parson had the pulpit one Sunday; the Anglican the next—and he took his surprise out of a little cupboard and put it on in plain view of the whole congregation, all of which could have been stowed away in the little lady chapel at the east end of Highton Cathedral. There was neither organ nor choir. The most conspicuous member of the congregation was the redcoat mounted police-



②

A corner of the old English town, whence the population of many a new Western Canadian town,

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②

or a cow-boy camp such as illustrated on this page, is often drawn.

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While the ivy creeps over the old weather-eaten walls of England, and the sun spills into narrow streets trod by unnumbered generations—the new town

②



②

leaps up on land which has been innocent of mankind till recently, and the main street is a buffalo trail.

②



man. The next was Reggie Snippet, who had the only tie-pin in the town.

Clearly he was a very different sort of chap from even the other English, most of whom seemed to be a half-frowsy lot, more foreign to him than the Scandinavians, the Ruthenians and the Mennonites. There were at least seven languages in Wabena, including Cree—whenever a gang of half-breeds came galloping to town on their spotted kysses, got drunk as often as possible, turned the town into a grand whoop, and almost jumped their ponies over the roofs. Every second individual Reggie met in his office wanted to borrow money to buy stoves, and plows and self-binders.

But Reggie was shy of money. It was all he could do to keep his board bill paid at the hotel. But he had no intention of writing home for money. He said to himself that he would yet open his dad's eyes—concerning Wabena.

All that summer the place was a clatter of harnesses and hoofs and wheels; of whiff going up, wagons on the trails, trains disgorging settlers' effects and all manner of curious folk, most of whom hit the trail to the wheat lands over the hills. Reggie had nothing to do but study the thing. Business was impossible. For the first time in his life he had the sensation of feeling a town grow. Wabena grew like a bad weed. Reggie watched every board go up; almost every nail. He knew the place from the water tank to the mounted police shack. He wasn't handling real estate and he had no money to loan. Mainly he began to realize that he was a failure. His Highton breeding was a handicap. He had the English way.

But he reckoned he would yet make the old Snippet sit up in his big chair at Highton and take notice. He studied—Wabena; an amazing, unprecedented, unhistoric, disjointed little higger-muggery that sometimes went clean to sleep, and sometimes became almost a scream of progress. Reggie knew very well it was growing at such a rate that no letters of his to the elder Snippet would ever cease due to loosen up on his funds for investment. He also knew that his dad had money earning three and a half per cent, that if invested in Wabena might soon be earning fifty.

Wherefore he schemed; and he got the American way. While other men were whacking up walls and breaking up the prairie, he was busy—with Pluggitts, the local printer, who was struggling to get out the Wabena Outposter, and didn't know what on earth to put into it to make good reading: because, to the editor, Wabena was like a lot of other western towns he had been in, and the best he could do was to boost Wabena and knock the others by comparison.

Not so Reggie, to whom Wabena was a total revelation. He saw in that rummy little cosmopolis a raft of the most dazzling copy; and he studied how to do something on behalf of Wabena—and of Reggie Snippet—that certainly had never been done in Wabena before.

His whole idea was an extra special edition of the Wabena Outposter which should tell to the rest of the world what an amazing picture of progress the town was.

"My dear sir?" he insisted to Pluggitts when the editor became pessimistic over lack of funds and copy and illustrations and almost everything else, "it's as easy as wink. Here—I've got a splendid camera. I'll photograph every blessed thing in the town that'll make a good picture. I've got a few loose dollars. Now I'll take a run up to Edmonton and get a whole raft of cuts made—and fetch them back. I've got acres of copy ready to stick up in type. You go ahead and stick it up. I tell you we'll get out an edition of the Outposter that'll make 'm talk in their sleep."

The first self-binder was reeling off the wheat half a mile from Wabena when Reggie and the editor went to press with the last form of the special edition of the Outposter. A sixteen-page illustrated special extra that had in it a living picture of the town, portraits of all the leading citizens and write-ups of the same—all paid for, of course—advertisements enough to cover the cost and leave the printer a small margin—and, not least, a picture of Mr. Reginald Snippet, whom the editor called one of the most enterprising citizens of Wabena.

When that job was done, and Reggie got the first throbbing copy of the new world into his grip, he felt like a discoverer. By the very first mail he sent five



A STRING OF RAILS, AN ELEVATOR AND A WATER-TANK, THESE ARE THE TOWN'S BEGINNING

copies of the thing home to Mr. Thomas Snippet, 24 Topley Circus.

Then he waited: knowing right well what a turmoil that document would stir up in the Snippet household.

It was just on the edge of frost when Reggie got a letter from Highton; and the most interesting part of it read:

"My boy, you seem to have demonstrated that you have an abundance of enterprise. Evidently you are already the leading citizen of Wabena—wherever that is. But I know very well you have not been doing much at real estate or mortgages and loans. Now I am convinced that Wabena is a good town. I'm willing to set you up with funds immediately. You open up the finest real estate office in the town. Get hold of every good thing you can buy. And tell your leading citizens

that if they are in need of some one to purchase their civic debentures—to write to Thomas Snippet per Mr. Reginald Snippet

Your loving father,  
Thomas Snippet."

Wabena is a tidy little city now. The wealthiest man and the most incurable westerner in the town is Mr. Reginald Snippet, who to-day gets credit for the real discovery of Wabena to the outside world—whereas he and the editor very well know that Wabena would have boomed itself in spite of them both.

Reggie was mayor of Wabena last year. Next year he will go home to Highton—under the cathedral—to round up a shipload of new citizens for the wheat country around Wabena.



### Three Carnations

One flower was colorless—I gave it her,

As typical of all a woman's whiteness,

And one was pink—the flush of happy health.

Of union with life and all its brightness,

And one was deep, dark crimson—sinister as pain—

Yet had the scent of clover in a country lane

—G. T. B.

## Past One, at Rooney's

By

O. Henry

ONLY on the lower East Side of New York do the houses of Capulet and Montague survive. There they do not fight by the book of arithmetic. If you bite your thumb at an upholder of your opposing house you have work cut out for your steel. On Broadway you may drag your man along a dozen blocks by his nose, and he will only howl for the watch; but in the domain of the East Side Tybalt and Mercutio you must observe the niceties of deportment to the wink of an eyelash and to an inch of elbow room at the bar when its patrons include foes of your house and kin.

So, when Eddie McManus, known to the Capulets as Cork McManus, drifted into Dutch Mike's for a stein of beer, and came upon a bunch of Montagus making merry with the sods, he began to observe the strictest parliamentary rules. Courtesy forbade his leaving the saloon with his thirst unslaked; caution stored him to a place at the bar where the mirror supplied the cognizance of the enemy's movements that his indifferent gaze seemed to disdain; experience whispered to him that the finger of trouble would be busy among the chattering steins at Dutch Mike's that night. Close by his side drew Brick Cleary, his Mercutio, companion of his perambulations. Thus they stood, four of the Mulberry Hill Gang and two of the Dry Dock Gang, musing their P's and Q's so solicitously that Dutch Mike kept one eye on his customer and the other on an open space beneath his bar in which it was his custom to seek safety whenever the ominous politeness of the rival associations congealed into the shapes of lulls and cold steel.

But we have not to do with the wars of the Mulberry Hills and the Dry Docks. We must to Rooney's, where, on the most

blighted dead branch of the tree of life, a little pale orchid shall bloom.

Overstrained etiquette at last gave way. It is not known who first overstepped the bounds of punctilio; but the consequences were immediate. Back Malone, of the Mulberry Hills, with a Dewey-like swiftness, got an eight-inch gun swinging round from his hurricane deck. But McManus's smile must be the torpedo. He glided in under the guns and slipped a scint three inches of knife blade between the ribs of the Mulberry Hill cruiser. Meanwhile Brick Cleary, a devotee to strategy, had skimmed across the lunch counter and thrown the switch of the electric, leaving the combat to be waged by the light of gunfire alone. Dutch Mike crawled from his haven and ran into the street crying for the watch instead of for a Shakespeare to immortalize the Cimmerian ashendy.

The ope came, and found a prostrate, bleeding Montagu supported by three distrust and reticent followers of the House. Faithful to the ethics of the gangs, no one knew whence the hurt came. There was no Capulet to be seen.

"Raza mit der interrogatories," said Brick Malone to the officer. "Sure I know who done it. I always manages to get a bird's eye view of any guy that comes up an' makes a show case for a hardware store out of me. No. I'm not telling you his name. I'll settle with um myself. Wow—ouch! Easy, boys! Yes, I'll attend to his case myself. I'm not making any complaint."

At midnight McManus strolled around a pile of lumber near an East Side dock, and lingered in the vicinity of a certain water plug. Brick Cleary drifted casually to the trysting place ten minutes later. "He'll maybe not creak," said Brick,

"and he won't tell, of course. But Dutch Mike did. He told the police he was tired of having his place shot up. It's unhandy just now, because Tim Corrigan's in Europe for a week's end with Kings. He'll be back on the Kaiser Wilhelm next Friday. You'll have to duck out of sight till then. Tim'll fix it up all right for us when he comes back."

This goes to explain why Cork McManus went into Rooney's one night and there looked upon the bright, stranger face of Romance for the first time in his precarious career.

Until Tim Corrigan should return from his jaunt among Kings and Princes and hold up his big white finger in private offices, it was unsafe for Cork in any of the old haunts of his gang. So he lay, perdu, in the high rear room of a Capulet, reading pink sporting sheets and cursing the slow paddle wheels of the Kaiser Wilhelm.

It was on Thursday evening that Cork's seclusion became intolerable to him. Never a hart panted for water fountain as he did for the cool touch of a drifting stein, for the firm security of a foot-rail in the hollow of his shoe and the quiet, hearty challenges of friendship and repartee along and across the shining bars. But he must avoid the district where he was known. The cops were looking for him everywhere, for news was scarce, and the newspapers were harping again on the failure of the police to suppress the gangs. If they got him before Corrigan came back, the big white finger could not be uplifted; it would be too late then. But Corrigan would be home the next day, so he felt sure there would be small danger in a little excursion that night among the crass pleasures that represented life to him. At half-past twelve McManus stood in a darkish cross-town street looking up at the name "Rooney's," picked out by incandescent lights against a signboard over a second-story window. He had heard of the place as a tough "hang-out," with its frequenters and its locality he was unfamiliar. Guided by certain unerring indications common to all such resorts, he ascended the stairs and entered the large room over the cafe.

Here were some twenty or thirty tables, at this time about half-filled with Rooney's guests. Waiters served drinks. At one

and a human pianola with drugged eyes hammered the keys with automatic and furious unprecision. At merciful intervals a waiter would roar or squeak a song—songs full of "Mr. Johnsons" and "babes" and "coons"—historical word guarantees of the genuineness of African melodies composed by red waistcoated young gentlemen, natives of the cotton fields and rice swamps of West Twenty-eight Street.

For one brief moment you must admire Rooney with me as he receives, seats, manipulates, and chuffs his guests. He is twenty-nine. He has Wellington's nose, Dante's chin, the cheek-bones of an Iroquois, the smile of Talleyrand, Corbett's foot work, and the poise of an eleven-year-old East Side Central Park Queen of the May. He is assisted by a lieutenant known as Frank, a pudgy, cagy chap, swell-dressed, who goes among the tables seeing that dull care does not intrude. Now, what is there about Rooney's to inspire all this pother? It is more than respectable by daylight; stout ladies with children and miters and bundles and unpedigreed dogs drop up of afternoons for a stein and a chat. Even by gallant the diversions are melancholy! The mouth-drink and ragtime, and an occasional surprise when the waiter winks the soda from under your sticky glass. There is an answer. Transmigration! The soul of Sir Walter Raleigh has traveled from beneath his slashed doublet to a kindred home under Rooney's visible plaid waistcoat. Rooney's is twenty years ahead of the times. Rooney has removed the embargo. Rooney has spread his cloak upon the soggy crossing of public opinion, and any Elizabeth who treads upon it is as much a queen as another. Attend to the revelation of the secret. In Rooney's ladies may smoke!

McManus sat down at a vacant table. He paid for the glass of beer that he ordered, tilted his narrow-brimmed derby to the back of his brick-dust head, twined his feet among the rungs of his chair, and heaved a sigh of contentment from the breathing spaces of his innermost soul; for this mud honey was clarified sweetness to his taste. The sham gaiety, the hectic glow of counterfeit hospitality, the self-conscious, joyless laughter, the wine-born warmth, the loud music retrieving

the hour from frequent whiles of awful and corroding silence, the presence of well-clothed and frank-eyed beneficiaries of Rooney's removal of the restrictions laid upon the woad, the familiar blended odors of soaked lemon peel, flat beer, and *pesu d'Espagne*—all these were manna to Cork McManus, hungry from his week in the desert of the Capulet's high rear room.

A girl, alone, entered Rooney's, glanced around with leisurely swiftness, and sat opposite McManus at his table. Her eyes rested upon him for two seconds in the look with which woman reconnects at man whom she for the first time confronts. In that space of time she will decide upon one of two things—either to scream for the police, or that she may marry him later on.

Her brief inspection concluded, the girl laid on the table a worn red morocco shopping bag with the inevitable top-gallant sail of frayed lace handkerchief flying from a corner of it. After she had ordered a small beer from the immediate waiter she took from her bag a box of cigarettes and lighted one with slightly exaggerated ease of manner. Then she looked again in the eyes of Cork McManus and smiled.

Instantly the doom of each was sealed. The unqualified desire of a man to buy clothes and build fires for a woman for a whole lifetime at first sight of her is not uncommon among that humble portion of humanity that does not care for Bradstreet or coat-of-arms or Shaw's plays. Love at first sight has occurred a time or two in high life; but, as a rule, the extempore masina is to be found among unappreciated creatures such as the dove, the blue-tailed drab, and the ten-dollars-a-week clerk. Poets, subscribers to all fiction magazines, and schatchens, take notice.

With the exchange of the mysterious magnetic current came to each of them the instant desire to lie, pretend, dazzle, and deceive, which is the worst thing about the hypocritical disorder known as love.

"Have another beer?" suggested Cork. In his circle the phrase was considered to be a card, accompanied by a letter of introduction and references.

"No, thanks," said the girl, raising her eyebrows and choosing her conventional words carefully. "I—merely dropped in for—a slight refreshment." The cigarette between her fingers seemed to require explanation. "My aunt is a Russian lady," she concluded, "and we often have a post perennal cigarette after dinner at home."

"Cheese it!" said Cork, whom society airs oppressed. "Your fingers are as yellow as mine."

"Say," said the girl, blazing upon him with low-voiced indignation, "what do you think I am? Say, who do you think you are talking to? What?"

She was pretty to look at. Her eyes were big, brown, intrepid and bright. Under her flat sailor hat, planted jauntily on one side, her crinkly, downy hair parted and was drawn back, low and money, in a thick, pendant knot behind. The roundness of girlhood still lingered in her chin and neck, but her cheeks and fingers were thinning slightly. She looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion, and sullen wonder. Her smart, short tan coat was soiled and expensive. Two inches below her black dress dropped the lowest flounce of a heliotrope silk underskirt.

"Beg your pardon," said Cork, looking at her admiringly. "I didn't mean anything. Sure, it's no harm to smoke, Maundy."

"Rooney's," said the girl, softened at once by his amends, "is the only place I know where a lady can smoke. Maybe it ain't a nice habit, but aunty lets us at home. And my name ain't Maundy, if you please; it's Ruby Delamere."

"That's a swell handle," said Cork approvingly. "Mine's McManus—Cork—Eddie McManus."

"Oh, you can't help that," laughed Ruby. "Don't apologize."

Cork looked seriously at the big clock on Rooney's wall. The girl's ubiquitous eyes took in the movement.

"I know it's late," she said, reaching for her bag; "but you know how you want a smoke when you want one. Ain't Rooney's all right? I never saw anything wrong here. This is twice I've been in. I work in a bookbindery on Third Avenue. A lot of us girls have been working

overtime three nights a week. They won't let you smoke there, of course. I just dropped in here on my way home for a puff. Ain't it all right in here? If it ain't, I won't come any more."

"It's a little bit late for you to be out alone anywhere," said Cork. "I'm not wise to this particular joint; but anyhow you don't want to have your picture taken in it for a present to your Sunday School teacher. Have one more beer, and then say I take you home."

"But I don't know you," said the girl, with fine scrupulousity. "I don't accept the company of gentlemen I ain't acquainted with. My aunt never would allow that."

"Why," said Cork McManus, pulling his ear, "I'm the latest thing in suitings with side vents and bell skirts when it comes to escortin' a lady. You bet you'll find me all right, Ruby. And I'll give you a tip as to who I am. My governor is one of the hottest cross-bars of the Wall Street push. Morgan's cab horse casts a shoe every time the old man sticks his head out of the window. Me! Well, I'm in trainin' down the Street. The old man's goin' to put a seat on the Stock Exchange in my stockin' my next birthday. But it all sounds like a lemon to me. What I like is good and yachtin'—and—well, say a corkin' fast ten-round bout between welter-weights with walkin' gloves."

"I guess you can walk to the door with me," said the girl hesitatingly, but with a certain pleased flutter. "Still I never heard anything extra good about Wall Street brokers, or sports who go to prize fights, either. Ain't you got any other recommendations?"

"I think you're the swiftest looker I've had my lamps on in little old New York," said Cork impressively.

"That'll be about enough of that, now. Ain't you the kiddier!" She modified her chiding words by a deep, long, beaming, smile—embellished look at her cavalier. "We'll drink our beer before we go, ha?"

A waiter sang. The tobacco smoke grew denser, drifting and rising in spirals, waves, tilted layers, cumulus clouds, cataclysms and suspended fogs like some fifth element created from the ribs of the an-

cient four. Laughter and chat grew louder, stimulated by Rooney's liquors and Rooney's gallant hospitality to Lady Nico-tine.

One o'clock struck. Downstairs there was a sound of closing and locking doors. Frank pulled down the green shades of the front windows carefully. Rooney went below in the dark hall and stood at the front door, his cigarette cased in the hollow of his hand. Thenceforth whoever might seek admittance must present a countenance familiar to Rooney's hawk's eyes—the countenance of a true sport.

Cork McManus and the bookbindery girl conversed absorbedly, with their elbows on the table. Their glasses of beer were pushed to one side, scarcely touched, with the foam on them sunken to a thin white scum. Since the stroke of one the stale pleasures of Rooney's had become renovated and spiced; not by any addition to the list of distractions, but because from that moment the sweets became stolen ones. The fastest glass of beer acquired the tang of illegality; the mildest claret punch struck a knockout blow at law and order; the harmless and genial company became outlaws, defying authority and rule. For after the stroke of one in such places as Rooney's, where neither bed nor board is to be had, drink may not be set before the thirsty of the city of the four million. It is the law.

"Say," said Cork McManus, almost covering the table with his eloquent chest and elbows, "was that dead straight about you workin' in a bookbindery and livin' at home—and just happenin' in here—and—and all that spid you gave me?"

"Sure it was," answered the girl with spirit. "Why, what do you think? Do you suppose I'd lie to you? Go down to the shop and ask 'em. I handed it to you on the level."

"On the dead level?" said Cork. "That's the way I want it; because—"

"Because what?"

"I throw up my hands," said Cork. "You've got me goin'. You're the girl I've been lookin' for. Will you keep company with me, Ruby?"

"Would you like me to—Eddie?"

"Surest thing. But I wanted a straight

story about—about yourself, you know. When a fellow has a girl—a steady girl—she's got to be all right, you know. She's got to be straight goods."

"You'll find I'll be straight goods, Eddie."

"Of course you will. I believe what you told me. But you can't blame me for wantin' to find out. You don't see many girls smokin' cigarettes in places like Rooney's after midnight that are like you."

The girl flushed a little and lowered her eyes. "I see that now," she said meekly. "I didn't know how bad it looked. But I won't do it any more. And I'll go straight home every night and stay there. And I'll give up cigarettes if you say so, Eddie—I'll cut 'em out from this minute on."

Cork's air became judicial, proprietary, condemnatory, yet sympathetic. "A lady can smoke," he decided, slowly, "at times and places. Why? Because it's bein' a lady that helps her to pull it off."

"I'm going to quit. There's nothing to it," said the girl. She flicked the stub of her cigarette to the floor.

"At times and places," repeated Cork. "When I call round for you of evenin' we'll hunt out a dark bench in Staynest Square and have a puff or two. But no more Rooney's at one o'clock—see?"

"Eddie, do you really like me?" The girl searched his hard but frank features eagerly with anxious eyes.

"On the deal level."

"When are you coming to see me—where I live?"

"Thursday—day after to-morrow evenin'. That suit you?"

"Fine. I'll be ready for you. Come about seven. Walk to the door with me to-night and I'll show you where I live. Don't forget, now. And don't you go to see any other girls before then, mister! I bet you will, though."

"On the deal level," said Cork, "you make 'em all look like rag-dolls to me. Honest, you do. I know when I'm suited. On the deal level, I do."

Against the front door down-stairs repeated heavy blows were delivered. The loud crashes resounded in the room above.

Only a trip-hammer or a policeman's foot could have been the author of those sounds. Rooney jumped like a bullfinch to a corner of the room, turned off the electric lights and hurried swiftly below. The room was left utterly dark except for the winking red glow of cigars and cigarettes. A second volley of crashes came up from the assaulted door. A little, rustling, murmuring panic moved among the besieged guests. Frank, cool, smooth, reassuring, could be seen in the rasy glow of the burning tobores, going from table to table.

"All keep still!" was his caution. "Don't talk or make any noise! Everything will be all right. Now, don't feel the slightest alarm. We'll take care of you all."

Ruby felt across the table until Cork's firm hand closed upon her's. "Are you afraid, Eddie?" she whispered. "Are you afraid you'll get a free ride?"

"Nothin' doin' in the teeth-chatterin' line," said Cork. "I guess Rooney's been slow with his envelope. Don't you worry, girl; I'll look out for you all right."

Yet Mr. McManus's case was only skin and muscle-deep. With the police looking everywhere for Buck Malone's assailant, and with Corrigan still on the ocean wave, he felt that to be caught in a police raid would mean an ended career for him. And just when he had met Ruby, too. He wished he had remained in the high rear room of the true Capulet reading the pink extras.

Rooney seemed to have opened the front door below and engaged the police in conference in the dark hall. The wordless low growl of their voices came up the stairway. Frank made a wireless news station of himself at the upper door. Suddenly he closed the door, hurried to the extreme rear of the room and lighted a dim gas jet.

"This way, everybody!" he called sharply. "In a hurry—let no noise, please!"

The guests crowded in confusion to the rear. Rooney's lieutenant swung open a panel in the wall, overlooking the back yard, revealing a ladder already placed for the escape.

"Down and out, everybody!" he commanded. "Ladies first! Less talking,

please! Don't crowd! There's no danger."

Among the last, Cork and Ruby waited their turn at the open panel. Suddenly she swept him aside and clung to his arm fiercely.

"Before we go out," she whispered in his ear—"before anything happens, tell me again, Eddie, do you love me really like me?"

"On the deal level," said Cork, holding her close with one arm, "when it comes to you, I'm all in."

When they turned they found they were lost and in darkness. The last of the fleeing customers had descended. Half way across the yard they bore the ladder, stumbling, giggling, hurrying to place it against an adjoining low building over the roof of which lay their only route to safety.

"We may as well sit down," said Cork, grimly. "Maybe Rooney will stand the cops off, anyhow."

They sat at a table; and their hands came together again.

A number of men then entered the dark room, feeling their way about. One of them, Rooney himself, found the switch and turned on the electric light. The other man was a cop of the old regime—a big cop, a thick cop, a fuming, abrupt cop—not a pretty cop. He went up to the pair at the table and sneered familiarly at the girl.

"What are youse doin' in here?" he asked.

"Dropped in for a smoke," said Cork mildly.

"Had any drinks?"

"Not later than one o'clock."

"Get out—quick!" ordered the cop. Then, "Sit down!" he countermanded.

He took off Cork's hat roughly and scrutinized him shrewdly. "Your name's McManus."

"Bad guess," said Cork. "It's Peterson."

"Cork McManus, or something like that," said the cop. "You put a knife into a man in Dutch Mike's saloon a week ago."

"Aw, forget it!" said Cork, who per-

ceived a shade of doubt in the officer's tones. "You've got my mug mixed with somebody else's."

"Have I? Well, you'll come to the station with me, anyhow, and be looked over. The description fits you all right." The cop twisted his fingers under Cork's collar. "Come on!" he ordered roughly.

Cork glanced at Ruby. She was pale, and her thin nostrils quivered. Her quick eye danced from one man's face to the other's as they spoke or moved. What hard luck. Cork was thinking—Corrigan on the briny; and Ruby met and lost almost within an hour! Somebody at the police station would recognize him, without a doubt. Hard luck!

But suddenly the girl sprang up and hurried herself with both arms extended against the cop. His hold on Cork's collar was loosened and he stumbled back two or three paces.

"Don't go so fast, Maguire!" she cried in shrill fury. "Keep your hands off my man! You know me, and you know I'm givin' you good advice. Don't you touch him again! He's not the guy you are lookin' for—I'll stand for that."

"See here, Fanny," said the cop, red and angry, "I'll take you, too, if you don't look out! How do you know this ain't the man I want? What are you doin' in here with him?"

"How do I know?" said the girl, flaming red and white by turns. "Because I've known him a year. He's mine. Oughtn't I to know? And what am I doin' here with him? That's easy."

She stooped low and reached down somewhere into a swirl of flirited draperies, heliostopes and black. An elastic snapped, she threw on the table toward Cork a folded wad of bills. The money slowly straightened itself with little leisurely jerks.

"Take that, Jimmy, and let's go," said the girl. "I'm decidin' the usual dividends, Maguire," she said to the officer. "You had your usual five-dollar graft at the usual corner at ten."

"A lie!" said the cop, turning purple. "You go on my best again and I'll arrest you every time I see you."

"No, you won't," said the girl. "And I'll tell you why. Witnesses saw me give you the money to-night, and last week,



too. I've been getting fixed for you."

Cork put the wad of money carefully into his pocket, and said: "Come on, Fanny; let's have some chop sney before we go home."

"Clear out, quick, both of you, or I'll—"

The cop's bluster trailed away into inconsequentiality.

At the corner of the street the two halted. Cork handed back the money without a word. The girl took it and slipped it slowly into her hand-bag. Her expression was the same she had worn when she entered Rooney's that night—she looked upon the world with defiance, suspicion and sullen wonder.

"I guess I might as well say good-bye here," she said dully. You won't want to see me again, of course. Will you—shake hands—Mr. McManus."

"I mightn't have got wise if you hadn't give the snap away," said Cork. "Why did you do it?"

"You'd have been pinched if I hadn't. That's why. Ain't that reason enough?" Then she began to cry. "Honest, Eddie, I was goin' to be the best girl in the world. I hated to be what I am; I hated men; I was ready almost to die when I saw you. And you seemed different from everybody else. And when I found you liked me, too, why, I thought I'd make you believe I was good, and I was goin' to be good. When you asked to come to my house and see me, why, I'd have died rather than do anything wrong after that. But what's the use of talking about it? I'll say good-bye, if you will, Mr. McManus."

Cork was pulling at his ear. "I knifed Malone," said he. "I was the one the cop wanted."

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl listlessly. "It didn't make any difference about that."

"That was all hot air about Wall Street. I don't do nothin' but hang out with a tough gang on the East Side."

"That was all right, too," repeated the girl. "It didn't make any difference."

Cork straightened himself, and pulled his hat down low. "I could get a job at O'Brien's," he said aloud, but to himself.

"Good-bye," said the girl.

"Come on," said Cork, taking her arm. "I know a place."

Two blocks away he turned with her up the steps of a red brick house facing a little park.

"What house is this?" she asked, drawing back. "Why are you going in there?"

A street lamp shone brightly in front. There was a brass nameplate at one side of the closed front doors. Cork drew her firmly up the steps. "Read that," said he.

She looked at the name on the plate, and gave a cry between a moan and a scream. "No, no, no, Eddie! Oh, my God, no! I won't let you do that—~~not~~ now! Let me go! You shan't do that! You can't—you musn't! Not after you know! No, no! Come away quick! Oh, my God! Please, Eddie, come!"

Half fainting, she reeled, and was caught in the bend of his arm. Cork's right hand felt for the electric button and pressed it long.

Another cop—how quickly they scent trouble when trouble is on the wing—came along, saw them, and ran up the steps. "Here! What are you doing with that girl?" he called gruffly.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Cork. "It's a straight deal."

"Reverend Jeremiah Jones," read the cop from the door-plate—with true detective cunning.

"Correct," said Cork. "On the dead level, we're goin' to get married."



## A Tale of Two Families

By  
J. T. Sturrett

THE reason the place was called "Sunbeam Court" was that no ray of the sun ever by any chance ventured there. If it had, the mark of the night or the fog of the day would have recoiled in terror, as though discovered by an apparition. Casual visitors inquired where the sunbeams were with surprise and amusement—unfamiliar emotions in that place, where the inhabitants were neither surprised nor amused at anything. One suggested that perhaps the residents were sunbeams, and absurd surmise so far as the morose adult population were concerned, and pitifully untrue regarding the strange, and children. In brief, Sunbeam Court was a slum district in the east end of London. Those who have been there know the conditions; those who have not

can gain no adequate conception of them through mere description.

Two of the oldest families of Sunbeam Court were the Crightons and the Bloggots, who were only remarkable by being related to every pauper in the place. Yet they were of the middle class where those who had provision for more than the day formed a scattered aristocracy. None of the immediate relatives of either family were in jail, but a discreet silence was maintained in regard to certain cousins of the third degree. No members of either household could recollect ever having been quite enough to eat, or of wearing a whole, undamaged outfit of clothing. They were indifferent to dirt, disease, crime and death; for these things were permanent factors in the elusive equations of their lives.



Mr. Blaggett and Mr. Criglet worked on the docks and belonged to the class known to the shipping industry as "wharf rats." They were employed during the intervals between the strikes called by their unions; when off duty, they made plans to re-organize the mercantile marine. Thus, they often heard about the far away countries.

One day they were watching a great ship swing into her moorings.

"She's from Canada," remarked some one.

"Ow is she?" asked Mr. Criglet.

Mr. Blaggett was glowering into vacancy and refused to be disturbed. The question was repeated.

"Ow's 'o?" asked Mr. Blaggett irritably.

"Canada," replied Mr. Criglet. "This 'ere colony wot we owns."

"Ow should I know?" inquired the other.

"Strange," muttered Mr. Criglet, viewing the Canadian liner with distrust and disappointment. "I don't see no hies about them Canadian ships. I've 'eard as it is a verry cold plice. A cousin o' the missus was nearly 'anged there over throwing a bucket o' water from a second storey window. The water froze 'alf way down and knocked a cove's 'ead off."

Mr. Blaggett gave no sign of intelligence.

"For two bits," continued Mr. Criglet, "I'd go to Canada."

No passing philanthropist volunteered the necessary amount and Mr. Blaggett remained inert.

"It couldn't be worse nor 'ere," soliloquized Mr. Criglet.

"'E'll couldn't," retorted Mr. Blaggett.

There was a long silence pregnant with new possibilities for at least two families. Then Mr. Criglet said in a whisper, "Is it a go?"

Mr. Blaggett rose stiffly, took off his hat, surveyed its crown, brushed his sleeve carefully with it, and then replaced it on his head.

"It is," he said.

## II

In Toronto the Blaggetts and the Criglets became first acquainted with "rears." "Rear" is a technical term for a certain dwelling. It derives its title, not from any peculiarity of structure, but from its location—the back of a lot on which a more pretentious house is built, fronting the street. Consequently, the "rear" modestly hides behind its big brother, and can only be reached circuitously by delving into a lane and stumbling over scattered boards which once presented the serried surface of a picket side-walk. This arrangement allows landlords to collect almost double rent on one lot. The Criglets and Blaggetts had "rears" on adjoining lots, paying for the same a rent of twelve dollars per month each. These buildings involved strange economic problems. They had utility, because they housed people—as a hole shelters rats; they had value, because they delivered to their owners exorbitant rentals; but they had no merit, because they were abominable and unfit for human habitation. As shrewd men of business, the owners prided themselves on the evolving of a certain social for-



A ROW OF "REARS."

mula, which was crude to the point of brutality, but in the majority of cases pitifully true.

"These green English from the east end of London like to herd together," run the formula. "The men will get work in the factories and they will live in our 'rears,' which are convenient. They will endure squeezing for rent rather than move to the outskirts and pay car-fare. Therefore, let them be squeezed!"

Incited by some disinterested person, who, in the opinion of the landlords, had a vicious habit of meddling in other people's affairs, the medical health officer's inspectors visited these particular "rears" and laid complaints in regard to their

unsanitary condition, before a police magistrate.

"But, your Worship," protested the brazen-tongued sophist who acted as counsel for the landlords, "let us suppose that these buildings are demolished. Two families will be turned out in the snow and will have to find quarters far removed from where they are employed."

The result was that the "rears" remained intact, and continued to devote themselves to the task of freezing their occupants.

Such was the situation one March evening when Mr. Blaggett sat glowering at three flickering embers in his sheet iron stove. He was not a pre-possessing person



A LITTLE HOUSE-KEEPER AT HOME WHILE THE MOTHER DOES OUT WASHING.



"URCHINS" IN "THE WARD."

at any time, but in the semi-darkness his shock-browed, factory-blackened face, and scowling features gave him the appearance of an Australian bushman. Suddenly he brought down his fist on the table with a bang which made the solitary family tumbler leap with fear.

"Mistus," he roared, "I ain't no 'orse!" Mrs. Blogett, startled into speech, remarked tartly that she had never accused him of it.

"Nor," continued Mr. Blogett, with great emphasis, "am I a bloomin' jackass."

Mrs. Blogett repeated her observation. "I'm sick pryin' rent!" said the head of the house.

"Oo laa't?" inquired his long-suffering wife.

"I'm going to 'ave a 'ome o' mv own!" thundered Mr. Blogett.

A conversation with a fellow countryman had blown part of the London fog out of his brain. This man had been for two years a resident of Doncourt, as the tattered fringe of dwellings which straggled over the northwest boundary of Toronto was called. Prior to that he had lived near the Bay and had paid a rental of four dollars a week for a house. When he went to Doncourt he paid ten dollars down on a piece of land and four dollars a week (his old rental), towards the redemption of the mortgage on the land and the erection of a house. The struggle was hard, but he was getting something of his own. Under the spell of this narrative the sluggish imagination of Mr. Blogett was kindled. Inside of a week he had left the "rear" and had moved to Doncourt, where he secured a thirty-six foot lot by a first payment of ten dollars.

During the summer he and his family lived in a tent on their land. The tent cost a dollar and a half a week. Mr. Blogett got work as a builder's laborer and his wife washed, scrubbed and ironed in houses a mile or more from the tent. Before and after hours the man labored with borrowed tools building a house. It was a flimsy affair, constructed out of rough lumber and tar paper, but it was considered a wonderful structure by the young Blogetts, who held the boards while their parent bruised his finger nails with the hammer. On the first of November the family abandoned the tent and moved in

to the new house. For the next six weeks Mr. Blogett spent all his spare time finishing the interior. He was so busy that he had little time to drink, although his thirst at times was intense. Early in December, a terrific snowstorm swept down upon the city and raged for three days. When it abated the Blogett family stood at their front door and contemplated with awe the tangible evidence of a Canadian winter. Building operations ceased entirely, so Mr. Blogett was out of work. He sought other employment, but there was none to be had. The family exchequer ran low because most of the surplus money had gone to purchase building material. Mrs. Blogett began to conserve the coal and to dole out the supply of food. She went down to the city when she could, and her husband got occasional employment shovelling snow. Until the middle of January they maintained the grim battle against cold and hunger. Finally the supply of fuel and food ran out, and Mr. Blogett could get no more credit at the stores. When they had been a day and a night without food or fire, they were discovered by a minister. They were by no means the only destitute family in Doncourt; sickness spread over the settlement and Death gathered in many victims, among them being the Blogett baby.

Things were at their worst when relief arrived. The big city below was at last roused to action by its newspapers and pulpits. Loads of provisions, fuel and clothing were rushed to the scene and a crisis was averted.

Although the suffering of those terrible months scarred the hearts of the Doncourt settlers, their dogged English spirits rallied after the storm. Spring came and men and women took up the struggle, as hope once more burned strong within them. The next winter was not half so terrible and the second was faced with confidence.

Let us lift up the blind of the Blogett's window one cold March evening of this year and survey the interior of the living room, where the family sat at dinner. It is the birthday of Mrs. Blogett, and a most auspicious occasion. She is seated at the head of the table trying to appear unconscious of her importance, and succeeding very poorly. Opposite, is Mr. Blo-



ANOTHER TYPE OF "REAR"

gett, extremely red in the face, and apparently laboring under strong excitement. On each side, are ranged three young Blogetts, casting merciless glances at the roost chicken, reclining in the dish on the embroidered centerpiece, which is the special product of Miss Molly Blogett's genius. The head of the family sharpens the carving knife and poses it, but it falls with a clatter and Mr. Blogett clutches convulsively at his breast, as though a secret lay there which must be torn out. Before his wife can voice the alarm, which his strange action creates, Mr. Blogett's hand reappears, grasping a formidable document. Amid a dead silence he opens it and displays a red seal, before passing it over to Master Herbert Blogett who prepares to read without winking an eye. The first word, embossed at the top of the sheet, is "Deed."

### III.

In the meantime, the Criglets lived in the slums, paying rent when they were able, and moving when they were not. During the three years two more young Criglets had arrived, bringing the total up to seven. At each addition to his worldly cares, Mr. Criglet's spirits cooled

away, keeping pace with his finances. As nature had not implanted in his brain sufficient craft to become skilled with his hands, his contribution to the world's work was paid in labor of the roughest character. In Toronto, as in London, he was an "odd-jobber," and had neither the ambition nor the opportunity to increase his earning power by developing his scanty mental and physical capacities. He was the buffer in every crash of rival economies; for, at the slightest commercial depression he joined the ranks of the unemployed, where his sympathies lay and his inclination directed him. It is a problem whether there was inflammable material in his soul, but it is certain that no spark of ambition ever kindled there, because it was smothered by the wet blanket of domestic trials, before it had time to ignite. His one solace in life was the convenient hotel bar. Its boar was his only method of travel into unfamiliar regions, temporarily free from the realities of existence. True, it was not an English public house, offering the attractions of fireplaces, sawdust floor and small tables, where a free man could discuss politics with statesmen, but he liked to line up with his foot on the rail, shoulder to



A SUBURBAN SHACK

shoulder with other malecontents, and remark that "everything is a bloomin' swindle." Unwelcome leisure made him a homicide of time. In his sober moments the thought of home filled his soul with gloom.

Mrs. Criglet felt that the Canadian habit of frowning upon the convivial custom of women drinking in a bar was a restriction upon feminine liberty. For the first year she was a bibulous suffragette, but public opinion overawed her, and she became an irregular customer of the liquor shop just around the corner. A considerable portion of her time was spent in trying to outwit the charitable societies, and her efforts were fairly successful. It was an evil year when she failed to secure three Christmas dinners, through an exhibition of religious fervor which was strangely lacking during the rest of the year.

Miss Belinda Criglet, having reached the ripe age of seventeen years, was contemplating matrimony. Her affianced was a person of the world who had drifted into the city from other lands, not specifically defined. He was somewhat gorgeous in apparel, a trifle nervous in the fingers, a bit shifty about the eyes, and more voluble regarding certain of his personal exploits than the intervals

between them. Seeing him through the romantic cloud of a two weeks' acquaintance, Miss Belinda found him fascinating. Her mother, though somewhat aggrieved at the prospect of losing her assistance in household matters, was wonderfully unswayed, and secretly delighted that her daughter was following her example in assuming the responsibilities of married life at a tender age.

"Young 'uns will be young 'uns," declared Mrs. Criglet, with a formidable and illuminating wink.

"One less at t'able," remarked Mr. Criglet, with an air of profound ennui.

Master Bill Criglet, at the age of fifteen, was one of the most enterprising members of "The Gay Cat Gang." This organization of human and happy felines existed for the purpose of being a terror to the neighborhood. Among their diversions were such practices as deluging policemen with dirty water from the vantage ground afforded by third and fourth storeys, shooting the hats of pedestrians with powerful sling shots, making nights in the park hideous, picking pockets and breaking into freight cars. After spending several unprofitable months in the care of the Children's Aid Society, he was packed off to an industrial school to learn a trade and wear a uniform.



AND WHAT IT GREW TO BE.

The young Criglets spent most of their time in dodging the truant officer and selling papers on the streets.

The wonder of the family was Blossom Criglet. She was given her name by a charitable worker who had an imagination. The vanity of motherhood would not permit Mrs. Criglet to change it, so the chance word stuck to the baby. Strange to relate, she seemed to grow into it. Her case was one of those often encountered in the alums, for which no reason can be given beyond ascribing it to some freak of Nature. In the midst of a family which had few agreeable traits, this child blossomed in person as well as in name. Like a pure white flower growing in a bog, she was so wonderfully beautiful and fragile that her continued existence seemed to be a miracle.

During the first hard winter, when the frost gripped the alums, congealing them into a vast Chamber of Horrors, the Criglets went down to the lowest depths of poverty and despair. The long-suffering charitable societies did not desert them, but supplied them with enough to keep the spark of life smouldering. Mr. Criglet, ejected from his only haven, the bar, vented his feelings upon his family. The young Criglets prowled about the streets like hungry little wolves, almost disdain-

ing the police in their search for opulent crusts. Merciful diphtheria swept away the twins; and one cold day the small life of Blossom Criglet flickered out like the flame of a white wax candle.

At last, winter ended and summer came, but the fortunes of the family did not improve; instead they revolved in a descending spiral.

Let us lift the blind of the Criglet window on a black night in March, 1911. They are sitting around their stove. There are five empty chairs, those of Miss Belinda, Master Bill, the twins and little Blossom. The smallest Criglet opens the stove door and looks in. The fire is out. He draws his tattered coat about him and goes over to a corner and curls up on the floor. His sister, who has been staring listlessly at a battered pair of shoes, which are not her own, begins to cry silently to herself. Mrs. Criglet goes over to the cupboard, looks in, and returns to her chair. The broken window behind Mr. Criglet is stopped with a bundle of rags, which fall suddenly to the floor, allowing a blast of cold air to enter. Mr. Criglet rouses from his gloomy reverie.

"Misers," he says, as he looks slowly about the room, "would to Heaven that we had never left old Lunnon. It's the same life—only colder."

## IV.

There are hundreds of Blogetts and Criglets in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg. They have come during the last few years; they are coming now, and will crowd the smaller cities in the next decade. The seeds of the slums cling to them, and are transplanted with them. Little Italys, Little Russias, Little Polands and Little Whitechaps flourish like rank weeds in the fertile soil of Canadian cities. The tendency of these people is to herd together, and they are encouraged by unsanitary housing. Consequently, poverty is concentrated into slums, which threaten to pollute the life of the country. The way to fight the slums in Canada is to break it to fragments, and scatter these far apart. The inhabitants must be separated and planted in the suburbs, where the clean kind earth and pure air will co-operate with religion and education to regenerate them. Create in parents the desire to own and improve a home, instead of paying rent for a wretched dwelling. Keep children in the open, away from the inevitable evils of

congestion, and educate them in the public schools. Encourage in their parents the dormant love of beauty and cleanliness, which is implanted in the nature of every human being. Keep hotels and liquor stores out of the suburbs. Provide cheap and rapid transportation to the centre of the city for the carriage of adults to and from their work.

What will result from the adoption of such a social policy may be deduced from the following statements, which, being made on reliable authority, court the fullest investigation. Out of one hundred and seventy families in Doncourt, Toronto, who received charity three years ago, only one needed help this winter; and out of one hundred and twelve families in Fychwood, the adjoining suburb, who were a burden on the community three years ago, not even one requires assistance today. They are paying for their homes; their children are happy students; they are neither hungry nor cold. Hope and joy are in their hearts; courage and self-respect in their souls. They have become citizens of Canada, and are no longer the adult wards of the nation.



A TRIO OF "GAY CATS."

## Menalcas by the St. Lawrence

By Helen Coale Crew

THE afternoon sun sparkled upon the blue St. Lawrence, and the woolly flock nibbled the grass upon the water's edge. Such tender grass, starred everywhere with daisies and empurpled with clover-heads. The sheep buried their black noses in the cool green blades, and tore off tiny mouthfuls with sharp, jerking bites. Upon the eastern horizon rose the soft sweep of Quebec's blue hills. Beyond the hedge that bound the meadow a path ran, skirting the margin of a pine glade and dipping out of sight beyond a whitewashed farm-house where hollyhocks stood arrow, already budding.

The shepherd stood beneath a locust tree whose honeyed blossoms, beyond their prime, dropped about his feet. He looked off to where radiant white clouds leaned low upon the water's distant edge, like belying sails. He shook his head, gave a great sigh, and stuffed a hook into his pocket.

"I'll never in the world get my B.A., that's certain," he said aloud. "Old Sil-verlink's course is too stiff. Hello, who comes here?"

Two figures were approaching slowly along the path, one a young girl, the other a big colored woman, clad in a stiff black calico which she held carefully up out of the dust with one hand, while with the other she balanced a huge umbrella over her companion. The girl's white dress swished softly about her feet as she moved through the grass by the side of the path. With a pink sunbonnet, swung by its strings, she brushed the great white daisies that nodded along the way.

"Now, Honey," remonstrated the woman, "why for ain't you sensible and keep dat bonnet on yo' head where it b'longs? You want to git brack as a nigger in this

yer broolin' sun? Is that the way you done behave up at dat school where you bin? I wish I hadn't a-brung you-all along, nohow. Yo' Pa'll give us bote conception fits if I lets you get all burnt up."

The girl laughed out blithely, after the manner of all young things in June.

"Oh, no, Mammy, nobody ever gives me conception fits. I'm going to do just as I like all summer. Guess I'll begin now." She raised her arm and tossed the offending bonnet over the hedge.

"There!" she said. "Then she saw the shepherd."

The shepherd's brown eyes sparkled. "From Sicilian shores. It was and hung it upon a branch of the locust tree."

The girl looked over the hedge.

"Shepherd, why do you do that?" she asked.

"Honey," whispered the woman, "you-all mustn't be talkin' to a stranger man." Then, in a loud voice, "I'll thank you, sah, to return this lady's bonnet."

"Are you a real shepherd?" queried the girl.

"I am," replied the youth promptly.

"Where did you come from?"

The shepherd's eyes sparkled. "From Sicilian shores. I was there, when 'Dolphin pined away,' you know."

The girl's gray eyes flashed. "Ah, of course! Bring out your pipe, then, and sing me a pastoral strain."

"Now, Honey, now, Honey," urged the woman, pulling the girl along by the arm; but the latter turned her head over her shoulder smilingly.

"Shall I sing you a pastoral strain to-morrow?" suggested the shepherd.

"Yes, I will come and fetch my bonnet—to-morrow," said the girl.

The shepherd watched them until they

disappeared beyond a clump of willows where the path bent to follow the shore. Then he drew his book from his pocket and flung himself down at full length upon the grass. The sheep nibbled about him quietly. He could hear them breathe softly in little puffs. The pink sunbonnet dangled above his eyes. He opened his book.

"Theocritus, you have suddenly become interesting," he said. "I may disappoint Old Silverlink yet."

Next morning, early, the shepherd drove his flock to the accustomed place, and until the noon hour he kept his attention for the most part fixed upon his book, though the pink bonnet flapped in the light breeze, and its strings waved gently to and fro. The day was such as only June brings, and the sheep needed but little shepherding. When the waving strings caught his eye he invariably remarked, "She's a darling!" Then, glancing at his book again, he would add, "And I'm a duffer. I ought to be kicked!"

At noon he and his flock disappeared, but by two o'clock they were back again, the shepherd looking suspiciously fresh and decidedly attractive in his white flannels and jaunty blue tie. Between two and four he turned his page but twice, and every slightest sound caught his immediate attention. Then she came. He rose to meet her at the first flash of her white dress by the willows. She was bare-headed, and her hair blew softly about her face. In one hand she carried a tall staff, and she led before her two little black goats with wreaths of crimson about their necks. Their tiny polished hoofs made a sharp staccato upon the path.

The boy—for the shepherd was scarcely more than that—made a space in the hedge, pushing aside the bushes.

"Come into Arady, fair shepherdes," he begged, "and I'll pull down the branch while you gather your bonnet."

"Is Arady a safe place?" she asked. But even as she spoke she tethered the goats to the hedge.

"Safe? Why, yes; I'm here," he replied simply, and helped her through.

"I gave Mammy the ally," she said, smiling reminiscently. "She does not

know I am holding converse with a 'strange man,'"

"Stranger!" echoed the boy. "Why, I knew you twice ten centuries ago! Are you not the fair Amaryllis?"

"Surely. And you?"

"I am all the passionate shepherdes—Daphnis, Menalcas, Corydon—rolled into one."

Gaily they seated themselves under the locust tree. The St. Lawrence laughed in the sunshine; little breezes shivered through the grass; and the sheep raised their heads for a brief moment, their noses all aquiver, then serenely bent again to earth.

"How many sheep have you, Shepherd?"

"Twenty-four, and, as you see, not a black sheep among them."

"And have they names?"

"Yes; that is Alpha by the water's edge; Beta, you see in that clump of daisies; there go Gamma and Delta to investigate your goats; and so on down to Omega here, who has but one eye, poor lamb!"

"Shepherd, methinks you must be a scholar," said the girl, clasping her hands about her knee.

"Shepherdes, I have spent three years in the halls of learning up at Montreal; and am like to spend another there if Old Silverlink doesn't flunk me."

The girl sat up suddenly.

"Old Silverlink?"

"Yes, the old chap that knows more Greek than anyone else on the continent; or on the globe, for all I know. He is a saturated solution of it. It fairly oozes from his pores. He may block my path yet."

The boy frowned. The girl leaned carefully back against the tree.

"Why should he block your way?" she questioned.

"Says I'm loafing"—briefly.

The girl put her chin on her hand. Her eyes looked out over the smiling water to its far horizon.

"Shepherd, why do you keep these sheep?"

"My father thinks I'm loafing, too"—angrily.

Her eyes slowly came about and met his.

"Shepherd, are you loafing?"

The boy leaped to his feet, drew his book from his pocket, and tossed it upon the grass before her.

"Not a bit of it!" he exclaimed. "Not since yesterday! And I say, Shepherdes, if you'll just browse those little black goats of yours here with my sheep every-day, I'll have old Theocritus down here inside of two weeks. He's the fellow I flunked on. Please, now, will you do it? Then come down to Montreal when I graduate, and you shall have a front seat and the finest banquet—"

Up over the hedge, as round as the full moon, rose the wrathful face of Mammy.

"Miss Clytie," she called, "is you done forget yo'elf and yo' manners, a-talkin' with a stranger this-way, and yo' Pa askin' and askin' where is you! Come home this minute, now, please, ma'am, kuss Clytie, Honey, whilst I send this young man a-scotin', him and his sheeps—"

The girl rose with a mock sigh. "Mammy has to be minded," she said. "She hasn't discovered yet that I have grown up."

Running lightly to the hedge, she crept through and smiled back at the boy on the other side.

"To-morrow, Shepherd, I will come for my bonnet and hear the pastoral strain." Stooping, she unfasted the goats.

"Come, Apollo! Come, Aphrodite!"

Once more Mammy poised her huge umbrella over the girl's head, and they disappeared up the path, a cloud of dust enveloping the little goats, dragging reluctantly behind.

The boy leaned over the hedge.

"No shepherdes, but Clee herself," he murmured.

When Mammy and her young mistress reached the white-pillared house beyond the pine grove, the girl found her father on the shady corner of the veranda, absorbed in a book, a fragrant beverage at his elbow. She crept up quietly behind him and clasped her two hands lightly over his eyes.

"Clytie, by all the gods!" he said, and would have drawn away her hands, but that she kept them firmly, if lightly, in place.

"Father, do you believe in love at first sight?" she questioned.

"Yes," he replied promptly; "ever since I first met your mother."

"Father, there's a boy minding your prize sheep down in the east meadow."

"Yes, he turned up the other day, and Metier hired him for the summer season. A green hand, I'm told."

"He has a volume of Theocritus in his pocket."

"The 'euce he has! Let go my eyes, Honey."

"Just a minute, Father. He says 'Old Silverlink' won't let him take his degree."

"The 'euce he does!"

"Oh, wait Father! He's such a nice boy, so straight and clean and good to look at—I—I rather like him."

"Hold on, Clytie, hold on!"

"I could fall in love with him, I think, Father."

"Ye gods, such a brazen girl!"

Not so brazen, either, if crimson cheeks and downcast eyes are akin to shame.

"I thought I'd better tell you."

He loosened her hands and drew her down upon his knee.

"Poor little motherless girl," he said softly.

"Poor old Dad," she said mockingly.

"But tell me, Father, who is this shepherd boy?"

"It's young Hamilton," he replied. "He's all right, Honey, though a little hazy on arisids. He's no notion the sheep are mine. But how came you to be hobnobbing with a shepherd boy down there in the east meadow, tell me that! Why doesn't Mammy look after you better?"

"Oh, she does. Mammy's a jewel. I just looked over the hedge one day. But now I must dress for dinner." She rose and turned away.

"Here, Clytie, wait a moment. Has this young chap fallen in love with you, too?" He gazed quizzically at the charming face.

"Well"—dubiously—"perhaps not yet; but"—brightening—"he will before the week's out!" She disappeared within the wide doorway, and her father groaned.

"Oh, these girls! Here, Clytie, Clytie, come back! Where's the girl? Clytie!"

The girl appeared again in the doorway.

"Bring this shepherd boy here and let me have a look at him. If he's his father's son, he ought to hear close inspection."

"Oh, Father, he leans it beautifully! I inspected him closely myself this afternoon!"

"Shades of Tartarus!" he growled; but she was gone.

Next day it rained, and the shepherd was woefully discomfited. But he made great progress with his hook, sitting on the tiny porch of the little whitewashed fern house, while his sheep huddled together under the pines. Then a fair day, but still no shepherdess. The shepherd was distracted, and in all of eight hours had read but one Idyll and two Epigrams. But on the morrow of that she came; not by the path, but down through the pine trees, and so softly that he did not hear, but remained absorbed in his hook. She leaned quietly over the hedge and watched him gravely. When he suddenly raised his head and saw her, his joy was so complete that she shrank back a little from it.

"Ah, Shepherdess, I was just reading about you!" he exclaimed.

"About me?"

"Yes, listen.

"Fast thou comest, dear friend, after these nights and mornings? Hast thou come? Alas, those who long grow old in a day! As much as spring is sweeter than winter, as much as a sheep is more woolly than its lamb, as much as the voice of the nightingale is more melodious than the voice of all other birds, by so much does the coming rejoice me, and I hasten to thee as a traveler seeks the shadow of the beech tree when the sun glows too warmly."

Here she broke in:

"Something sweet is in the mouth and lovely thy voice, O shepherd! 'Tis better to hear thee sing than to sup honey."

"But what have I to do with you, Shepherd of the woolly sheep?"

He laughed out so joyfully that every sheep raised an inquiring nose.

"Is a shepherd nothing? The god Bacchus drove cattle once, you know. And there was Endymion, a mere herdman, but Diana herself stooped to kiss him."

He made an opening in the hedge. "You must come in and get your sun-bonnet, you know."

"Shepherd, I fear me it isn't safe in Arcady."

"It isn't, but oh, come in!" She stepped through the gap, and the bushes swung back into place behind her. And Apollo and Aphrodite, not being tethered, trotted away down the path, their silky flanks gleaming in the sunlight.

The sun propped his head upon a blue hill, waiting.

"Clytie, what sort of a man is your father?"

"An old darling, of course."

"Of course. But what will he think of a poor shepherd?"—anxiously.

"He will have but a poor opinion of one,"—sneeringly.

"And I'm such a duffer, you know. Fooled away all my junior year and didn't pass my Greek Exams. Heavens, what a dressing down Old Silverlink did give me! But I tell you, Sweetheart, I'll work like a trojan next year, you'll see! I've something to work for now."

As they approached the house, the tall figure lounging in an easy chair on the veranda rose and came to meet them.

"Shepherd," said the girl, her face aglow with love and agleam with laughter, "my father, Professor Silverlink."

The Professor smiled and stretched out a welcoming hand.

"Mr. Hamilton!" he said.

The boy blushed to the roots of his hair. Routed by surprise and confusion, he yielded to the force of habit.

"Present!" he replied.



## Bird Rock

The Beacon of the Gulf

By W. Lacey Amy.

**F**AR out in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the storms of spring and fall throw the spray of the dashing waves over its top, a small rock pokes its head from the water, the peak of some submerged mountain that shows again eight miles away and then comes to the surface a dozen miles south in the Magdalen Islands, the terror of navigation in the Gulf. Only six acres in extent it was not worthy of a special effort in the way of a name, so the thousands of birds that were its only occupants attached to it quite naturally the appellation of Bird Rock.

From the first days of French Canada when the voyagers tremblingly tempted the wild waters of the land-locked sea of the New World and the Home-fur mariners founded the first permanent colony on the perilous Magdalen Islands this tiny island has had a record of wrecks. To a paternal government there seemed no method of lessening its perils. Rising sheer from the water, and approachable only in the calmest of water—an almost unknown condition in this locality—its 125 feet of perpendicular cliff that seemingly offered foothold for nothing but sea birds held out little encouragement for the placing of the ordinary precautions

that make sailing in the Gulf, even around the dreaded Magdalens, a matter of reasonable weather and good eyesight.

But this little rock that kept every sailor in the Gulf awake, that had sent to the bottom hundreds of schooners and larger craft and that would continue to do so until a lighthouse was placed on its top, yielded, at last, to the efforts of a couple of hardy fishermen. Once a way had been found to the plateau on the top, a windlass was erected at the edge, and for years after the lighthouse was built, the hucket and rope provided the only means of access for the supplies that were delivered twice a year.

When the first men reached the top they found the entire surface, as well as the rocky sides, covered with sea-birds and their nests. Not having the slightest fear of man it was only by the constant firing of guns that the workmen could proceed with the construction of the necessary buildings, so thickly did the birds hover about them. And to this day a cannon is periodically fired to scare away from the light the clouds of birds that have never seen human being other than the three men and one woman who remain there from year to year in attendance on the light.



Few strangers have seen the thousands of gannets, gulls and "murs" that make their homes on the side and top of Bird Rock. Twice a year a small steamer runs an excursion from Pictou, N.S., to within sight of this isolated peak; but beside that, only the supply boat, and occasionally the Magdalen Islands government tug ever get in touch with the lonesome four who dwell there. Two or three naturalists have braved the raging waves of the locality and the basket and windlass to obtain a closer view of the fauna sea fowl; but there is no attraction for the tourist.

All the year round the lighthouse keeper, his wife and assistants, must remain in enforced solitude that has driven some of them insane. They dare not leave the island for no one knows when the weather would allow them to return. In winter, the revolving light, that in the season of navigation sends its gleam for twenty miles over the water, is dark, but for weeks before the last steamer has passed, no boat could approach the rock. And in the spring the large boats begin their flights long before the island could be visited.

The summer life is lonesome enough, with no news of the outside world, no sight of life save the birds and the distant boats that pass indifferently along a course that was once so full of peril. But the winter, when there is nothing to do, no possibility of help coming in any necessity, no relief from the canned foods and monotony of four people who have learned every twist in each other's characters months and maybe years, before—in this cold, bleak, wild season the strain of keeping their senses tells on the marooned quartette.

The stranger who has been rapidly cranked to the top by the creaking windlass has the keys of the rock. As long as he will talk he is plying with questions about the outside world that confuse with their persistence and number. A newspaper six months old is a treasure to the lighthouse keeper who has sat on the edge of the cliff since the spring supply boat longingly gazing far out on the smoke of the steamers plying their watery paths, guessing at the life they keep in touch with even in the middle of the Atlantic.

The death of King Edward was the most important news three months after the pictures of the funeral had filled the papers. The spring catch of lobsters and seal on the nearest bit of land, Bryon Island, eight miles away, was absorbing in the late summer. There was no time to discuss such immaterial affairs as the progress of aviation, the comet or the return of Roosevelt.

But disaster did not cease with the building of the lighthouse on Bird Rock. The location of calamity was merely changed from the waters around to the little rock itself. From the first keeper to the present there is a list of fatalities that might well chill the ardor of future guardians to incur the ill luck of the rock for the sake of the high salary that has to be attached to the position.

As a reward for his success in constructing the lighthouse, the contractor was appointed the first lighthouse keeper. He was allowed two assistants and his wife. For two months he managed to endure the life. Then the terrible strain of the isolation, broken only by the screeching of the birds, the ceaseless dash of the waves and the intermittent firing of the cannon, was too much for him. One night he went violently insane and on the tiny platform occurred one of those unrecorded struggles, the other three striving to protect themselves and to prevent the maniac from throwing himself into the sea. When the supply boat made its next call the man was taken off in a straight-jacket.

A few days later one of his assistants, overpowered by the occurrence, threw himself from the top of the rock and was never seen again.

The next keeper, a Mr. Chasson, with his son and another assistant were greatly troubled by the birds flocking around the light. Under the strain of too heavy a charge of powder, the cannon exploded and blew two of the men to pieces, the other dying the following morning. Only the woman was left on the island, but by a lucky accident help arrived in a few days and she was removed from the fatal rock.

Of the third crew one man had his hand blown off with the cannon. But he remained in charge engaging three other

men to attend to the lights. One spring just as the ice showed signs of breaking up and the men were looking forward to the arrival of the supply boat in a few weeks, several seals were seen on the floes surrounding the island. With the prospect of adding to their income and relieving the monotony of the long hibernation, the three men went out on the ice, while the woman sat on the rock watching.

Further and further they went out on what appeared to be a solid ice-field. Then, before her eyes, the woman saw the field break away from the shore and float before the north wind. In one last look her husband, knowing the certain death to which they were doomed, waived back a kiss and sat down on the ice with his companions.

Into the night, out of her sight they passed; and around her was nothing but the birds and the grinding of the ice on the rocky walls. But the brave woman turned to her lights, trimmed them after their long sleep, and threw over towards Bryon Island, the call for help. For a week she kept the lights gleaming over the waters while the ice tossed restlessly around and drifted before the wind. Then the sealers of Bryon Island, knowing something terrible had happened to light the beacon at such a season, recklessly pushed their little seal boats on to the

floes, paddled from floe to floe, and at last reached the rope to the top.

But hopeless as had appeared the chances of the men on the ice in the open Gulf at such a season, one of them, the husband of the lovely woman, retained the spark of life when he was thrown up on the shores of Cape Breton, seventy miles to the south. He regained consciousness long enough to tell the story of the woman alone on the rock and the word was cabled across the Magdalenas. But they were so girded with ice that no assistance dare attempt the twenty miles of ice floes to the rescue. The survivor lived until the spring, but his frozen limbs and the long exposure were too much for human constitution and he died before his wife reached his bedside.

Out in the Gulf there are still three men who live the life that means nothing in pleasure to themselves, but gives to the mariner a feeling of security. The world knows almost nothing of the four who have to be content with themselves for six months at a time, ignorant of the triumphs of man, the trials of government, the struggle of the classes and the work of the grim reaper. But the passenger in his stateroom on the southern passage of the Gulf sleeps without concern because of the light and the explosive fog signal that are tended from sunset to-day by the lighthouse keeper of Bird Rock.



## IMMIGRANTS

Darkness and space are all that lie beyond,

Upon the weary brain,

No light has dawned,

No vision of the greater gain to come,

Numbed, deep-touched by Terror do they face

Darkness and space.

Sullen and dazed they break their bonds and leave

The centuries behind.

They have no heart to grieve,  
And, moving like an army of the blind,  
They scarcely know how struggling hope is raised.  
They stand and face the great unknown, a silent mass,  
Till, on, into the new world's crucible, they pass,  
Sullen and dazed.

—Fred Jacob.



# David Thompson: Explorer

By

J. B. Tyrrell

Photographs by the Author

## Editor's Foreword

*The leading Canadian explorer to-day is undoubtedly Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the author of the following article. Mr. Tyrrell claims for himself no more assuming title than that of mining engineer. His office in the Confederation Life Building, in Toronto, is very much like all other offices, except that it contains curious photographs and other souvenirs of the many long journeys which Mr. Tyrrell has made in Canada. He knows Canada's farthest north as few know it. He explored the Mackenzie river, the rivers leading into Hudson's Bay, and made maps which no one else could have made. He has been the only white man to venture in certain parts of Canada, and is the modern David Thompson, the modern edition of the man of whom he writes in this article, though he would never admit it himself.*

*The paper herewith printed was read by Mr. Tyrrell before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Mr. Tyrrell permitted it to be reproduced in the Geographical Journal and in Maclean's Magazine. He is already well known as the author of "Across the Sub-Arctic," and is now working on a new edition of Samuel Hearne's Diary and David Thompson's Journal.*



MR. J. B. TYRRELL.  
The Canadian Explorer who is editing the Journal of Samuel Hearne  
and writing David Thompson's Life.

went he made surveys, and wherever he stopped he took astronomical observations for latitude and longitude. When he left the western country in 1812, he had the material for a great map, which he drew in the following year, and which has been the basis for every map of northern and western Canada published since that time. After retiring from the fur trade, he was engaged on the part of Great Britain in surveying the boundary-line between the United States and Canada, subsequent to which he settled down quietly in Montreal.

David Thompson was born in London, England, on July 30, 1770, his parents' names being David and Ann. His daughters used to say that their grandparents were Welsh or of Welsh extraction, and that their names had originally been Ap Thomas, but on this point there is no further evidence. When seven years old he was placed in the Grey Coat School, which is still standing, though now used exclusively for girls, about a quarter of a mile west of Westminster Abbey, and not

far from the Canadian Government Office on Victoria Street. Here he remained for seven years, absorbing the ordinary subjects that were taught to a boy in those times, and, in addition to the subjects taught to most of the children, he and one other boy received lessons in navigation. He says that in his leisure hours he used to pore over "The Tales of the Genii," "The Persian and Arabian Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Gulliver's Travels."

About the end of the year 1783, the Hudson Bay Company applied "to know if this Charity could furnish them with four boys against the month of May next, for their settlements in America." David Thompson was the only boy available, and in the following May, when just fourteen years old, he was bound as an apprentice to the Hudson Bay Company for seven years, and was sent out to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, in the ship Prince Rupert. Samuel Hearne, the discoverer and explorer of the Coppermine river, was then governor of Fort Church-

IT gives me a great deal of pleasure to have the opportunity of submitting a few of the facts on which I venture to claim that David Thompson, of whose achievements but little note has been taken, was the greatest land geographer that the British race has produced.

A poor boy from a London charity school, he spent most of his life on the northern part of this continent when it was a wilderness, peopled only by the natives and by a few fur traders, who had little groups of houses or factories, often

hundreds of miles apart, scattered along the principal waterways.

He was a fur trader in the employ of the Hudson Bay and North-West Companies, and in the prosecution of this trade he travelled many thousands of miles in canoes, on horseback, and on foot through what was then a vast un-mapped country, extending from Montreal on the east to the Pacific ocean on the west, and from Athabasca Lake on the north to the headwaters of the Mississippi River on the south. Wherever he



RAPIDS BELOW DOORAUPT LAKE

hill, and though there seems to have been little sympathy between the older explorer and the younger one, in spite of the fact that they were both natives of London, he was, at his own solicitation, employed in copying a few leaves of Hearse's journal, and he must have added to his love of exploration from what he there read, and from the stories of the trip which he heard from those around him. But no attempt was made to employ him in any surveying work, or to make use of the little knowledge of navigation which had been taught to him in school.

From Fort Churchill he was sent down the bleak, open shore of Hudson Bay on foot to York Factory, a distance of 160 miles. Here he remained for two years, employed as a clerk in the fur-trading store and in hunting the birds and other game of the country to help to provide food for himself and those living at the fort with him. All ideas of making surveys had been forgotten—in fact it is not likely that any serious intention was ever entertained of employing him as a surveyor in the interior countries. His knowledge of navigation was doubtless

merely to enable him to sail one or other of the little sloops which were kept by the Hudson Bay Company at their trading post on the shores of the bay.

In the year 1787, when seventeen years old, he was, however, sent inland with a party which was going to establish new trading-posts on the Saskatchewan River, and for the next three years he lived on the banks of that stream and on the adjoining plains to the south of it, learning the habits of the Indians, and inducing them to bring their furs to the stores to exchange for the commodities brought from England by the white people. One whole winter was spent in the tent of a chief of the Pagan Indians, one of the wildest native tribes of the West, and the friendships there formed stood him in good stead in his after-life.

In 1789, when at Cumberland House on the Saskatchewan, he began to use a notebook, and to take and record regular meteorological observations. The following year, while on a journey to York Factory with the brigade of furs, he made his first survey in the country. His notebooks show the courses and distances of all the ranches on the Saskatchewan and



A STRETCH OF RIVER ABOUT WHICH THOMPSON MUST HAVE PORTAGED

Hayes Rivers, as well as the north shore of Lake Winnipeg.

After his return to Cumberland House in this year, he had the advantage of the society of one Philip Turner, a surveyor who had been sent out by the Hudson Bay Company to make a survey of Lake Athabasca, and under him he devoted himself heartily to the study of practical astronomy. During that winter he took many observations for the latitude and longitude of Cumberland House, and the position which he determined for it is the same which it now occupies in the latest maps published by the Canadian Government, although the position has varied greatly in the maps which have been published in the intervening one hundred and twenty years.

In 1791, he returned to York Factory, where he remained for more than a year, assisting in the fur trade and filling in all his spare time with taking astronomical observations. In 1792 he again left York Factory, but this time he went into what he calls the "Muskrat Country," which lies west of Nelson River, between Saskatchewan and Churchill Rivers, where he spent the following winter. In 1793

he returned to the Saskatchewan, spending the winter at a place called Buckingham House, about halfway between Battleford and Edmonton; and the following summer he made a survey of the river down to Cumberland House, thus adding a considerable stretch to the part of the river he had already surveyed below that point.

The next three years were spent in the Muskrat country, making surveys of all the lakes and streams that he passed through in his search for furs. These surveys extended northward as far as Reindeer Lake and westward to the east end of Lake Athabasca, where he connected with the survey previously made by his tutor, Mr. Turner.

The year in which he made this latter survey would seem to have been a poor one for fur returns, and his superior officer in the company probably thought he had neglected the fur trade in the interest of exploration, so he gave orders that the surveying must be discontinued. This Thompson refused to agree to, and as his second term of engagement was expiring, he withdrew from the service of the Hudson Bay Company and entered that of the

North-West Company, which was particularly anxious at the time to have the position of its trading-posts determined. This was on May 23, 1797, the following entry being written in his journal of this date: "This day left the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and entered that of the Company of the Merchants from Canada. May God Almighty prosper me." Thus for the sake of a trifling shortage in the fur returns for the year, the Hudson Bay Company lost the greatest man it ever had in its employ, a man whose name will be a household word with educated men and women in America long after all the fur traders and their beaver-skins have been forgotten. On May 28 he arrived on foot at the house of Mr. Alex. Fraser, at the head of Reindeer River, where he was very hospitably entertained by this partner in the North-West Company. He at once proceeded from Reindeer Lake to Grand Portage on Lake Superior, making as usual a survey of the route which he followed. Here he received his instructions, and made final arrangements for his future work. The explorations of the next year are worth following in some detail, as they show what such a man could do under reasonably favorable circumstances.

On August 9 he left the "Grand Portage," at the mouth of Pigeon River on Lake Superior, in company with Mr. Hugh McGillivray, and descended Rainy River, passing a fort at the Falls on the 21st, went on through Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods to Lake Winnipeg, which he reached on September 1. Crossing this lake and ascending the Dauphin River, he reached Lake Manitoba (Manitota) on September 10. He crossed this lake, and reached Lake Winnipegosis by way of the Meadow portage. On September 17, being camped 11-2 miles north of the Little Dauphin (Moose) River, provisions were received from Fort Dauphin, or near Dauphin Lake.

On September 17, having received provisions from Fort Dauphin, the party proceeded northward up the west shore of Lake Winnipegosis. On the 19th, Mr. Hugh McGillivray left him to go up Red Deer River, while he himself reached the mouth of Shoal River. He ascended this river, passed through Swan Lake,

and ascended Swan River for 4 1/2 miles to Swan River house, on the north bank of the river, which would place it near the north line of Tp. 39 in lat. 52 degrees 24' 5" N. The Hudson Bay Company also had a post in the immediate vicinity. Horses were then in common use on the Swan River Valley, for after stopping a day at this post, he and Mr. Grant started on horseback up the valley on a trail which ran for most of the distance along the north side of the river. On the second day they crossed the Swan River to the south side, and rode six miles to a house kept by one Bellesau in a "hammock of Pines" on the bank of the Snake Creek, almost on the Second Initial Meridian, about six miles north of Fort Pelly. From here he turned southward, and continued his survey past the post of the Hudson Bay Company at the Elbow of the Assiniboine River to the house of Cuthbert Grant, which was situated in Tp. 28, Range 31, and south-west of the present village of Rummymede, on the Canadian Northern Railway.

Here he remained till October 14, when he returned to Bellesau's house on Snake Creek, in order, if possible, to obtain guides to take him up the Swan River, across the watershed to Red Deer River, and thence around to the headwaters of the Assiniboine River. From this date to November 28 his journal was lost, but he states, "I surveyed the Stone Indian (Assiniboine) River upward and its sources, and the Red Deer River and its sources, and from there returned to the house of Mr. Cuthbert Grant, at the Brooks, on the Stone Indian River."

He, however, gives traverses worked out by latitude and departure which show his course to have been from Bellesau's house to the upper house on Red Deer River in lat. 52 degrees 47 min. 44 sec. N. From here he turned south-westward, and continued his survey to the "upper house on the Stone Indian River," afterwards known as Alexandria, where Daniel Harmon spent five years of his life in the West, from 1806 to 1805, and which is said by him to have been "built on a small rise of ground on the bank of the Assiniboine, that separated it from a beautiful prairie about two miles long and one to four broad, which is as level as the

floor of a house." At a little distance behind the posts are small groves of birch, poplar, aspen and pine. From Alexandria he travelled down the river to the Elbow, and thence to Cuthbert Grant's house. Thence he continued southward to Thorburn's house on the Qu'Appelle River, a few miles above its mouth, in lat. 50 degrees 28 min. 57 sec., and McDonald's house, 1 1/2 mile above the mouth of the Souris River.

The winter has now set in, when travelling on the open plains was unpleasant and dangerous, but Thompson was anxious to find out the exact positions of those Indian villages on the Missouri, where the people lived by the cultivation of corn as well as by hunting buffalo, and personal inconvenience and danger were not to be considered when compared with the satisfaction of this craving for knowledge. Besides this, some of the Indians might be induced to establish a regular trade with the North-West Company. So on November 28, 1797, he left McDonald's (Assiniboine) house with nine men, a few horses, and thirty dogs, and started south-westward across the plain. On December 7 he reached Old Ash House on the Souris River, "settled two years ago, and abandoned the following spring."

Having been unable to procure a guide here, he himself assumed the lead, and, going by Turtle Mountain, again reached the Souris or Mouse River, which he followed up to the "height," whence he crossed the plains, a distance of 37 miles, to the Missouri River, reaching it on December 29 at a point 6 miles above the upper of the Mandan villages. These villages are stated to have been five in number, and contained in all 318 houses and seven tents, inhabited by Mandan and Willow Indians in about equal numbers. The number of the Willow Indians in another place in his notes (here called Fall Indians) is placed at 2,200 to 2,500. He remained at these villages till January 10, trying to induce the Indians to come north to trade, but with very little success, as they were afraid of the Sioux. While here he wrote down a vocabulary of the Mandan language, containing about 375 words.

On January 10, 1798, he left the villages, but being delayed by severe storms, it was the 24th before he reached the Souris River, and February 3 when he arrived at McDonald's house at the mouth of the Souris River. At Souris River post he remained till February 25, 1798, not to rest and enjoy himself after the hardships of his journey, but to make up his notes and plans and prepare for a longer trip, this time on foot, to connect the waters of the Red and Mississippi Rivers, and thence onward to Lake Superior, a trip which his companion ridiculed as being impossible to accomplish before the advent of summer. On the above date he started out on foot with a dog-team, and followed the course of the Assiniboine eastward to its mouth, making, as he always did, a survey of his route, passing on his way Pine Fort and Poplar House, both of which had been abandoned, and some houses a little below the Meadow Portage to Lake Manitoba.

On March 7 he reached the forks of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers at the present city of Winnipeg, though no mention is made of any habitation there at the time. Travelling on the ice, he turned up the latter stream, and on the second day reached Cheboille's old house of the North-West Company, a quarter of a mile up Rat Creek above its mouth, the latitude of which was 49 degrees 33 min. 53 sec. N., which would be a few miles west of Niverville on the Emerson branch of the C.P.R.

On March 14 he crossed the boundary-line into the United States, and reached the house of Mr. Charles Cheboille at the mouth of Summerberry or Pembina river in lat. 45 degrees 58 min. 29 sec. N., at the present town of Pembina in North Dakota. After staying here for a week he continued up Red River, passing the house of the North-West Company kept by Mr. Roi, at the mouth of Salt River, also in North Dakota, to the mouth of Red Lake River, which he ascended to the mouth of Clear River, where there was a North-West Company's house kept by Baptiste Cadotte, which he places in lat. 47 degrees 54 min. 21 sec. N., close to the present site of Red Lake Falls. He reached this house on March 24, and it



AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT AT FORT McMURRAY

once endeavored to proceed eastward on foot, but was obliged to return and wait for the breaking up of the ice, as "the snow thawing made the open country like a lake of open water."

On April 9 he again started from Cadotte's house, but this time in a canoe with three men, and ascended Clear River for six days, when he carried across to Red Lake River, which he ascended to Red Lake, reaching it at a point in lat. 47 degrees 58 min. 15 sec. N. Two miles to the south was an old house once occupied by Mr. Cadotte. After traversing the south shore of Red Lake for a considerable distance eastward, he turned southward, and at a point in lat. 47 degrees 53 min. 42 sec. N. he crossed a carrying-place 6 miles long, after which he wound his way through small lakes and brooks, and walked over short portages till, on April 27, he arrived at Turtle Lake, from which flows "Turtle Brook," which he states to be the source of the Mississippi, since it is from here that the river takes the most direct course to the sea. Thus, to this indefatigable but hitherto almost unknown geographer belongs the honor of discovering the head waters

of this great river, about whose source there has been almost as much discussion as about that of the Nile itself. His course is well laid down on his great "Map of the North-West Territory of the Province of Canada, made for the North-West Company in 1813-1814," drawn on a scale of about 15 miles to an inch, and now in the possession of the Government of the Province of Ontario.

An excellent account of the early expeditions to the headwaters of the Mississippi is given by Mr. N. H. Winchell, in his Historical Introduction in the Final Report on the "Geology of Minnesota," 1884. In speaking of Lieut. Pike's journey to Red Cedar (Cass) Lake in 1806, he there states that, "Mr. Thompson's maps and papers never having been published, Lieut. Pike is to be accredited with the first authenticated examination of the Mississippi valley from the St. Francis River to Red Cedar Lake." The first man who is stated to have travelled through the country north of Red Cedar Lake was J. C. Beltrami, an Italian gentleman, who accompanied Major Long's expedition as far as Pembina. He ascended Bloody (Red) Lake River, and thence



AN INDIAN HUNTER'S LODGE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY REGION

followed Thompson's route to Turtle Lake, whence he descended the Mississippi to its mouth. This was in the summer of 1823, nine years after Thompson had recorded his discoveries on the above-mentioned map, and twenty-five years after he had made the survey of his course.

From Turtle Lake, Thompson descended Turtle Brook to Red Cedar (Cass) Lake, on which there was a North-West Company's house, kept by Mr. John Sayer, which he places in lat. 47 degrees 27 min. 56 sec., long. 95 degrees. Remaining here from April 29 to May 3, he again embarked, and struck across to the Mississippi River, down which he travelled through Winnipegosis Lake, to the south of Sand Lake River, where he left the main stream and turned up Sand Lake River to Sand Lake, on which was a house belonging to the North-West Company, south 14 degrees, east 1-4 mile from the head of the river, and in lat. 56 degrees 45 min. 39 sec. From this house he crossed the lake to the mouth of Savannah Brook, which he followed up to the Savannah carrying-place, a deep hog 4 miles across. Crossing this portage to a small creek that flows into St. Louis River

he descended the latter stream to Fond du Lac House, in lat. 46 degrees 44 min. 2 sec., 2½ miles up the river from Lake Superior. He reached this post on May 10, two months and eighteen days after leaving the mouth of the Souris River. From here he surveyed the south shore of Lake Superior, arriving at the falls of Ste. Marie on May 28.

On June 1 he left Sault Ste Marie in a light canoe with eleven men in company with Messrs McKensie, McLeod, and Stuart, and reached Grand Portage on the 7th, where he remained till July 14. The time was a busy one at this the central post of the company, and in his journal he gives a very interesting account of the men who were almost daily arriving from and departing for many widely separated points throughout the west. Since he had left here one year before, he had been on a continuous journey of survey and exploration of unexplored country, and his survey, approximately 4,000 miles long, made in that time is a record that has rarely been equalled. From that time, year after year, he continued his survey throughout the northern portions of the North American continent, traveling in



A PORTAGE WITH AN ESQUIMAUX KYACK ON THE KAZAN RIVER ABOVE TATE-EYED FALLS

canoe, on horseback, or on foot, as occasion offered.

In addition to the surveys enumerated above, he re-surveyed the Saskatchewan River from its mouth to its source, and, east of the Rocky Mountains, he also made surveys of the Bow and South Saskatchewan Rivers; Churchill River down to South Indian Lake; Athabasca River from its source to its mouth; Peace River from Fort St. John down to its mouth; Clearwater River, Beaver River, and the whole or parts of Lakes Athabasca, Lesser Slave, La Biche, Winnipeg, etc.

In 1807, he crossed the Rocky Mountains by the Saskatchewan pass into what is now the province of British Columbia, and ascended the Columbia River to its source, where he built a trading post and spent the winter. From that time onwards until 1812, much of his time was spent in British Columbia and the adjoining states of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon. During these years he surveyed the Columbia River from its source to its mouth, the Kootenay River, parts of Canoe, Pend d'Oreille,

Clark's fork, and Lewis Rivers, Flathead Lake, and many other smaller rivers and lakes, in all covering many thousands of miles of new and previously unexplored country.

In 1811, when he reached the mouth of the Columbia River, he wrote as follows: "Thus I have fully completed the survey of this part of North America from sea to sea, and by almost innumerable astronomical observations have determined the positions of the mountains, lakes and rivers and other remarkable places on the northern part of this continent. The maps of all these surveys have been drawn, and they are laid down in geographical position: This work has occupied me for twenty-seven years."

These surveys were not merely rough sketches sufficient to give some idea of the general character of the country, but they were careful traverses made by a master in the art, short courses being taken with a magnetic compass, the variation of which was constantly checked; distances carefully estimated by the time taken to travel them, and the whole



ESQUIMAUX "BOATMEN" ON THE KAZAN RIVER

checked by numerous astronomical observations for latitude and longitude.

It has been my fortune to follow Thompson's courses for thousands of miles through this western country, and to take astronomical observations on the same places where he took them, and it is impossible for me to speak too highly of the general excellence of these surveys and observations. For three-quarters of a century Thompson's map was the standard of North-Western Canada, and even yet some parts of it have not been superseded.

In 1812, after having spent twenty-eight years in the wilderness of Western America, but at the same time being only forty-two years of age, Thompson retired from the services of the North-West Company and settled at Terrebonne, in Lower Canada (Quebec), where for a couple of years he was engaged in completing his great map of the North-West Territory which for years hung in the headquarters of the North-West Company at Fort William, and is now in possession of the Province of Ontario.

In 1818, this boy from a charity school in London, who had educated himself as a surveyor in the forests and on the plains

and mountains of the West, was appointed by the Government of Great Britain as its astronomer and surveyor to determine and define the boundary-line between the United States and British North America (Canada) under the Treaty of Ghent. The years from 1816 to 1825 were occupied in performing this great international survey, and the maps which he made are still and will always continue to be the ultimate authority on this long line dividing two nations, extending from the state of Maine to the north-west angle of Lake of the Woods.

His last years were spent either in Glenagarry County, Ontario, or in Longueuil, opposite Montreal, where he died on February 10, 1857, at the ripe old age of nearly eighty-seven years. His wife, a child of the Western country, whom he married at Isle a la Croix, on the Churchill River, survived him by less than three months, dying on May 7 of the same year.

Thompson's work must not be confused with that accomplished by ordinary explorers, or even with that of many of the clerics of the fur companies who have written journals and have given us excellent accounts of the new countries through which they travelled. Their



ESQUIMAUX BUILDING AN IGLOO, NEAR CHURCHILL

work was descriptive and general, his was detailed and exact, so that wherever he went others could follow him. They described small portions of the country, he learned of the physical features of all the vast country through which he travelled, and grouped these features together on a map in one harmonious whole, so that not only could any individual course or route of his be followed, but the relations of these courses to each other, their distances from each other and from any other place on the surface of the earth was known for all time to come.

Dr. J. J. Bigsby, the naturalist of the International Boundary Commission, thus speaks of his first meeting with David Thompson in Mr. McGillivray's home in Montreal about the year 1817. A singular-looking person of about fifty. He was plainly dressed, quiet, and observant. His figure was short and compact, and his black hair was worn long all around, and cut square, as if by one stroke of the shears, just above the eyebrows. His complexion was of the gardener's ruddy brown, while the expression of deeply furrowed features was friendly and intelligent, but his cut, short nose gave him an odd look. His speech betrayed the Welshman.

"No living person possesses a title of his information respecting the Hudson Bay countries, which from 1793 to 1820 he was constantly traversing. Never mind his Bunyan-like face and cropped hair; he has a very powerful mind, and a singular faculty of picture-making. He can create a wilderness and people it with warring savages, or climb the Rocky Mountains with you in a snowstorm, so clearly and palpably, that only shut your eyes and you hear the crack of the rifle, or feel the snow-flakes on your cheeks as he talks.

"Mr. Thompson was a firm Churchman, while most of our men were Roman Catholics. Many a time have I seen these uneducated Canadians most attentively and thankfully listen, as they sat upon some bank of shingle, to Mr. Thompson, while he read to them in most extraordinary pronounced French, three chapters out of the Old Testament, and as many out of the New, adding such explanations as seemed to him suitable."

He never used alcoholic liquors, and during the time that he was in control of the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains, and while most of the posts kept by



A COMPLETED IGLOO, NEAR CHURCHILL

the fur traders were merely bar-rooms of the very lowest type, where the Indians were encouraged in drunkenness and debauchery of every kind, no alcoholic liquor was allowed to be brought to any

post under his charge. Both morally and scientifically, he was a man of the very highest type. As a discoverer and explorer of new continental lands, he stands in the highest rank.

### The Three Motives

I had called back the tunes of the nursery rhymes, and tales of that region whence the Sagas Norwegian Came to us whispering of South Winds and Junes  
I had mused midst the mystery of dead and gone Hist'ry, and on all the old manuscripts and all the old lines,  
And I found that the bases of most of the cases  
Was Money, was Love, or was Hate.

I thought of the poets—of course, you must know it's a subject that comes when one sits in the dark—  
And I analyzed mentally, patiently, gently, the whole gorgeous make-up of poetry's spark:  
And then, perhaps calmer, I sized up the Drama—  
The plays that are tragic, the ones that are funny—  
And I saw the incentive to the authors inventive  
Was Love, or was Hate, or was Money.

Indeed, when I pondered how mortals have squandered these primitive passions, and how  
In all books and on stages, from earliest ages, they've straggled the same strangle until now  
It seemed to me, dreaming, the knowledge came gleaming  
How vastly superior, how far, far above,  
All these passions inferior, this "getting," and "netting,"  
This "Money," this "Hated"—is Love.

—George Traveres Barry.

# Five Hundred Thousand

By

Thomas L. Masson

IN the gossip corner of the club, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a small group of men were discussing—

"No, I understand that Polly Price is not engaged to Stetnie yet, but she will be soon," said Colter.

"Where does Paul Payton come in?" asked Semms.

"He doesn't come in; he goes out," said Wallingford. "You see, it's quite simple. Paul has been in love with Polly for no end of time—several weeks, in fact—and the thing was to have come off, but it developed that Paul didn't have cash enough—you know he was cleaned out in Union Pacific. Well, now, along comes Stetnie, with loads of it, and Polly's people have been bringing pressure to bear on her."

"Why shouldn't they?" said Semms. "Those two are exactly fitted for each other. Stetnie is a fine fellow, and the two families are on the same plane. As a good, common-sense alliance, I know of nothing better."

"Can't agree with you, quite," said Colter. "You must remember that Paul is a fine fellow, too."

"None finer."

"Very well. This is a love-match pure and simple, and we see too few of them nowadays. Polly is a star. Now, the idea of a little lack of money coming between them! It's ridiculous. It isn't as if he hadn't always had it. Besides, she has enough and to spare for both of them. Why, then, should she be induced to marry a man she doesn't care for, just because it seems a common-sense arrangement?"

Colter leaned forward and reduced his voice to a whisper.

"I know something about this affair," he said. "It's a question of five hundred thousand."

"What is it?" asked Semms.

"Her marriage with Paul. Her father says that if Paul can raise five hundred thousand and show it to him, he will give his consent. Otherwise, he will insist on her marrying Stetnie, who is, by the way, crazy about her."

"Why don't you let him have the money?" said Semms, with a satiric smile. "You seem so much interested."

"That's what I am going to do."

Every man started as he looked at Colter in astonishment.

"Let him have it?" repeated Semms. "You must be joking."

"Never was more serious in my life. You believe that I have it?"

Colter was known as a several-times millionaire, with a rather close reputation, however.

"Oh, you have it all right," said Wallingford; "but what is the inducement?"

"Perfectly simple if you stop to think of it. Payton is one of my dearest friends. So is Polly. I know that she wouldn't be happy with Stetnie, especially as she is in love with Paul. Very well. If five hundred thousand is going to set the whole thing right, and make two people happy for the rest of their lives, do you suppose that I would hesitate? But I want you fellows to help me out."

"What to do?"

"Paul is coming in now."

Colter put his hand down to his side, where there was a patent-leather bag.

"The money is here, in thousand-dollar bills. Now, I want you to take him aside and hand it over to him. Tell him that it has been placed in your hands by a friend, who gives it to him freely until such time as he can pay it back conveniently. Explain that this friend doesn't want his name known. Tell him the plain truth as

I have told it to you, only don't give my name away. Here it is. I mustn't be seen with you."

Colter handed the bag to Semms, and disappeared before there was time to reply. In an instant Paul Payton came in to view in the corridor. The two men, with the money in the bag between them, looked at each other in consternation.

"What do you make of it?" asked Semms.

"There is no knowing," replied Wallingford, "what fool things some men will do! The idea of Colter giving away anything! It is too funny! On the other hand, I never know him to go back on his word. Let's see—"

He picked up the bag, opened the catch, and put his hand inside.

"It's there," he whispered, holding the bag out to Semms.

"By Jove! So it is. Crammed with one-thousand-dollar bills. Well, my boy, let's get this painful affair over. I'll get Paul."

In a moment he returned with Payton. The three men made their way into a private dining-room, where Wallingford turned the key.

"Old man," he said to Payton, who looked at them in surprise, "don't be insulted if I seem to pry into your affairs, for I assure you there will be an explanation at the end. But I understand that you are in love with Miss Polly Price."

Payton smiled.

"I was," he said grimly, "up to—"

"Yes, we understand fully. Her father has broken off the match, and, if his plans mature, he will marry her to Stetnie. He has stated to you that if you had money—a little matter of five hundred thousand dollars—he would consent to your marriage with her. But he has some ambitions for her, or is controlled by her mother, we don't know which. At any rate, that's the situation."

"How did you know all this?" asked Payton.

"From a friend of yours, who wishes to remain incognito. He wants you to accept the money, so that you may marry the girl that you are entitled to by all the laws of love."

Wallingford drew forth the bag and turned the contents out on the table.

"Semms and I," he said, "have been

deputed to turn this money over to you, from an unknown friend, and to say that you can keep it as long as you like after your marriage."

Payton remained silent for a long time. He looked at the bundle of bills as they had been dumped out on the table. He looked alternately into the faces of his friends. He looked out of the window at the endless procession of automobiles. Then he turned to Wallingford and said quietly:

"I'll accept this money on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you meet me here to-morrow afternoon at this hour."

"We'll be here."

The next morning Payton made his appearance at the office of Price & Company. He carried a bag in his hand. He was admitted to the inner office after a slight delay.

"Good morning, Mr. Price."

"Good morning, Mr. Payton. What can I do for you?"

"The last time I saw you, you were good enough to state frankly that you preferred not to have me marry your daughter, because I had not cash enough."

"You put it bluntly, but that was the idea. I have a high regard for you personally, and—"

"Oh, I know all about that. It was, I believe, a little matter of five hundred thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"I have come with it."

Payton opened up his bag.

"Here is the money," he said.

Price looked at the packages of bills all neatly laid together.

"How do I know that is really your money?" he said. "You might have borrowed it."

Payton turned red with anger.

"There is only one way to prove that," he replied. "I propose to turn this money over to you as a guarantee of good faith. Just give me a receipt for it, and if I don't marry your daughter, you can turn it back to me. Does that answer your objection?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will now keep your word?"

"Certainly."

Price smiled. There was a mystery about this affair that he didn't understand,

but it was evident that there was nothing else for him to do. He was too good a sport to go back on his word.

"You are entirely at liberty to marry my daughter," he said.

"Good! Do you mind writing me a note to that effect?"

"I don't understand."

"I simply want to show it to Polly."

"Certainly." Price scribbled:

DEAR POLLY:

It's all right. You can marry bearer.  
Dad.

and handed it to Payton.

An hour later that young man faced Miss Polly Price in her home.

Silently he handed her the note. She read it and turned on him her flashing eyes.

"I knew it would be all right," she whispered.

"But it isn't all right."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you suppose that I would marry a girl who, in the first place, would consent to give me up just because I didn't have money enough?"

"But Papa—"

"I know that your father insisted upon it, but that doesn't matter. If you had really loved me you would never have consented to such a base bargain. I just wanted to prove that both you and he were capable of such a thing. Now I shall take this letter back, get my money from him, return it to the man I borrowed it from for twenty-four hours and congratulate you upon your approaching marriage to Stetnie. Good-by."

She threw herself upon him in a passion of tears.

"You mustn't!" she said. "Don't you know that I have always loved you? It isn't true that I submitted."

"But doesn't this prove it? Isn't the fact that you are now willing to marry me, when yesterday you were not—?"

"You forget that yesterday I merely asked for time to consider—"

"And isn't that enough? You were too ready to marry the highest bidder. As between the two of us, you might prefer me, but it was only when I produced the necessary cash."

"Paul, you are unreasonable. You don't understand. Oh, dear! I cannot explain. Won't you believe me?"

But he rushed away from her and started down once more to her father's office. He must keep that engagement at the club, and return the money.

Suddenly, as he ran up the steps of Price & Company, a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Wallingford.

"Old man, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't go in there. I have my car right here. Rushed like mad to intercept you. Got a hurry call from the man who put up that money. He says under no circumstances must you go anywhere until you have seen him."

"Where is he?"

"At the club."

"Who is he?"

"You will know when you get there."

"But I must go up-stairs and get the money."

"No! Not now. You may afterwards, if you wish. But you are bound to obey his request first. Come! Jump in."

In another instant they were whirling up to the club. Neither spoke.

As they entered, both Semms and Colter were waiting for them. Semms took Payton by the arm, and they filed into the same room where they had passed over the money on the day previous.

"You?" said Payton to Colter. "Can it be possible, old man, that you—"

Colter smiled at Wallingford.

"I gave you the money, didn't I?" he said.

"You certainly did. And I can't thank you enough," said Payton, "but—"

Colter smiled again.

"Don't thank me," he said. "Thank Miss Price."

"What do you mean?"

"She gave me the money to give to you."

"Where did she get it?"

"From her father. She didn't propose to give you up for a little master of five hundred thousand, and he agreed with her. He has it back now all right."

Payton looked at him in amazement.

"Why, I thought her father wanted Stetnie to marry her."

Colter smiled at the third time.

"Nonsense!" he said quietly. "It was her mother."

## Should the Gifted Marry?

By

Minna Thomas Antrim

WHY Art and Marriage should be deemed antagonistic is a vexatious problem. When a woman who has extraordinary artistic marries, straightway the public begins to prophesy. A singer, an actress, or a writer of importance rarely opens the door to Hymen without at once hearing the clamor of protest at the window.

It is alleged that great artists are chameleons in love. This is not true. The quicksand that engulfs the temperamental artist is offense impulse. She mistakes the flare of passion for the flame of love, forgetting that misdirected passion eventually destroys art. The emotional woman should study man as an individual before she accepts him as a husband. It is no more good for an artist to live alone than it is for lesser folk. God made a mate for everything worth-while, not only in order to reproduce the species, but that the two might be companions. Loneliness destroys more lives than war. Propinquity should not be the ground of union, however. The married Moth is foredoomed to the flame, be she where she may. It is not in her to be wise, or loyal. She has not enough soul to make even Satan long for her. She lives her silly little life, and is gone. But the big artist has a big soul. This she divides equally between her "work" and her family. And among such are few Castaways. The consecrated candle of the Gifts leads much oftener to Heaven than to the Nether World.

It is contended that the wear and tear of the emotions, and the pangs of maternity, act as a damper upon a singer's voice. Be of good cheer, O Trouble-Secker. An emotionalist rarely feels anything long enough to make a lasting impression upon vocal chords, heart, or mind. As to the maternal end of it, in "that joy that

cometh in the morning" the perilous night is quickly forgotten. So in his wisdom did God make motherhood. Therefore, since one must know in order to express thrilling emotions, marriage and motherhood should vocally enrich rather than deplete a singer. When given the right of way, the gust of human emotions broadens the mind, and deepens all life's meanings. Until she loves and is loved, the greatest artist has but a butterfly comprehension of joy or pain. As to those "dangerous separations," if for a season she goes to fulfill the other half of her God-given destiny, is she necessarily a less faithful wife and mother? Far be it from sanity to undervalue the body of woman, but it is a fact that the true artist regards the physical part of her being as of infinitely less importance than does less gifted femininity. Verily, sometimes is part of the artistic "business." To keep her face unlined and her figure slight, she often labors, but a great actress would gladly be plainer than two pike-staffs if thereby she could add to her artistry. Oddly, where she is while working seems equally of minor importance. She lets her heart-life enthral her absolutely when her season closes. When she begins to work she gives her mind dominion, for, being conscientious, she owes her public the best that she can give (for a large consideration, it is true). In the few small hours before she sleeps, those far away are not forgotten. God knows that.

No artist can serve a selfish husband and a clamorous public satisfyingly. The very basic principle of artistic success is peace of mind, hence the artist confronted by hostile domestic conditions had better bury her talent in the Napkin of Oblivion than try to cultivate it in the House of Contention. This by way of the selfish



mate. Equipped doubtly is a singer or musician whose home life is happy. True, the children of a great artist do miss their mother when she is on tour, but later in life they reap the splendid harvest of her powers and prestige, whereas, had she, thinking only of the present, stayed at home, grieving in secret over her wasted talent, would they have been better mothered? Wisdom often harvests late. It is, moreover, contended that great singers are supremely selfish. For the salvation of your souls, give ear, O Carpers.

Not so many years ago that thousands in their forties may not recall her, a great singer, whose golden voice was just as big and spring-clear as her soul, married. Now, he whom she married was a man, and, incidentally, at heart a boy, who had been mother-loved and indulged beyond the average by his womankind. Destiny permitted him to love and to be loved by a prima-donna who wished to continue singing, for her public adored her. Briefly, her career was in its zenith. Her husband elected to travel with her, so that those dreaded separations should not intervene. So it was for a long while. Finally, in spite of his joy in her joy, and his pride in her laurels, he grew weary of — ah, no, Sir Cynic — weary of the divided-life. He needed her all the time. His love had grown so that he wanted more than he could have of her delightful companionship. Finally the great test came. Well, have I not said her soul was as big and crystal-clear as her voice? All that she had that was most precious she gave to him, for that is how she read the book of her love and his. Regret it? Who asks does not remember her: who does, need not ask.

The actress has always been a target for all sorts of forebodings. That anything save vanity could make a wife and mother remain in or return to the profession, it would take a heaven-sent herald to trumpet. Even then good mothers would sniff, and yet Stogeland has countless wives and mothers who are above suspicion of vanity, who are not so woman-like as womanly. Oddly, it is very often her love for her unsuccessful husband, and her dominating ambition for her clever children, that keeps an actress before the public. It is a fact that actresses who play the role of

society belles feel nauseated that such shallow worldlings should be wives and mothers. For any other part rather than such a travesty upon womanhood, would a representative actress be cast. As in the singer's case, so with the "stage favorite," rather than see her husband struggling along in the role of Atlas, or hear her darlings vainly wishing for things that their little girls and boys have, the actress-mother spends part of the year away from the home that her talent has filled with luxuries and comforts, solely for the sake of others. Many an elderly leading woman drags a more than weary body over thousands of miles, bearing ills we know not of, not because she loves admiration inordinately, but because she wishes her loved ones to fare sumptuously every day, when she is gone, and to have all that there is—anon. Useless love keeps an actress young, and gives her voice that delicious timbre that makes every line tell. After marriage, an actress has a thousand hidden sources from which to draw inspiration when "creating a part." One has only to note her devotion to her dog to see that the maternal instinct is not dormant. Fido is a poor substitute, but she loves him. As a mother, she is thrice careful, for who better than she knows the danger of the wrong environment for impressionable young minds. She is not a sentimentalist, but when her little ones grow older, and the wolf prowls near her girls, or the cynic would throw mud into the minds of her boys, she is a tower of strength and tact.

The writer gains as richly as the others through personal experience,—possibly in greater degree. Most women writers of extraordinary distinction are married. To whom but wives and mothers is the world indebted for those modest little masterpieces of home life that have blended laughter and tears? It is not necessarily the happy wife who writes the best fiction, but it is still the woman who "understands." It is the woman who has drained the chalice of love. If in the bottom she has found the bitter dregs, will this not make her work the stronger after the first smart of disillusion has passed? If she has borne children and, God help her, laid them away under the great Green Coverlid, is she not pitiously well-equipped to

write of these little ones with a tenderness almost divine? If, on the contrary, joy has been and still is her portion, is she not the divinely appointed missioner of dual-blessedness?

In those more sheltered avenues where talented women strive, marriage and art are a more serious combination. Where the finished work must be sent out from home by schedule, where absolute isolation or silence is a desideratum, the double knot has its drag-backs. Nothing short of Amazonian strength, allied to genius, can achieve notable success in Poverty Hall. Petty cares, like microbes, are underground workers for oblivion. Even a brave spirit quails before a half-empty house and a coal-bill that echoes drearily. Larded with a happy-go-lucky, ailing, or mediocre husband, the seeker for artistic recognition is foredoomed to obscurity. True, if she has a great gift, she will succeed, because from the beginning her talent was ordained to work out the better, stronger part of her ego. If her gift is merely well indicated, she may be heard of, but not so quickly as though with unhampered mind and hands she could pursue the art in which she hopes to shine. Having wedded unwisely, it is a clever wife who considers motherhood the finest "career."

It is, for one whose gift is not sufficiently great for financial betterment. Art for art's sake is only for those few who, after much tribulation and hard labor, walk among the Elect. Art for art's—and money's—sake is much more admirable at times. The wife who neglects her duties and her children while she postures before the shrine of the Immortals, is not as likely to become one of them, as she who hides her time, ministering the while to the needs of dependent ones. Her opportunity may come by undreamed-of circlings. But for a woman with much liking, but little talent, for a given vocation, to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of fame persistently, while her children go underfed, and her husband goes unkempt and companionless, is criminal. That their husbands hate their work, or are jealous of their art, is the cry of these pseudo-artists. Even were it true, is it any wonder when in looking for a wife, the hapless man too often finds a stone woman.

To sum up, while it is positively heretical to insist that a great artist who marries necessarily jeopardizes her art, it is as absolutely true that a little artist jeopardizes her marital happiness by over-estimating her talent.

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The most abundant thing in  
Canada is natural wealth;  
The most noteworthy thing, strong men  
The most dangerous thing, sectionalism;  
And the most to be desired thing—  
A Pan-Canadian viewpoint—Witness  
the Reciprocity discussions.

# The Trail of '98

By

Robert W. Service

Author of "The Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechake"

## BOOK II.

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### CHAPTER XII. (Continued).

WE entered the Fifty-mile River; we were in a giant valley; tier after tier of beechland rose in sentinel mountains of austere grandeur. There at the bottom the little river twisted like a silver wire, and down it rolled the eager army. They shattered the silence into wild echo, they roused the bears out of their frozen sleep; the forest flamed from their careless fires.

The river was our beast of burden now, a tireless, gentle beast. Serenely and smoothly it bore us onward, yet there was a note of menace in its song. They had told us of the canyon and of the rapids, and as we pulled at the oars and battled with the mosquitoes, we wondered when the danger was coming, how we would fare through it when it came.

Then one evening as we were sweeping down the placid river, the current suddenly quickened. The banks were sliding past at a strange speed. Swiftly we swept around a bend, and there we were right on top of the dreadful canyon. Straight ahead was what seemed to be a solid wall of rock. The river looked to have no outlet; but as we drew nearer we saw that there was a narrow chasm in the stony free, and at this the water was roaring and churning with an angry roar.

The current was gripping us angrily now; there was no chance to draw back. At his post stood the Jam-wagon with the keen alert look of the man who loves dan-

ger. A thrill of excitement ran through us all. With set faces we prepared for the fight.

I was in the bow. All at once I saw directly in front a scow struggling to make the shore. In her there were three people, two women and a man. I saw the man jump out with a rope and try to snub the scow to a tree. Three times he failed, running along the bank and shouting frantically. I saw one of the women jump for the shore. Then at the same instant the rope parted, and the scow, with the remaining woman, went swirling on into the canyon.

### CHAPTER XIII.

All this I saw, and so fascinated was I that I forgot our own peril. I heard a shrill scream of fear; I saw the solitary woman crouch down in the bottom of the scow, burying her face in her hands; I saw the scow rise, hover, and then plunge downward into the angry maw of the canyon.

The river hurried us on helplessly. We were in the canyon now. The air grew dark. On each side, so close it seemed we could almost touch them with our oars, were black, ancient walls, towering up dizzyly. The river seemed to leap and buck, its middle arching four feet higher than its sides, a veritable hog-back of water. It bounded on in great billows, green, hillocky and terribly swift, like a liquid toboggan slide. We plunged forward, heaved aloft, and the black, moss-stained walls bristled past us.

About midway in the canyon is a huge basin, like the old crater of a volcano, sloping upwards to the pine-fringed skyline. Here was a giant eddy, and here, circling round and round, was the runaway scow. The forsaken woman was still crouching on it. The light was quite wan, and we were half blinded by the flying spray, but I clung to my place at the bow and watched intently.

"Keep clear of that scow," I heard some one shout. "Avoid the eddy." It was almost too late. The ill-fated scow spun round and swooped down on us. In a moment we would have been struck and overturned, but I saw Jim and the Jam-wagon give a desperate strain at the oars. I saw the scow swirling past, just two feet from us. I looked again—then with a wild panic of horror I saw that the crouching figure was that of Berna.

I remember jumping—it must have been five feet—and I landed half in, half out of the water. I remember clinging a moment, then pulling myself aboard. I heard shouts from the others as the current swept them into the canyon. I remember looking round and cursing because both sweeps had been lost overboard, and lastly I remember bending over Berna and shouting in her ear:

"All right, I'm with you!"

If an angel had dropped from high heaven to help me I don't believe the girl could have been more impressed. For a moment she stared at me unbelievably. I was kneeling by her and she put her hands on my shoulders as if to prove to herself that I was real. Then, with a half-sob, half-cry of joy, she clasped her arms tightly around me. Something in the girl's look, something in the touch of her slender, clinging form made my heart elate. Once again I shouted in her ear.

"It's all right, don't be frightened. We'll pull through, all right."

Once more we had whirled off into the main current; once more we were in that roaring torrent, with its fearsome dips and rises, its columned walls corroded with age and filled with the gloom of eternal twilight. The water smashed and hattered us, whirled us along relentlessly, lashed us in heavy sprays; yet with closed eyes and thudding hearts we waited. Then suddenly the light grew strong again. The pri-

mary walls were gone. We were sweeping along smoothly, and on either side of us the valley sloped in green plateaus up to the smiling sky.

I unlocked my arms and peered down to where her face lay half hidden on my breast.

"Thank God, I was able to reach you!" "Yes, thank God!" she answered faintly. "Oh, I thought it was all over. I nearly died with fear. It was terrible. Thank God for you!"

But she had scarce spoken when I realized, with a vast shock, that the danger was far from over. We were hurrying along helplessly in that fierce current, and already I heard the roar of the Squaw Rapids. Ahead, I could see them dancing, boiling, foaming, blood-red in the sunset glow.

"Be brave, Berna," I had to shout again; "we'll be all right. Trust me, dear!"

She, too, was staring ahead with dilated eyes of fear. Yet at my words she became wonderfully calm, and in her face there was a great, glad look that made my heart rejoice. She nestled to my side. Once more she waited.

We took the rapids broadside on, but the scow was light and very strong. Like a cork in a mill-stream we tossed and spun around. The vicious, manning well-pick of the river heaved us into the air, and worried us as we fell. Drenched, deafened, stunned with fierce nerve-shattering blows, every moment we thought to go under. We were in a caldron of fire. The roar of doom was in our ears. Giant hands with claws of foam were clutching, buffeting us. Shrieks of fury assailed us, as demon tossed us to demon. Was there no end to it? Thud, crash, roar, sickening us to our hearts; lurching, leaping, broken, battered . . . then all at once came a calm; we must be past; we opened our eyes.

We were again sweeping round a bend in the river in the shadow of a high bluff. If we could only make the bank—but, no! The current hurled us along once more. I saw it sweep under a rocky face of the hillside, and then I knew that the worst was coming. For there, about two hundred yards away, were the dreaded Whitehorse Rapids.

"Close your eyes, Berna!" I cried. "Lie

down on the bottom. Pray as you never prayed before."

We were on them now. The rocky banks close in till they nearly meet. They form a narrow gateway of rock, and through those close-set jaws the raging river has to pass. Leaping, crashing over its boulder-strewn bed, gaining in terrible impetus at every leap, it gathers speed for its last desperate burst for freedom. Then with a great roar it charges the gap.

But there, right in the way, is a giant boulder. Water meets rock in a crash of terrific onset. The river is beaten, broken, thrown back on itself, and with a baffled roar rises high in the air in a raging bell of spume and tempest. For a moment the chaos is a battleground of the elements, a fierce, titanic struggle. Then the river, wrenching free, falls into the basin below.

"Lie down, Berna, and hold on to me!"

We both dropped down in the bottom of the scow, and she clasped me so tightly I marvelled at the strength of her. I felt her wet cheek pressed to mine, her lips clinging to my lips.

"Now, dear, just a moment and it will all be over."

Once again the angry thunder of the waters. The scow took them nose on, riding gallantly. Again we were tossed like a feather in a whirlwind, pitchforked from wrath to wrath. Once more, swinging, swerving, straining, we pelted on. On pinnales of terror our hearts poised nakedly. The waters danced a fiery saraband; each wave was a demon lashing at us as we passed; or again they were like fear-maddened horses with whipping manes of flame. We clutched each other convulsively. Would it never, never end . . . then . . . then . . .

It seemed the last had come. Up, up we went. We seemed to hover uncertainly, tilted, hair-poised over a yawning gulf. Were we going to upset? But, no! We righted. Dizzily we dipped over; steeply we plunged down. Oh, it was terrible!

Then, swamped from bow to stern, half turned over, wrecked and broken, we swept into the peaceful basin of the river below.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

On the flats around the White Horse Rapids was a great largesse of wild flowers. The shooting stars gladdened the glade

with gold; the bluebells brimmed the woodland hollow with amethyst; the fireweed splashed the hills with the pink of coral. Daintily swinging, like clustered pearls, were the petals of the orchid. In glorious profusion were begonia, violeta, and Iceland poppies, and all was in a setting of the keenest emerald. But over the others dominated the wild rose, dancing everywhere and flinging perfume to the joyful breeze.

Boats and scows were lined up for miles along the river shore. On the banks water-soaked outfalls lay drying in the sun. We, too, had shipped much water in our passage, and a few days would be needed to dry out again. So it was that I found some hours of idleness and was able to see a good deal of Berna.

Madam Winklestein I found surprisingly gracious. She smiled on me, and in her teeth, like white quartz, the conviced gold gleamed. She had a smooth, flattering way with her that disarmed animosity. Winklestein, too, had conveniently forgotten our last interview, and extended to me the paw of spurious friendship. I was free to see Berna as much as I chose.

Thus it came about that we rambled among the woods and hills, picking wild flowers and glad almost with the joy of children. In these few days I noted a vast change in the girl. Her cheeks, pale as the petals of the wild orchid, seemed to steal the tints of the briar-rose, and her eyes beseeched with the radiance of sun-waked skies. It was as if in the poor child a long-stifled capacity for joy was glowing into being.

One golden day, with her cheeks softly flushed, her eyes shining, she turned to me.

"Oh, I could be so happy if I only had a chance, if I only had the chance other girls have. It would take so little to make me the happiest girl in the world—just to have a home, a plain, simple home where all was sunshine and peace, just to have the commonest comforts, to love and be loved. That would be enough." She sighed and went on:

"Then if I might have books, a little music, flowers—oh, it seems like a dream of heaven; so well might I sigh for a palace."

"No palace could be too fair for you, Berna, no prince too noble. Some day,

your prince will come, and you will give him that great love I told you of once."

Swiftly a shadow came into the bright eyes, the sweet mouth curved pathetically.

"Not even a beggar will seek me, a poor nameless girl travelling in the train

"You cared for your grandfather; you gave him your whole heart, a love full of self-sacrifice, of renunciation. Now he is gone, you will love again, but the next will be to the last, as wine is to water. And the day will come when you will love



"THEN, WITH A HALF SOB, HALF CRY OF SOY, SHE CLASPED HER ARMS TIGHTLY AROUND ME."

of dishonor . . . and again, I will never love."

"Yes, you will indeed, girl—infinity, supremely. I know you, Berna; you'll love as few women do. Your dearest will be all your world, his smile your heaven, his frown your death. Love was at the fashioning of you, dear, and kissed your lips and sent you forth, saying, 'There goeth my handmaiden.'"

I thought for a while ere I went on.

grandly. Yours will be a great, consuming passion that knows no limit, no assuagement. It will be your glory and your shame. For him will your friends be foes, your light darkness. You will go through fire and water for your beloved's sake; your parched lips will call his name, your frail hands cling to him in the shadow of death. Oh, I know, I know. Love has set you apart. You will immolate yourself on his altars. You will dare, defy

and die for him. I'm sorry for you, Berna."

Her face hung down, her lips quivered. As for me, I was surprised at my words and scarce knew what I was saying.

At last she spoke.

"If ever I loved like that, the man I loved must be a king among men, a hero, almost a god."

"Perhaps, Berna, perhaps; but not usefully. He may be a grim man with a face of power and passion, a virile, dominant brute, but—well, I think he will be more of a god. Let's change the subject."

I found she had all the sad sophistication of the lovely-born, yet with it an invincible sense of purity, a delicate horror of the physical phases of love. She was a finely motivated creature with impossible ideals, but out of her stark knowledge of life she was naively outspoken.

Once I asked of her:

"Berna, if you had to choose between death and dishonor, which would you prefer?"

"Death, of course," she answered promptly.

"Death's a pretty hard proposition," I commented.

"No, it's easy; physical death, compared with the other, compared with moral death."

She was very emphatic and angry with me for my hazy demur. In an atmosphere of disillusionment and moral misera she clung undauntedly to her ideals. Never was such a brave spirit, so determined in goodness, so upright in purity, and I blessed her for her unflinching words. "May such sentiments as yours," I prayed, "be over mine. In doubt, despair, defeat, oh life, take not away from me my faith in the pure heart of woman!"

Often I watched her thoughtfully, her slim, well-proportioned figure, her grey eyes that were fuller of soul than any eyes I have ever seen, her brown hair wherein the sunshine loved to pick out threads of gold, her delicate features with their fine patrician quality. We were dreamers twin, but while my outlook was gay with hope, hers was dark with despair. Since the episode of the saw I had never ventured to kiss her, but had treated her with a curious reserve, respect and courtesy.

Indeed, I was diagnosing my case, wonder-

ing if I loved her, affirming, doubting on a very see-saw of indeterminateness. When with her I felt for her an intense fondness and at times an almost irresponsible tenderness. My eyes rested longingly on her, noting with treacherous joy the curves and shading of her face, and finding in its very defects, beauties.

When I was away from her—oh, the ceaseless longing that was almost pain, the fanciful elaboration of our last talk, the hint of her graces in bird and flower and tree! I wanted her wildly, and the thought of a world empty of her was monstrous. I wondered how in the past we had both existed and how I had lived, careless, happy and serenely indifferent. I tried to think of a time when she should no longer have power to make my heart quiver with joy or contract with fear—and the thought of such a state was insufferable pain. Was I in love? Poor, fatuous fool! I wanted her more than everything else in all the world, yet I hesitated and asked myself the question:

Hundreds of boats and scows were running the rapids, and we watched them with an untiring fascination. That was the most exciting spectacle in the whole world. The issue was life or death, ruin or salvation, and from dawn till dark, and with every few minutes of the day, was the breathless climax repeated. The faces of the actors were sick with dread and anxiety. It was curious to study the various expressions of the human countenance unmasked and confronted with gibbering fear. Yes, it was a vivid drama, a drama of cheers and tears, always thrilling and often tragic. Every day were bodies dragged ashore. The rapids demanded their tribute. The men of the trail must pay the toll. Sullen and bloated the river disgorged its prey, and the dead, without prayer or pause, were thrown into nameless graves.

On our first day at the rapids we met the halfbreed. He was on the point of starting down-stream. Where was the bank clerk? Oh, yes; they had upset coming through; when last he had seen little Pinklove he was struggling in the water. However, they expected to get the body every hour. He had paid two men to find and bury it. He had no time to wait.

We did not blame him. In those wild days of headstrong hurry and gold-deli-

um human life meant little. "Another floater," one would say, and carelessly turn away. A callousness to death that was almost medieval was in the air, and the friends of the dead hurried on, the richer by a partner's outfit. It was all new, strange, sinister to me, this unveiling of life's naked selfishness and lust.

Next morning they found the body, a poor, shapeless, sodden thing with such a crumpled skull. My thoughts went back to the sweet-faced girl who had wept so bitterly at his going. Even then, maybe, she was thinking of him, fondly dreaming of his return, seeing the glow of triumph in his boyish eyes. She would wait and hope; then she would wait and despair; then there would be another white-faced woman saying, "He went to the Klondike and never came back. We don't know what became of him."

Verily, the way of the gold-trail was cruel.

Berna was with me when they buried him.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" she repeated.

"Yes, poor little beggar! He was so quiet and gentle. He was no man for the trail. It's a funny world."

The coffin was a box of unplanned boards loosely nailed together, and the men were for putting him into a grave on top of another coffin. I protested, so solemnly they proceeded to dig a new grave. Berna looked very unhappy, and when she saw that crude, shapeless pine coffin she broke down and cried bitterly.

At last she dried her tears and with a happier look in her eyes bade me wait a little until she returned. Soon again she came back, carrying some folds of black sateen over her arm. As she ripped at this with a pair of scissors, I noticed there was a deep frilling to it. Also a bright blush came into her cheek at the curious glance I gave to the somewhat skimpy lines of her skirt. But the next instant she was busy stretching and tacking the black material over the coffin.

The men had completed the new grave. It was only three feet deep, but the water coming in had prevented them from digging further. As we laid the coffin in the hole it looked quite decent now in its black covering. It floated on the water, but after some clods had been thrown down, it sank with many garglings. It

was as if the dead man protested against his hither burial. We watched the grave-diggers throw a few more shovelful of earth over the place, then go off whistling. Poor little Berna! she cried steadily. At last she said:

"Let's get some flowers."

So out of briar-roses she fashioned a cross and a wreath, and we laid them reverently on the muddy heap that marked the bank clerk's grave.

Oh, the pitiful mockery of it!

## CHAPTER XV

Soon I knew that Berna and I must part and but two nights later it came. It was near midnight, yet in no ways dark, and everywhere the camp was astir. We were sitting by the river, I remember, a little way from the boats. Where the sun had set, the sky was a luminous veil of ravishing green, and in the elusive light her face seemed wanly sweet and dreamlike.

A sad spirit rustled amid the shivering willows and a great sadness had come over the girl. All the happiness of the past few days seemed to have ebbed away from her and left her empty of hope. As she sat there, silent and with hands clasped, it was as if the shadows that for a little had lifted, now enshrouded her with a greater gloom.

"Tell me your trouble, Berna."

She shook her head, her eyes wide as if trying to read the future.

"Nothing."

Her voice was almost a whisper.

"Yes, there is, I know. Tell me, won't you?"

Again she shook her head.

"What's the matter, little chum?"

"It's nothing; it's only my foolishness."

"If I tell you, it wouldn't help me any. And then—it doesn't matter. You wouldn't care. Why should you care?"

She turned away from me and seemed absorbed in bitter thought.

"Care! why, yes, I would care; I do care. You know I would care anything in the world to help you. You know I would be unhappy if you were unhappy. You know—"

"Then it would only worry you."

She was regarding me anxiously.

"Now you must tell me, Berna. It will worry me indeed if you don't."

Once more she refused. I pleaded with

her gently. I coaxed, I entreated. She was very reluctant, yet at last she yielded.

"Well, if I must," she said; "but it's all so sordid, so mean, I hate myself; I despise myself that I should have to tell it."

She kneaded a tiny handkerchief nervously in her fingers.

"You know how nice Madam Winklesstein's been to me lately—brought me new clothes, given me trinkets. Well, there's a reason—she's got her eye on a man for me."

I gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Yes, you know she's let us go together—it's all to draw him on. Oh, couldn't you see it? Didn't you suspect something? You don't know how bitterly they hate you."

I bit my lip.

"Who's the man?"

"Jack Leonato."

I started.

"Have you heard of him?" she asked. "He's got a million-dollar claim on Bonanza."

Had I heard of him? Who had not heard of Black Jack, his spectacular poker playing, his meteoric rise, his theatrial display?

"Of course he's married," she went on, "but that doesn't matter up here. There's such a thing as a Klondyke marriage, and they say he behaves well to his discarded miss—"

"Berna!" angry and aghast, I had stopped her. "Never let me hear you utter that word. Even to say it seems pollution."

She laughed harshly, bitterly.

"What's this whole life but pollution?"

"Well, anyway, he wants me."

"But you wouldn't, surely you wouldn't?"

She turned on me fiercely.

"What do you take me for? Surely you know me better than that. Oh, you almost make me hate you."

Suddenly she pressed the little handkerchief to her eyes. She fell to sobbing convulsively. Vainly I tried to soothe her, whispering:

"Oh, my dear, tell me all about it. I'm sorry, girl, I'm sorry."

She ceased crying. She went on in her fierce, excited way.

"He came to the restaurant in Bennett. He used to watch me a lot. His eyes were always following me. I was afraid. I trembled when I served him. He liked to see me tremble, it gave him a feeling of power. Then he took to giving me presents, a diamond ring, a heart-shaped locket, costly gifts. I wanted to return them, but she wouldn't let me, took them from me, put them away. Then he and she had long talks. I know it was all about me. That was why I came to you that night and begged you to marry me—to save me from him. Now it's gone from bad to worse. The net's closing round me in spite of my flutterings."

"But he can't get you against your will," I cried.

"No! No! but he'll never give up. He'll try so long as I resist him. I'm nice to him just to humor him and gain time. I can't tell you how much I fear him. They say he always gets his way with women. He's masterly and relentless. There's a cold, sneering command in his smile. You hate him but you obey him."

"He's an immoral monster, Berna. He spares neither time nor money to gratify his whims where a woman is concerned. And he has no pity."

"I know, I know."

"He's intensely masculine, handsome in a vivid, gipsy sort of way; big, strong and compelling, but a callous libertine."

"Yes, he's all that. And can you wonder then my heart is full of fear, that I am distracted, that I asked you what I did. He is relentless and of all women he wants me. He would break me on the wheel of dishonour. Oh, God!"

Her face grew almost tragic in its despair.

"And everything's against me; they're all helping him. I haven't a single friend, not one to stand by me, to aid me. Once I thought of you, and you failed me. Can you wonder I'm nearly crazy with the terror of it? Can you wonder I was desperate enough to ask you to save me? I'm all alone, friendless, a poor weak girl. No, I'm wrong. I've one friend—death; and I'll die, I'll die. I swear it, before I let him get me."

Her words came forth in a torrent, half choked by sobs. It was hard to get her calmed. Never had I thought her capable

of such force, such passion. I was terribly distressed and at a loss how to comfort her.

"Hush, Berna," I pleaded, "please don't say such things. Remember you have a friend in me, one that would do anything in his power to help you."

She looked at me a moment.

"How can you help me?"

I held both of her hands firmly, looking into her eyes.

"By marrying you. Will you marry me, dear? Will you be my wife?"

"No?"

I started. "Berna!"

"No! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man left in the world," she cried vehemently.

"Why?" I tried to be calm.

"Why! why, you don't love me; you don't care for me."

"Yes, I do, Berna. I do indeed, girl. Care for you! Well, I care so much that—I beg you to marry me."

"Yes, yes, but you don't love me right, not in your great, grand way. Not in the way you told me of. Oh, I know; its pity, part friendship. It would be different if I cared in the same way, if—if I didn't care so very much more."

"You do, Berna; you love me like that?"

"How do I know? How can I tell? How can any of us tell?"

"No, dear," I said, "love has no limits, no bounds, it is always holding something in reserve. There are yet heights beyond the heights, that mock our climbing, never perfection; no great love but might have been eclipsed by a greater. There's a master key to every heart, and we poor fools delude ourselves with the idea we are opening all the doors. We are on sufferance, we are only understandings in the love drama, but fortunately the star seldom appears on the scene. However, this I know—"

I rose to my feet.

"Since the moment I set eyes on you, I loved you. Long before I ever met you, I loved you. I was just waiting for you, waiting. At first I could not understand, I did not know what it meant, but now I do, beyond the peradventure of a doubt: there never was any but you, never will be any but you. Since the beginning of time it was all planned that I should love you. And you, how do you care?"

She stood up to hear my words. She would not let me touch her, but there was a great light in her eyes. Then she spoke and her voice was vibrant with passion, all indifference gone from it.

"Oh, you blind! you coward! Couldn't you see? Couldn't you feel? That day on the snow it came to me—Love. It was such as I had never dreamed of, rapture, ecstasy, anguish. Do you know what I wished as we went through the rapids? I wished that it might be the end, that in such a supreme moment we might go down clinging together, and that in death I might hold you in my arms. Oh, if you'd only been like that afterwards, met love open-armed with love. But not you slipped back to friendship. I feel as if there were a barrier of ice between us now. I will try never to care for you any more. Now leave me, leave me, for I never want to see you again."

"Yes, you will, you must, you must. Berna. I'd sell my immortal soul to win that love from you, my dearest, my dearest; I'd crawl around the world to kiss your shadow. If you called to me I would come from the ends of the earth, through storm and darkness, to your side. I love you so, I love you so."

I crushed her to me, I kissed her madly, yet she was cold.

"Have you nothing more to say than fine words?" she asked.

"Marry me, marry me," I repeated.

"Now?"

Now! I hesitated again. The suddenness of it was like a cold douche. God knows, I burned for the girl, yet somehow convention clamped me.

"Now if you wish," I faltered; "but better when we get to Dawson. Better when I've made good up there. Give me one year, Berna, one year and then—"

"One year?"

The sudden gleam of hope vanished from her eyes. For the third time I was failing her, yet my cursed prudence overrode me.

"Oh, it will pass swiftly, dear. You will be quite safe. I will be near you and watch over you."

I reassured her, anxiously explaining how much better it would be if we waited a little.

"One year!" she repeated, and it seemed to me her voice was toneless. Then she

turned to me in a sudden spate of passion, her face pouting, furrowed, wretchedly sad.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I love you better than the whole world, but I hoped you would care enough for me to marry me now. It would have been best, believe me. I thought you would rise to the occasion, but you've failed me. Well, be it so, we'll wait one year."

"Yes, believe me, trust me, dear; it will be all right. I'll work for you, slave for you, think only of you, and in twelve short months—I'll give my whole life to make you happy."

"Will you, dear? Well, it doesn't matter now . . . I've loved you."

All that night I wrestled with myself. I felt like I ought to marry her at once to shield her from the dangers that encompassed her. She was like a lamb among a pack of wolves. I juggled with my conscience. I was young and marriage to me seemed such a terribly all-important step.

Yet in the end my better nature triumphed, and ere the camp was astir I arose. I was going to marry Berns that day. A feeling of relief came over me. How had it ever seemed possible to delay. I was elated beyond measure.

I hurried to tell her, I pictured her joy. I was almost breathless. Love words trembled on my tongue tip. It seemed to me I could not bear to wait a moment.

Then as I reached the place where they had rested I gazed unbelievably. A sickening sense of loss and failure crushed me.

For the scow was gone.

## CHAPTER XVI

It was three days before we made a start again, and to me each day was like a year. I chafed bitterly at the delay. Would those socks of floor never dry? Longingly I gazed down the big blue Yukon and cursed the current that was every moment carrying her further from me. Why her sudden departure? I had no doubt it was enforced. I dreaded danger. Then in a while I grew calmer. I was foolish to worry. She was safe enough. We would meet in Dawson.

At last we were under way. Once more we sped down the devious river, now swirling under the shadow of a steep bank,

now steering around a sandpit. The scenery was hideous to me, bluffs of clay with pines peeping over their rims, willow-fringed flats, swamps of sedgehead, ugly drab hills in endless monotony.

How full of kinks and knots was the river! How vicious with snags! How treacherous with eddies! It was beginning to bulk in my thought almost as an obsession. Then one day Lake Laharge burst on my delighted eyes. The trail was nearing its end.

Once more with swelling sail we drove before the wind. Once more we were in a fleet of Argonaut boats, and now, with the goal in sight, each man redoubled his efforts. Perhaps the rich ground would be all gone ere we reached the valley. Maddening thought after what we had endured! We must get on.

There was not a man in all that fleet but imagined that fortune awaited him with open arms. They talked exultantly. Their eyes shone with the gold-lust. They strained at sweep and oar. To be beaten at the last! Oh, it was inconceivable! A tigerish eagerness filled them; a panic of fear and cupidity spurred them on.

Laharge was a dream lake, mirroring noble mountains in its depths (for soon after we made it, a dead calm fell). But we had no eyes for its beauty. The golden magnet was drawing us too strongly now. We cursed that exquisite serenity that made us sweat at the oars we aursed the wind that never would arise; the currents that always were against us. In that breathless tranquility myriads of mosquitoes assailed us, blinded us, covered our food as we ate, made our lives a perfect hell of misery. Yet the trail was nearing its finish.

What a relief it was when a sudden storm came up! White-caps tossed around us, and the wind drove us on a precipitous shore, so that we nearly came to a sorry end. But it was over at last, and we swept on into the Thirty-mile River.

A furious, hurrying stream was this, that matched our mad, impatient mood; but it was staked with hidden dangers. We gripped our weary oars. Keenly alert we had to be, steering and watching for rocks that would have ripped us from bow to stern. There was a famously terrible one on which scows smashed like egg

shells under a hammer, and we missed it by a bare handbreadth. I felt sick to think of our bitterness had we piled up on it. That was an evil, ugly river, full of capricious turns and eddies, and the bluffs were high and steep.

Hottalingua, Big Salmon, Little Salmon, these are names to me now. All I can remember is long days of toil at the oar, fighting the growing obsession of mosquitoes, ever pressing on to the golden valley. The ceaseless strain was beginning to tell on us. We suffered from rheumatism, we barked with cold. Oh, we were weary, weary, yet the trail was nearing its end.

One sunlit Sabbath evening I remember well. We were drifting along and we came on a lovely glade where a creek joined the river. It was a green, velvety, sparkling place, and by the creek were two men whipsawing lumber. We hailed them faintly and asked them if they had found prospects. Were they getting out lumber for sluice-boxes?

One of the men came forward. He was very tired, very quiet, very solemn. "No," he said, "we are sawing out a coffin for our dead."

Then we saw a limp shape in their boat and we hurried on, aghast and aghast.

The river was mud color now, swirling in great eddies or convulsed from below with sudden upheavals. Drifting on that oily current one seemed to be quite motionless, and only the gliding banks assured us of progress. The country seemed terrible to me, sinister, guilty, God-forsaken. At the horizon, jagged mountains stabbed viciously at the sky.

The river overwhelmed me. Sometimes it was a stream of blood, running into the eye of the setting sun, beautiful, yet weird and menacing. It broadened, deepened, and every day, countless streams swelled its volume. Islands waded in it greenly. Always we heard it singing, a seething, hissing noise supposed to be the pebbles shuffling on the bottom.

The days were infernally hot and mosquito-cursed; the nights chilly, damp and mosquito-haunted. I suffered agonies from neuralgia. Never mind, it would soon be over. We were on our last lap. The trail was near its end.

Yes, it was indeed the homestead.

Suddenly sweeping round a bend we raised a shout of joy. There was that great livid scar on the mountain face—the "Slide," and clustered below it like shells on the seashore, an army of tents. It was the gold-burnt city.

Trembling with eagerness we pulled ashore. Our troubles were over. At last we had gained our Eldorado, thank God, thank God!

A number of loafers were coming to meet us. They were strangely calm.

"How about the gold?" said the Prodigal; "lots of ground left to stake?"

One of them looked at us contemptuously. He chewed a moment ere he spoke.

"You Cheechakers better git right home. There ain't a foot of ground to stake. Everything in sight was staked last Fall. The rest is all mud. There's nothing doin' an' there's ten men for every job! The whole thing's a fake. You Cheechakers better git right home."

Yes, after all our travail, all our torment, we had better go right home. Already many were preparing to do so. Yet what of that great oncoming horde of which we were but the vanguard? What of the eager army, the host of the Cheechaks? For hundreds of miles were lake and river white with their grotesque boats. Beyond them again were thousands and thousands of others struggling on through mosquito-cursed morasses, bent under their inexorable burdens. Reckless, indomitable, hope-inspired, they climbed the passes and shot the rapids; they drowned in the rivers; they rotted in the swamps. Nothing could stay them. The golden magnet was drawing them on; the spell of the gold-lust was in their hearts.

And this was the end. For this they had mortgaged homes and broken hearts. For this they had faced danger and borne suffering; to be told to return.

The land was choosing its own. All along it had waded out the weaklings. Now let the faint-hearted go back. This land was only for the Strong.

Yet it was sad, so much weariness, and at the end disenchantment and failure.

Verily the ways of the gold-trail were cruel.

End of Book II.

### BOOK III. THE CAMP.

For once you've panned the speckled sand and seen the bonny dust, Its perfect brightness blinds you like a spell;  
It's little else you care about; you go because you must,  
And you feel that you could follow it to hell.  
You'd follow it in hunger, and you'd follow it in cold;  
You'd follow it in solitude and pain;  
And when you're still and battered down let some one whisper "Gold,"  
You're led to rise and follow it again.  
— "The Prospector."

#### CHAPTER I.

I will always remember my first day in the gold-camp. We were well in front of the Argonaut army, but already thousands were in advance of us. The flat at the mouth of Bonanza was a congestion of cabins; shacks and tents clustered the hill-side, scattered on the heights and massed again on the slope sweeping down to the Klondike. An intense vitality charged the air. The camp was alive, ahum, vibrant with fierce, dynamic energy.

In effect the town was but one street stretching alongside the waterfront. It was amazingly packed with men from side to side, from end to end. They lounged in the doorways of oddly assorted buildings, and jostled each other on the dilapidated sidewalks. Stores of all kinds, saloons, gambling joints flourished without number, and in one block alone there were half a dozen dance-halls. Yet all seemed philosophically prosperous.

Many of the business houses were installed in tents. That huge canvas erection was a mining exchange; that great log barn a dance-hall. Dwarfish log cabins impudently nestled no to pretentious three-story hotels. The effect was oddly staccato. All was grotesque, make-shift, haphazard. Rock of the main street lay the red-light quarter, and behind it again a swamp of miserecord, the breeding-place of fever and mosquito.

The crowd that vitalized the street was strikingly cosmopolitan. Mostly big, bearded fellows they were, with here the full-blooded face of the saloon man, and there the quick, pallid mask of the gambler. Women, too, I saw in plenty, bold, free, promiscuous creatures, a rustle of silk

and a reek of perfume. Till midnight I wandered up and down the long street; but there was no darkness, no lull in its clamorous life.

I was looking for Berna. My heart hungered for her; my eyes ached for her; my mind was so full of her there seemed no room for another single thought. But it was like looking for a needle in a straw-stack to find her in that seething multitude. I knew no one, and it seemed futile to inquire regarding her. These keen-eyed men with eager talk of claims and pay-dirt could not help me. There seemed to be nothing for it but to wait. So with spirits steadily sinking seawards I waited.

We found, indeed, that there was little ground left to stake. The mining laws were in some confusion, and were often changing. Several crooks were closed to location, but always new strikes were being made and stampedes started. So, after a session of debate, we decided to reserve our rights to stake till a good chance offered. It was a bitter awakening. Like all the rest we had expected to get ground that was gold from the grass-roots down. But there was work to be had, and we would not let ourselves be disheartened.

The Jam-wagon had already deserted us. He was off up on Eldorado somewhere, shovelling dirt into a sluice box for ten dollars a day. I made up my mind I would follow him. Jim also would go to work, while the Prodigal, we agreed, would look after all our interests, and stake or buy a good claim.

Thus we planned, sitting in our little tent near the beach. We were in a congeries of tents. The beach was fast whitening with them. If one was in a hurry it was hard to avoid tripping over ropes and pegs. As each succeeding party arrived they had to go further afield to find camping-ground. And they were arriving in thousands daily. The shore for a mile was lined five deep with boats. Scows had been hauled high and dry on the gravel, and there the owners were living. A thousand stoves were eloquent of beans and bacon. I met a man taking home a prize, a porterhouse steak. He was carrying it over his arm like a towel, paper was so scarce. The camp was a hive of energy, a hum of occupation.

But how many, after they had paraded

ed that mile-long street with its road, its seething foam of life, its glare of gramophones and its blaze of dance-halls, ached for their southland homes again? You could read the disappointment in their sun-tanned faces. Yet they were the eager navigators of the lakes, the reckless amateurs of the rivers. This was a something different from the trail. It was as if, after all their efforts, they had batted up against a stone wall. There was "nothing doing," no ground left, and only hard work, the hardest on earth.

Moreover, the country was at the mercy of a gang of corrupt officials who were using the public offices for their own enrichment. Franchises were being given to the favorites of those in power, concessions sold, liquor permits granted, and abuses of every kind practised on the free miner. All was venality, injustice and exaction.

"Go home," said the Man in the Street; "the mining laws are rotten. All kinds of ground is tied up. Even if you get hold of something good, them dam-robber government sharks will flim-flam you out of it. There's no square deal here. They tax you to mine; they tax you to cut a tree; they tax you to sell a fish; pretty soon they'll be taxing you to breathe. Go home!"

And many went, many of the trail's most indomitable. They could face hardship and danger, the blizzards, the rapids, nature savage and ravaging; but when it came to craft, graft and the duplicity of their fellow men they were discouraged, disheartened.

"Say, boys, I guess I've done a slick piece of work," said the Prodigal, with some satisfaction, as he entered the tent. "I've bought three whole outfits on the beach. Got them for twenty-five per cent. less than the cost price in Seattle. I'll pull out a hundred per cent. on the deal. Now's the time to get in and buy from the quitters. They so scored at the whole frame-up they're ready to pull their freights at any moment. All they want's to get away. They want to put a few thousand miles between them and this garbage dump of a camp. They never want to hear the name of Yukon again except as a curse-word. I'm going to keep on buying outfits. You boys see if I don't clean up a bunch of money."

"It's too bad to take advantage of them," I suggested.

"Too bad nothing! That's business: your necessity, my opportunity. Oh, you'd never make a money-getter, my boy, this side of the millennium—and you Scotch, too."

"That's nothing," said Jim; "wait till I tell you of the deal I made to-day. You recollect I packed a flat-iron among my stuff, and you boys joked me about it, said I was hoghouse. But I figured out: there's camp-meetin's and socials up there, an' a nice, dinky, white shirt once in a way goes pretty good. Anyway, thinks I, if there ain't no one else to dress for in that wilderness, I'll dress for the Almighty. So I sticks to my flat-iron."

He looked at us with a twinkle in his eye and then went on.

"Well, it seems there's only three more flat-irons in camp, an' all the hot sports wantin' boiled shirts done up, an' all the painted jessels bellerin' to have their fingery fixed, an' the wash-ladies just goin' round crazy for flat-irons. Well, I didn't want to sell mine, but the old colored lady that runs the Bong Tong Laundry (an' a sister in the Lord) came to me with tears in her eyes, an' at last I was prevailed on to separate from it."

"How much, Jim?"

"Well, I didn't want to be too hard on the old girl, so I let her down easy."

"How much?"

"Well, you see, there's only three or four of them flat-irons in camp, so I asked a hundred an' fifty dollars, and quick's a flash, she took me into a store an' paid me in gold-dust."

He flourished a little poke of dust in our laughing faces.

"That's pretty good," I said; "everything seems topsy-turvy up here. Why, to-day I saw a man come in with a box of apples which the crowd begged him to open. He was selling those apples at a dollar apiece, and the folks were just fighting to get them."

It was so with everything. Extraordinary prices ruled. Eggs and candles had been sold for a dollar each, and potatoes for a dollar a pound; while on the trail in '97 horse-shoe nails were selling at a dollar a nail.

Once more I roamed the long street

with that awful restless agony in my heart. Where was she, my girl, so precious now it seemed I had lost her? Why does love seem so much to some, so little to others? Perhaps I am the victim of an intensity of temperament, but I craved for her; I visioned evils befalling her; I pierced my heart with dagger-thrusts of fear for her. Oh, if I only knew she was safe and well! Every slim woman I saw in the distance looked to be her, and made my heart leap with emotion. Yet always I chewed on the rind of disappointment. There was never a sign of Berna.

In the agitation and unrest of my mind I climbed the hill that overshadows the gold-born city. The Dome they call it, and the free of it is vastly scarred, blanchd as by a cosmic blow. There on its topmost height by a crin of stone I stood at gaze, greatly awestruck.

The view was a spacious one, and of an overwhelming grandeur. Below me lay the mighty Yukon, here like a silken ribbon, there broadening out to a pool of quicksilver. It seemed motionless, dead, like a piece of tinfoil lying on a sable shroud.

The great valley was preternaturally still, and pall-like as if steeped in the colors of the long, long night. The land so vast, so silent, so lifeless, was round in its contours, full of fat creases and bold curves. The mountains were like sleeping giants; here was the swell of a woman's breast, there the sweep of a man's thigh. And beyond that huddle of sprawling Titans, far, far, beyond, as if it were an enclosing stockade, was the jagged outline of the Rockies.

Quite suddenly they seemed to stand up against the blazing sky, monstrous, horrible, sending the senses like a blow. Their primordial faces were hacked and hewed fantastically, and there they posed in their immemorial isolation, virgin peaks, inviolate valleys, impregnable desolate and savagely sublime.

And beyond their stormy crests, surely a world was consuming in the kilns of chaos. Was ever anything so indifferently bright as the incandescent glow that brimmed those jagged clefts? That fierce crimson, was it not the hue of a cooling crucible, that deep vermillion the rich glory of a ree's heart? Did not that tawny

orange mind you of ripe wheat-fields and the exquisite intrusion of poppies? That pure, clear gold, was it not a bank of primroses new washed in April rain? What was that luminous opal but a lagoon, a pearly lagoon with floating in it islands of amber, their beaches crisped with ruby foam? And over all the riot of color that shimmering chryseprase so tenderly luminous—might it not fly veil the splendors of paradise?

I looked to where gulped the mouth of Bonanza, cavernously wide and filled with the purple smoke of many fires. There was the golden valley, silent for centuries, now strident with human cries, vehement with human strife. There was the timbered basin of the Klondike bleakly rising to mountains eloquent of death. It was dominating, appalling, this vastness without end, this unapproachable loneliness. Glad was I to turn again to where, like white pebbles on a beach, gleamed the tents of the gold-born city.

Somewhere amid that confusion of canvas, that muddle of cabins, was Berna, maybe lying in some wide-eyed vigil of fear, maybe staining with hopeless tears her restless pillow. Somewhere down there—Oh, I must find her!

I returned to the town. I was tramping its long street once more, that street with its hundreds of canvas signs. It was a city of signs. Every place of business seemed to have its fluttering banner, and beneath these banners moved the ever-restless throng. There were men from the mines in their flannel shirts and ceduroys, their Stetsons and high boots. There were men from the trail in sweaters and mackinaws, German socks and caps with ear-flaps. But all were bronzed and bearded, fleshless and clean-limbed. I marvelled at the seriousness of their face, till I remembered that here was no problem of a languorous sunland, but one of grim emergency. It was a man's game up here in the North, a man's game in a man's land, where the sunlight of the long, long day is ever haunted by the shadow of the long, long night.

Oh, if I could only find her! The land was a great symphony; she the haunting theme of it.

I bought a copy of the "Nugget" and went into the Sourdough Restaurant to

read it. As I lingered there sipping my coffee and perusing the paper indifferently, a paragraph caught my eye and made my heart glow with sudden hope.

## CHAPTER II

Here was the item:

*Jack Locasto loses \$19,000.*

"One of the largest gambling plays that ever occurred in Dawson came off last night in the Malamute Saloon. Jack Locasto, of Eldorado, well known as one of the Klondike's wealthiest claim-owners, Claude Terry and Charlie Haw were the chief actors in the game which cost the first-named the sum of \$19,000.

"Locasto came to Dawson from his claim yesterday. It is said that before leaving the Forks he lost a sum ranging in the neighborhood of \$5,000. Last night he began playing in the Malamute with Haw and Terry in an effort, it is supposed, to recoup his losses at the Forks. The play continued nearly all night, and at the wind-up, Locasto, as stated above, was leser to the amount of \$19,000. This is probably the largest individual loss ever sustained at one sitting in the history of Klondike poker playing."

"Jack Locasto! Why had I not thought of him before? Surely if any one knew of the girl's whereabouts, it would be he. I determined I would ask him at once.

So I hastily finished my coffee and inquired of the waiter where I might find the Klondike King.

"Oh, Black Jack," he said: "well, at the Green Bay Tree, or the Tivoli, or the Monte Carlo. But there's a big poker game on and he's liable to be in it."

Once more I paraded the seething street. It was long after midnight, but the wondrous glow, still burning in the Northern sky, filled the land with strange enchantment. In spite of the hour the town seemed to be more alive than ever. Parties with pack-laden mules were starting off for the creeks, travelling at night to avoid the heat and mosquitoes. Men with leam brown faces trudged sturdily along carrying extraordinary loads on their stalwart shoulders. A stove, blankets, cooking utensils, axe and shovel usually formed but a part of their varied accoutrement.

Men of the Mounted Police were patrolling the streets. In the drab confusion their scarlet tunics were a piercing note of

color. They walked very stiffly, with grim mouths and eyes sternly vigilant under the brows of their Stetsons. Women were everywhere, smoking cigarettes, laughing, chaffing, strolling in and out of the wide-open saloons. Their cheeks were rosy, their eye-lashes painted, their eyes bright with wine. They gazed at the men like sleek animals, with looks that were wanton and alluring. A libertine spirit was in the air, a madcap freedom, an effluence of disdainful sin.

I found myself by the stockade that surrounded the Police reservation. On every hand I saw traces of the river that had transformed the street into a navigable canal. Now in places there were mudholes in which horses would founder to their bellies. One of the Police constables, a tall, slim Englishman with a refined manner, proved to me a friend in need.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my query, "I think I can find your man. He's up-town somewhere with some of the big sporting gents. Come on, we'll run him to earth."

As we walked along we compared notes, and he talked of himself in a frank, friendly way.

"You're not long out from the old country? Thought not. Left there about four years ago myself—I joined the Force in Regina. It's altogether different down there though, patrol work, a free life on the open prairie. Here they keep one choring round barracks most of the time. I've been for six months now on the town station. I'm not sorry, though. It's all devilish interesting. Wouldn't have misad it for a farm. When I write the people at home about it they think I'm yarning—stringing them, as they say here. The governor's a clergyman. Sent me to Harrow, and wanted to make a Bishop out of me. But I'm restless; never could study; don't seem to fit in, don't you know."

I recognized his type, the clean, frank, breezy Englishman that has helped to make an Empire. He went on:

"Yes, how the old dad would stare if I could only have him in Dawson for a day. He'd never be able to get things just in focus any more. He would be kneecled clean off his pivot on which he's revolved these thirty years. Seems to me every one's travelling on a pivot in the old country. It's no use trying to hammer it



into their heads there are more points of view than one. If you don't just see things as they see them, you're troubled with astigmatism. Come, let's go in here."

He pushed his way through a crowded doorway and I followed. It was the ordinary type of combined saloon and gambling-joint. In one corner was a very ornate bar, and all around the capacious room were gambling devices of every kind. There were crap-tables, wheel of fortune, the Klondike game, Keno, stud poker, roulette and faro outfits. The place was chock-a-block with rough-looking men, either looking on or playing the games. The men who were running the tables wore shades of green over their eyes, and their strident cries of "Come on, boys" pierced the smoky air.

In a corner presiding over a stud-poker game, I was surprised to see our old friend Mosher. He was dealing with one hand, holding the pack delicately and sending the cards with a dexterous flip to each player. Miners were buying chips from a man at the bar, who with a pair of gold scales was weighing out dust in payment.

My companion pointed to an inner room with a closed door.

"The Klondike Kings are in there, hard at it. They've been playing now for twenty-four hours, and goodness knows when they'll let up."

At that moment a peremptory bell rang from the room and a waiter hurried up.

"There they are," said my friend, as the door opened. "There's Black Jack and Stillwater Willie and Claude Terry and Charlie Haw."

Eagerly I looked in. The men were weary, their faces haggard and ghastly pale. Quickly and coolly they fingered the cards, but in their hollow eyes burned the fever of the game, a game where golden eagles were the chips and thousand-dollar jack-pots were unremarkable. No doubt they had lost and won greatly, but they gave no sign. What did it matter? In the dumps waiting to be cleaned up were hundreds of thousands more; while in the ground were millions, millions.

All but Locusto were medium-sized men. Stillwater Willie was in evening-dress. He wore a red tie in which glittered a huge diamond pin, and yellow tan boots covered with mud.

"How did he get his name?" I asked. "Well, you see, they say he was the only one that funk'd the Whitehorse Rapids. He's a high flier, all right."

The other two were less striking. Haw was a sandy-haired man with shifty, uneasy eyes; Terry of a bulldog type, stocky and powerful. But it was Locusto who gripped and riveted my attention.

He was a massive man, heavy of limb and brutal in strength. There was a great spread to his shoulders and a conscious power in his every movement. He had a square, heavy chin, a grim, menacing mouth, a falcon nose, black eyes that were as cold as the water in a deserted shaft. His hair was raven dark, and his skin betrayed the Mexican strain in his blood. Above the others he towered, strikingly masterful, and I felt somehow the power that emanated from the man, the brute force, the remorseless purposer.

Then the waiter returned with a tray of drinks and the door was closed.

"Well, you've seen him now," said Chester of the Police. "Your only plan, if you want to speak to him, is to wait till the game breaks up. When poker interferes with your business, to the devil with your business. They won't be interrupted. Well, old man, if you can't be good, be careful; and if you want me any time, ring up the town station. Bye, bye."

He sauntered off. For a time I strolled from game to game, watching the expressions on the faces of the players, and trying to take an interest in the play. Yet my mind was over on the closed door and my ear strained to hear the click of chips. I heard the hoarse murmurs of their voices, an occasional oath or a yawn of fatigue. How I wished they would come out. Women went to the door, peered in cautiously, and beat a hasty retreat to the tune of reverberated curses. The big guns were busy; even the ladies must await their pleasure.

(To be continued.)



To observe from an artistic point of view what the Canadian house expresses, we must first wipe away that enmeshment with architectural detail, given to the four walls and roof of a house, which is supposed to mark its elevation to the realm of the artistic, and look for that which is of more interest to the Artist—the evidence of himself which the dweller in the house makes on that environment of himself, which he, more than any other, has the power to adjust.

When a man takes a tree from the forest and shapes it into something for his own use, he probably does not make anything as beautiful as the growing tree, but he may make something as interesting to the artistic perception. It is even possible that he may make this express a beautiful idea. In any case he will leave some evidence of himself upon the wood. This evidence of himself, which was probably first recorded when a man cut some con-

## Canadian House Architecture

By Eden Smith

venient stick and marked it to distinguish his property, extended as he accumulated utensils to them and they became records of him and his doings, till his house with its doors, windows and rooms in time records him like a book.

Anthropologically any of this evidence of man is of interest. But we see something else interesting. In addition to the evidence of his desire for physical comfort, which these works of his express, he has added to them more than mere utility requires. He found pleasure in his work and desired to express it. He perceived beauty in the things about him and would make his work recall it. He sings at his work, for he has found something to sing of and his work must sing also.

It is this part of his art, the poetical expression in it, we are looking for in the Canadian Architecture of to-day. It is right that we should expect this and look for it, for we have had great opportunities of exhibiting it.

In England, for the English were the most wonderful house-builders, were to be seen the most interesting houses, but English domestic architecture ceased to be interesting in our grandfathers' time. In Canada at that time a new kind of home-building commenced, the development of which was most interesting.

Unfortunately for our artistic development, we were overtaken here too soon by the same movement as caused an artistic decline in England in our grandfathers' time. We also became able to produce

things so rapidly, that we had not sufficient time to give thought to our work, that is the thought necessary to work out artistic theories developed from our environment. We imitated anything good, but were indifferent that would suffice. This is to be regretted, because though in this matter we may have fared no worse than other countries, we had probably greater opportunities than had any other. We had an unlimited supply of material and appliances and skill such as no other people ever commanded their work with. It seems as if the only element we lacked was esthetic perception, which no doubt was destroyed by the haste of production.

If someone had informed our grandfathers of their lack of artistic taste, he would have obtained no more credence than that he would now if he said the same thing of us. The duller our esthetic perception the more aggressively confident we are of the beauty of our productions. Yet I believe nothing so distinctly shows the serious growth of esthetic feeling in the present day as our evident lack of confidence. But the objection to this amiable failing is that it is driving us to seek instruction from those who need instruction as much as we do.

It is advisable to study the work of other countries, not to imitate what they do, but to discover the reasons for their conclusions, so that if in their work we perceive some originality we may understand the thought process that produced it and add the thought to our mental equipment. This is, of course, a very slow progress for which we begrudge the time, so we content ourselves by copying whole works or pieces of art good or bad from anywhere, believing that by so doing some day we shall develop a Canadian character of art. However great our faith, I do not think such a miracle will reward it in the present day. As well as wasting our time this mimicry leads to make the most absurd exhibitions.

In the old plantations of the Southern States, we saw houses built in the beginning of the last century, with large two-storied verandahs, supported by columns, wooden imitations of the great stone shafts that stood in front of or surrounded a Grecian temple. Faulty as this American adaptation of an old idea

might be, there was some excuse for the desire to produce a monumental effect in a great house surrounded probably with acres of land and fine trees. But when we see a couple of these columns, stuck like clothes props in front of a flimsy shingled cottage, a cross between a bungalow and a bird cage, almost on the sidewalk of a narrow street, we cannot help seeing, in such a straining after the picturesque that the picturesque is not so apparent as the strain.

There is no reason why we should not have a two-storied verandah. There is no reason why we should not show our liking for its cool shade and airiness or the esthetic effect of light and shade of a colonnade against a massive building. But a pair of mammoth columns stuck against the side of an insignificant building, that will barely reach up to them, expresses nothing but bathos.

Our attempt at swagger in this case fails—the swagger is too obvious. We do not express what we wanted to express, and we do express that we have not the art to make the material we use expressive. We should treat our material more honorably, and not, by trying to make it look like some other material, show that we are ashamed of it, we should show that any material is dignified by honorable work, and nothing is more honorable than the truthful expression of our intention.

If our house is to be built of wooden posts, beams and shingles, because we find these materials most convenient to our use, the thing we might swagger about should be the skill shown in making this stuff not merely retain its identity, but contribute to form an evidently essential part of the composition, these peculiar or inherent qualities which make its identity. Make its natural color a necessary note in the color scheme of the whole, and in each detail of construction or ornament, show that no other material would play the part so well.

Sometimes when neither the location of our building, nor the cost of its construction, binds us down to the use of any one kind of material, this propensity to imitate, without thinking, what some other man has done makes an utter failure of our attempt to express our sense of the inherent quality of a material.

I have before me a photo of the interior of a dining-room of a suburban house, published in perfectly good faith, by a magazine as an artistic interior. The room has polished wood floors and doors, a delicate French paper on the walls, polished brass electric fixtures with silken shades, Chippendale chairs, brass wire chairs, portieres and tapestry, screens and stained glass. In fact the room has more features than there is space for on its carcass. The focal point of the room, that which the illustration calls attention to, is a boulder, or cobble stone fireplace which reaches up to the ceiling. It has a warming pan at the side of it. To complete the comedy or tragedy there should be a gas log in it, but there is only a small coal grate.

A boulder fireplace might be quite appropriate in some place where perhaps boulders or field stones were the only building stones obtainable. The only other kind of construction that could look as ridiculous as this ponderous artlessness, would be a fireplace built of sticks and clay.

This is another case in which the imitator produces an effect quite different to that which he thought he was expressing. He only expresses the fact that he could not perceive how totally overwhelmed the natural, artless, outdoor beauty is in such a mass of artificial frippery and that he has not skill enough to express the individuality he desired in the material he had at hand.

It would be well to study expression in architecture. In our use of words those alone who are within hearing may criticize our expressions, but when we express ourselves with time defying material, we should have some consideration for others if we have no respect for ourselves. We know how difficult it is in other matters to avoid making an imitation a parody. This never seems to trouble us in art.

Unconstructive criticism is not a valuable commodity, as a rule the only thing it does produce is irritation both in the mind of the criticised and in the one seeking information. But unless we take things to pieces and see how they are made, we shall find it very difficult and tedious to make things for ourselves.

Suppose in order to make our search for expression more suggestive or constructive, we examine a few of the processes necessary in the building of a house. The first of the processes is the selection of a site. This is the beginning of our self-announcement, and as a rule, it is not difficult to understand in this selection what is expressed of one's attitude towards nature and mankind. There are natural resources to be conserved, advantages of aspect the site gives which we should make use of. In this land where sunshine is pleasant for about ten months of the year, our site should be chosen and our house so placed as to make the best use of it. To get as much as we can where we need it, or avoid it where we are better without it. To judge any house plan, its relation to the East, its orientation must be known. The best art is to make nature do as much of the work as possible. The effect of sunlight should be considered in every room in the house. The two months in which it may be objectionable we spend as much as possible out of doors. Nearly every room in the house should be placed so as to get as much sunshine as we can give it, and at that time of day when it will best add to the enjoyment of our use of the room. Nothing we can put in our breakfast room will make it as pleasant as the morning sunshine will do if caught properly, and so on through all the house. There is a time for sunning, and some time, as in the cook's pantry at mid-day, or in a child's bedroom in the evening we may be better without it.

If we were not confined at all in our selection of a site, one wide enough to allow the entrance and main rooms to face South would give us the right arrangement for the rooms to get the best of the sunshine at the most convenient time of the day. But if we are to put up with a narrower site, one on the East side of a road, if it will allow of us leaving some open land to the South of our house, permits us to place the rooms in a good position. The entrance and reception rooms near the road and the kitchens and pantries, which, as a rule, we would place at the back of the house, fall to the North and East where they will get as much sun as they need and yet be near the dining or breakfast room which should be at the

South-East corner. The living-room with its verandahs we would put on the South side, for in the hot months the sun is high and will not penetrate far into them. The reception rooms or drawing-rooms used in the later part of the day do very well at the West end near the road.

We might consider every room, window and door and nearly every detail in its relation to the sun if we had enough space, but these few points should show that aspect contributes to comfort and convenience and the most artistic work is that which most perfectly fulfills all the requirements of comfort and convenience. In this case the designer like a good doctor should make nature assist him.

We have not yet considered the plan enough, by this we mean the arrangements of the rooms in relation to each other. The whole artistic development of a building issues from its plan, the plan is the base or root of it all, and the whole composition should reveal rather than conceal this fact. The reason for this is that the composition thus obtains one of the best elements in design—repose. The observer sees what the idea stands upon and is saved the trouble of worrying out the reason for himself.

The more readily you can, in your building or in any detail of it, tell the observer the how and why of it, the sooner you bring his mind to rest.

A house should not be an entity subdivided, as well as may be, into a required number of parts, each more or less convenient. It should be a number of complete and convenient parts combined to make an entity. The qualities we desire our art to show forth in our works are in a great measure no more than the senses—presentation or symbolisation of the virtues we admire in human character. Our plan may be made to express many such ideas.

If we like hospitality, cheerfulness and comfort, and we are generous enough to desire to give out these feelings, we would not like the entrance to our house to be mean, cold and repellant; we would put it on the warm, sunny side, make it wide, deep set and inviting, like an old armchair. When your guest does not enter the house it is well to let him see that in the hall, the guest's first room, you have

provided unstinted accommodation for him. Do not let the entrance for instance, stick out of a North-West corner, sending one off or holding him out in the cold wind, or when he has made this passage, do not let him find himself in a dark, cheerless hall, whose closed doors make him feel that there is difficulty in getting at you.

On the other hand we may readily make our entrance so large that it suggests ostentation, and if the living-rooms are, as we often see them, thrown open too freely to this entrance hall to secure the seclusion or reserve the comfort of family life requires, the plan conveys the idea that something has been sacrificed to create this imposing effect and one does not care to be imposed upon. We dislike falsity in human character, we prefer to know what a man is driving at. The essence of Architectural beauty is the complete expression of function, this is just frankness. The direct straight-forwardness of the self-announcing man. The highest virtue in any art is the development of individuality in simplicity.

This individuality can be shown as distinctly in our art as in our words, but it is further reaching, and longer lasting. If we wish to be understood by all, we must study to speak simply. Now we make a noise with all the instruments there are in the Architectural Orchestra. It would be better to learn to play upon one.

How much we think of candor and truth may be shown by our refusal to disguise the elements of our construction. That we admire courage, strength and endurance, is shown by honoring with graceful form and ornament those constructive elements we have chosen for their strength and endurance. Grace, sweetness, courtesy, deference, the arts that make the noblest art, the art of life; these or their opposite will be expressed in our art of building.

Man is a wondering, enquiring animal. Defer to him courteously, show him when we intrude our building upon his landscape, that we consider his feelings and desire to please him as well as ourselves, satisfy his curiosity, tell him in our building why we do such things. You, perhaps, remember prying off the top of your drum to find out what made the music. Men

will wish to do that. Let your drum be open at one end. Let him see how things are done. Doors, that by means of hidden machinery slide into a hollow in which we took to be a strong solid wall, excite almost subconsciously this fidgety curiosity. We wonder what mysterious things may not be in that impenetrable region in which they disappear and what strange machinery supports, or moves them, while the simple latch or bolt and strong hinges tell their admirable tale at once. They are worthy of decoration. We can appreciate the skillful workmanship displayed in them. The window sash that slides up and down and grudgingly only opens half the window is in the same category of unrepellent detail. Our subconscious mind expects the cords which suspend it to break when some one might be stooping to look out; for these things very seldom lift high enough for an upright man to get a breath of fresh air at them.

Windows are the eye of the room and the wide casement windows, like broad beamed eyes widen our vision of all the good outside things.

Windows make great rents or holes in the walls we designed for our shelter. Even if we fill up these holes with sheets of plate glass, they still look like rents. But if we divide these fissures up with stone mullions, the effect of the wall outside will be carried over the opening and the feeling of strength preserved, while inside if we divide the window sash with bars of wood or lead, we shall not lose the feeling of enclosure and comfort. The expression of comfort in a house, if with it goes the suggestion of generosity, is perhaps its most pleasing expression. What possibilities there are in a fireplace with its mouth lined with smoke blackened bricks, wide open to consume the unstinted fuel and radiate its comforting heat, suggesting many a bygone symposium.

Compare this warm heart of a house with what we so often see in a modern reception room—a gas log set in a refrigerator like recess of white tiles, an appearance, to comfort a guest with the least expenditure of trouble.

Our works are the children of our minds and like many a human child, they will chatter and sometimes say the reverse of what we desire and expect from them. They seem to have a supernatural gift for exposing a pose, or swagger.

In Art of any kind swagger is common. It is quite right to admire performance, when it is the performance of something worth while, but we do not wish the Artist to be always telling us what a clever man he is, when we are looking for some beautiful idea we expected him to announce.

I have only touched upon a few points of expression in Domestic Architecture, I am only able to write a chapter. A book would not suffice to say all one would like to say, but the subject is an easy one to carry on if one thinks of it. Of course, some of us may say we do not care to express anything by means of art—we are not interested in it. Many people have already said as much, but they cannot get away from expressing something if they make or use anything, probably the easiest way for them to conceal their identity, would be under a uniform, as in living in a long row of houses exactly alike or by always dressing in some uniform like a man's evening dress. Expression even then would not be lost, they simply would have adopted the character of the mass.

I have not mentioned the subject of style, because style is a consideration absolutely of no importance esthetically. That is the reason, I imagine, why the first question one is asked about a building by the uninitiated is, what style is it in?

The expression style as we use it means really an archaeological difference. The word is used by designers to distinguish in a short way buildings having differing schemes of composition. For instance, we say it would not do to put a tower and spire in the thirteenth century style on the top of a building in the Grecian Doric style. Many people do not understand why one should not do so, because they lack a certain sense of perception, as one may lack a sense of humor, or of musical tone and harmony. There are in two such buildings antagonistic schemes of composition of line and space which will not blend.

# The Remarks of a Mediocre Horse

By

James Grant

**Y**OU never hear much about the Average Horse. By average I mean the horse that has nothing to do with horse shows or races, except when it comes to carting the tin-bark out of the ring or carrying a hack-load of resplendent gentlemen—the garden variety of book-maker, and the like, home from the races. It is this horse I mean, who has nothing to do with the gaudy things inside, and who, when he hears from a distance the finale of the overture from William Tell, knows that it is not being played for the likes of him to prance to, but for those other higher beings who can trace their ancestry back to all sorts of famous dams and sires, about whom is the halo of race track code, and on whose success or failure in a race fortunes are made or lost.

There is the cab horse. He gets a little share of glory in various kinds of novels, and there is the "Black Beauty" type of horse which gets wept over by kind ladies that sometimes carry sugar in their reticules. The great Clydesdales that haul the G.T.R. and C.P.R. lorries are a well-fed company, who never vary their pace and who act in collusion with their drivers in blocking the ways of irascible motormen in the city streets. The express horses and the delivery horses, they have their reward. So has the butcher's horse. But the others, the carter's horse, the horse that totes washing about the city, the horse that goes around in company with an old man, collecting morsels out of city garbage tins for the delectation of divers pigs—this is a different animal. He belongs to the class of Average Horses. He is the

mediocre. He and the grocer's horse, the "express for hire" horse, constitute the brotherhood of the mediocre, the lovably human, humanly down-trodden Mediocre. These are the Browns, and Smiths and Jones among horses. As a horse myself I know.

Everybody knows that this world's rewards are not even equitably distributed. That is why the world has invented Heaven and Hell. The people that don't get what they think they ought to get in this world figure—or at least some of them do—that things will be evened up in the next world and that the fellow who possesses everything in this life will be accordingly deprived of everything in the world hereafter, except Heat and Company. But the Average Horse has not even this sort of thing to even things up. He has no religion, no domestic interests, no friends, no hopes, no trade union, no propaganda. He has not even the pleasure of a varied diet, such as men have, or of the varied diseases to which men incline. When a man dies it is from one of a thousand causes. When a horse dies, it is one of a few, heaves or glanders, or over-work. Even when he is blind they drive him. When he is too far gone to drag the cart any further, they shoot him in the street, and when he is dead he is re-incarnated into boots and glue. A horse's work is never done and he hasn't even the fun of sinning.

A dog loafs on the corners with other dogs, sleeps and dreams dreams, fights and steals, has friends and enemies and chases sparrows and trolley cars. Butcher

wagons and people's legs are a perpetual five cent show to him.

Or a cat! The airy paths of the back-fence, the midnight conversation with a Platonic tabby, under the stars, mice and milk, baskets and kittens and balls of yarn—these are for the cat. These are the rewards of the dog, and the cat. But has the horse any rewards—the mediocre horse?

It is not as though a horse could not appreciate better things. Give a horse a chance. Watch one of the highly-bred horses respond to excitement, to good food, decent treatment and that sort of thing. Look at the hackney on the tin-bark when the band plays a real hit of music—I've seen 'em through a crack in the door. Look at the thoroughbred at the tape. They appreciate things. They respond to good treatment, but people think that the mediocre horse doesn't.

I remember one bright sunny morning last spring, a shaggy, rangy black horse with fur two inches thick, ribs showing, tail dilapidated, neck too fat, head too heavy, with a sway back and small ankles and Clydesdale's hoofs—trotted gaily out Agnes Street in Toronto, on to the car tracks on Yonge Street. He was stark naked. Hadn't even a halter. Three Jews were in pursuit of him, but as he reached the car tracks he had still a good lead on his pursuers, so he paused, looked both ways for the cars, and turning his tail north and his head south he struck off down Yonge Street toward the busiest corner in the city, and with a south-bound car behind him.

His pace was a compromise between dignity and the necessity for keeping in front of his Hebrew pursuers. He displayed no anxiety but avoided all offers of arrest gracefully. Meanwhile a south-bound trolley overtook him and rang for its right of way. The gang was prepotent. But the horse paid no attention. Instead, he kept straight on, always just ahead of the car. When the motorman pounded his gang the horse tossed his heels in an insulting manner somewhat after the style of an amateur chorus girl. When the motorman left his car and ran ahead to try to take the horse out of the way the horse merely—eluded him, and kept in the path.

Now that was a mediocre horse. But at

the same time he was a temperamental horse. The spring morning, the sunlight, vague recollections of a meadow and a stream and a rail fence, had stirred in the soul of that horse so that he disdained the Hebrew's halter, lunched into the world of Yonge Street, a free horse, and told a trolley car to go chase itself around the block. Of course, in the end, the horse—whose name, by the way, was Balzhazar, became embarrassed by a number of street cars, automobiles, policemen and pedestrians who were converging from four directions at the corner of Queen and Yonge Streets. Under the circumstances, Balzhazar consented to be led away by a decent cop who "understood" and eventually returned to his life companionship with a bone-bottle-and-rag wagon.

But in the eyes of a whole city, Balzhazar had demonstrated a fact—the fact that there are flashes of "temperament" continually cropping up in the mediocre horse. Balzhazar was mediocre. He had his outbreak. He went back to environment. But had he lived in other days he might have had justice and a chance to develop his latent possibilities. But who could have temperament—hitched to a rag, bone and bottle wagon.

If the mediocre horse only had a chance: that's the point. It is just like a man. If poor John Jones who earns what he earns and will never earn any more, he never will amount to much we say—if he only had a chance, he'd succeed. He'd show the largeness of his capabilities. But he never gets the chance or when he does get it, something is wrong with it. It is a second-hand chance, shelf worn. It fails him.

I know. Once there was an express man who had a nice mediocre horse. He had a little bit of rare old Hackney blood in him but his mother was no account. He had been bred on a Manitoba farm, sold in Winnipeg, sold in Toronto, sold in Hamilton, and sold back to Toronto. He had a great temperament. Used to look back at his owner as he'd be coming in the stall, and as she looked at him out of the corner of her eye, she'd squeeze him against the side of the stall. That was her diversion. It was so that she made life endurable. She loved to make the man mad and hear him curse and if he kicked her she liked it all the better because it

gave her an excuse to kick back and raise a general disturbance that made the stable work living in. However, she lost her chief diversion through her very temperament. She was sold to a mild little man in the express business who was so gentle about everything that he didn't even come when she'd hip at him. So she quit the game. She thought there was no fun in the man who didn't get mad.

Well, she had her chance and it only goes to prove that there's no hope for the mediocre horse. The expressman, who was a sort of a fool, got cheated into a set of gaudy harness with blinkers and fine crupper and nickel initials on the blinkers. When Fan saw that harness she calculated she would cut some figure. She always did have a pretty good opinion of herself though nobody ever told her that her barrel was too long.

Anyhow, she just fairly bristled in that harness. She calculated she'd cut a good figure and maybe get sold as a carriage horse. When she struck the street pavement with the new harness on and the check-rein up, and the old express wagon rattling behind her, she thought she was pretty much of a fashion-plate horse. She figured she might sell for a carriage horse—she always had a sneaking regard for that sort of life—or for a saddle horse. In truth so did the expressman and he drove down to the sale stables where the fat man acts as auctioneer.

Fan picked up a lot of pointers on the way down. She noticed a couple of carriage horses lifting and throwing their feet—not knowing they were weighted—and she tried it on her own pace. She stiffened her hind legs like a carriage horse and held her head higher even than the check rein was holding it. The meek little expressman calculated he could sell Fan for \$200 and Fan—she saw herself on the way to glory, taking a dog-cart with red wheels into the horse show.

It was too bad. Of course poor Fan couldn't see that her back action was running from rheumatism, or that she had a bad eye, and a swollen knee. The new harness just lifted her clean out of herself, so that she forgot the express wagon trailing behind.

But when she reached the tan bark sale stable she felt sore from the unaccustomed strain on her muscles. She perked up all

she could, remembering the harness and the dog cart which she had made the goal of her ambitions. A fool did buy her at a little profit to the expressman, and he put her in carriage harness. But she fell down on the work. Every now and then she'd forget she was a carriage horse and drop back into an express wagon pace. She'd slouch down in the harness and shamble along the street. At last it got that the strain of carriage-horse manners was too much for her and she was sold to a lively stable. I see her often, standing with the other night-hawk cabs on Bay Street, beside the Mail and Empire Building.

That's just it. A mediocre horse hasn't much chance to rise. Yet I met a fellow down in the sale stable one time who wanted to be a fire horse. He and I were tethered close together and we fell to talking.

"Say," he said to me, nudging me with his hip, "say, y'ought to perk up; they're buyin' fire horses to-day."

"Are they," says I, pawing the bark, contemptuously. "Why should I care?"

"Care?" says he, "wouldn't you like to be a fire horse?"

"I can't see why," I drawled. "I'm ten years old. Why should I?"

He seemed to groan with ecstasy. "Oh dear," he sighed, "you must be fond of doing nothing. Why think of it! Dashing out of your stable—snap goes your harness! Sup! the barn drop! Out you go. The gong shouting at your heels. You're mate and you tearing along to the flag and—"

"Say kid!" I said, "you must be a year-ling—"

"I'm three," he admitted.

"Well, who told you all about this fire-red business?"

"Oh!" he stammered, "I heard about it from—I was talking to a fire horse the other day. We were both tethered near a place where there was a fire. He told me. You see! All you do is work hard occasionally. Just my line. I can work hard in spurts, but this steady grind, Oh that's what kills me."

"Yes," I replied, "but did you ever consider how much a standard fire engine weighs?"

"Oh, brother!" he answered. "You're a knocker."

He got his wish. The fire chief bought him. Used him in a hose reel. He passed me the other day. It was rather exciting but I prefer quiet myself.

The mediocre horse is the greatest critic there is. You talk to a mediocre horse and he has more opinions about how a race should be run, what action a carriage horse should have and the best manners for a dray. The mediocre horse has more snobishness in him than any other horse. Of course, the race-horse can afford to be generous, as a loser and as a winner. But snobbery is one of the little joys of the mediocre. It colors his life. Most mediocre horses coming in from the farm are very bumble, but after a time they take on airs and plan to become all sorts of things. Some "become"—but the rest become part of "us." We are the drudges of the city. My last stable wasn't bad but he was an Italian and fed me on the straw in which bananas are packed in the box-cars. It was hard on the stomach. My stable

before that was a dark, filthy hole and I got rheumatism there. Besides I had to work infernally hard. Just now, I am looking for a place as a gentle family horse. I'll have to repress my temper I know, but I can manage it in a nice family—Think of it, a clean stable, perhaps straw, good hay—and oats! Haven't had a decent mouthful of oats since I worked—

"Gee. Here comes a little man with a long beard and dirty hands. He's a market gardener and keeps pigs. I can tell by his hands. Dirty old beggar, but he's lazy. He's looking at me. I think I'd like to work for him—never more than six cans of garbage on his wagon. One trip a day—a little light plowing. That's the job I'm after. Dignified! No. But I can skate out my life that way. And a bit of sun, and rain, and fresh air, enough food and so on—Oh, I might skate out ten years more that way. Good! He's buying me."

### A Small Catechism

Why are children's eyes so bright?

Tell me why?

'Tis because the Infinite

Which they've left, is still in sight,

And they know no earthly blight—

Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?

Tell me why?

'Tis because their hearts have play

In their bosoms, every day,

Free from sin and sorrow's sway—

Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children love so true?

Tell me why?

'Tis because they cleave unto

A familiar, favorite few,

Without art or self in view—

Therefore children love so true.

—Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

# A Treasury of War Medals

By  
W. A. Craick



MANY human beings have a mania for collecting. The mania often begins at an early age with marbles and colored pebbles. It progresses through the bird's egg, butterfly and postage stamp stage of youth to the more expensive hobbies of age. It displays itself in forms which vary according to the character of the individual. Some men treasure books; others paintings; others china, coins, old furniture. The most common hobby is that of gold and silver and bank-notes. A man who collects money is a magnate. A man who collects director's fees is a financier. A man who collects hugs is a scientist. The rest are "hobbyists" whether the object of their search be cigar wrappers or archaeological vases. This universal mania makes a bond of sympathy; it unites the race and there is a common interest even in the achievements of those so-called "eccentric" persons who have succeeded in gathering about themselves collections of oddities and curiosities.

About eighteen years ago a young man in Hamilton became inspired with the idea that he would make a collection of military medals. There was nothing particularly original in the idea, though medal collectors in Canada are almost as rare as some of their specimens. At any rate medals possessed a fascination for him, partly because he had been an avid reader of boys' books and had become filled with admiration for the brave deeds of Britain's soldiers in all parts of the world, and partly too because he had some good old military blood in his veins, two great grand uncles having fought and died at Waterloo.

His first purchase consisted of three medals which had been bestowed on veterans of the Peninsular War. With these in his possession he felt himself brought into actual touch with the men who had fought in that dramatic campaign. He was thrilled. Having thus tested the joys of collecting, he went on securing more

and more examples. His name was Hendrie—William Hendrie, Junior, of Hamilton.

Presumably there must be some connection between breeding race horses and collecting medals or William Hendrie would never have taken up the latter hobby. The second son of the late William Hendrie, the elder, and brother of Colonel, the Hon. J. S. Hendrie, one of Ontario's cabinet ministers, he is a member of a family which has done much for horse breeding in Canada. He has also taken a keen interest in military affairs, holding a major's commission in the 48th Highlanders Regiment, of Toronto.

Major Hendrie is an enthusiast on medals. He has a famous collection of them. And what is more, he likes to talk about them and about the wars and the engagements which they commemorate. He has even gone to the extent of preparing a lecture, or as he prefers to call it, "a little talk" about them,—for he is a modest man.

"The study and collecting of British war medals as granted to the naval and military forces," says Major Hendrie, "is one of singular interest to any one who admires the many noble qualities of our soldiers and sailors; and a complete collection

forms a concise historical record of the growth and advance of the British Empire. As long as nations preserve the memory of the great deeds of their history, as long as human courage and endurance can send a thrill of admiration through generous hearts, as long as British blood beats in British veins, the story of the brave men who fought and died at their country's bidding will be one of the great traditions of the British race."

But collecting medals is by no means such an easy undertaking as one might suppose. It requires expert knowledge and it is a somewhat expensive pursuit. Many British war medals are very rare and when by some chance they are offered for sale they command big prices.

They crop up in the most unlikely places. "At the time the Duke of York visited Toronto," says Major Hendrie, "just after the parade broke up, I was walking along York street when I caught sight of a well-dressed young Indian, who was wearing a couple of medals. From my knowledge of medals, I knew immediately that these two were rare specimens of the 1812 variety. I approached him and tried my best to get them from him, but, to his credit he wouldn't part with them. He came from a reserve at Rice

The  
Peninsular  
War



Chateauquay





Lake and no doubt the medals had been given to some of his ancestors who fought in the war.

"Another time," continued the Major, "a friend of mine in Rochester happened to notice a medal in a pawn-shop over



Three of the Medals given in connection with Canada's Early Troubles.

there. It had no fewer than five bars or clasps. He wrote to me about it with the result that I secured for a mere song a rare five-bar Egyptian Medal, originally belonging to a member of the Black Watch Regiment. In England it would be very valuable but, of course, in the United States it had little or no value."

Pawn-shops are the great source of sup-

ply, especially at seaport towns. Recipients of the medals, being down in their luck, pawn their medals and oftentimes never redeem them. Or perhaps, having died, their families part with them. In both ways, there is a constant stream of these objects coming into the market. They are picked up by dealers, who at intervals issue catalogues which are mailed



From left to right these Medals are: 1. Naval General Service Medal; 2. Waterloo Medal; 3. Sikh, India.



Medal presented to Indian Chiefs by the late King Edward VII. when in Canada as Prince of Wales.

to collectors and from them the latter add examples to their collections. Then, too, at the big auction rooms in London, like Christy's and Glendinning's, medals are frequently put up for sale.

"The fun of collecting," explained Major Hendrie, "lies not so much in securing the medals themselves but in getting the various bars or clasps attached to them, particularly fighting bars. Take, for instance, the Peninsular Medal. This medal which was distributed not only among the Peninsular War veterans but also for service in Canada and the West Indies, was issued with no fewer than 28 bars, each one bearing the name of some engagement or campaign. If a soldier had been in five engagements for instance, he would be given a medal with five bars, bearing the names of these engagements. Fighting bars mark the engagements, ordinary bars the campaigns, and because there are fewer of the former issued, they are the more valuable. It is the presence of the bars that add an element of excitement to the pursuit."

The list of medals issued for service in Canada is not a long one. The first medals were sent to the country by King George III, to be bestowed on those Indian

chiefs, who had been loyal to the crown at the time of the Revolutionary War. The medals are extra large in size, made thus doubtless to attract the Indians, and bear the head of King George upon them. They are to-day very rare indeed.

The next medal given in Canada was the Military General Service Medal or Peninsular War Medal, which, while it was given in recognition of the services in the War of 1812, was, owing to the Duke of Wellington's opposition, not bestowed on the veterans until 1847. This is the medal with the 28 bars of which these commemorative engagements in Canada, viz., Fort Detroit, Chrysler's Farm and Chateaugay. Strange to say, the most important battle in the War, that at Queenston Heights, was not recognized by a bar, the soldiers who fought there receiving only the medal itself. The medals with the bars are, of course, the most valuable, because of the limited number which were issued. Only two were made with two bars and these are still more rare.

On the occasion of the late King Edward's visit to Canada, as Prince of Wales, he presented medals to the Indian chiefs. These, like those given by George

III, were big medals and a few examples are to be found among the Indians of the reservations. Major Hendrie's specimen came from the Walpole Island Reserve on the St. Clair River.

There was no medal issued for the Rebellion of 1837. The next military medal was conferred in recognition of service at the time of the Fenian Raids of 1866 and 1870 and the Red River Expedition. The same medal did for all three and there were three bars struck to accompany it, one for each campaign. Examples of this medal with one bar are fairly common. A few were issued with two bars but none with three.

To commemorate the North West Rebellion of 1885, the Egyptian Medal with one bar, bearing the name Saskatchewan, was given. This medal is, of course, quite common.

This completes the list of medals given for service in Canada. But many Canadians have served in the British army in all parts of the world and on them have been bestowed medals and orders in recognition thereof. To trace out such would involve a study of all the British war medals, a long and complex subject and one of no immediate interest to Canadians.

Major Hendrie preserves his medals in glass frames hung from the wall. The polished silver of the medals themselves, the colored ribbons attached to them and the dark velvet background of the frames make a pleasing combination. In the fine large dining-room at Gateade House, his home in Hamilton, he is arranging a series of cases in the paneling of the fireplace in which he intends to display his collection. The effect will doubtless be highly ornamental, illustrating the fact that medal collecting has other advantages than purely the pleasure to be derived from acquisition.

The collection is limited almost entirely to military medals. Beginning with the Waterloo Medal, the first to be given to the rank and file of the British army, it includes an excellent representation of all the medals since issued. These are arranged according to the seals of the campaigns so that the ribbons may harmonize. Thus the Indian medals are placed together, all their ribbons being red and

blue stripes. The Soudan medals have blue and white ribbons, the South African red, black and yellow, etc.

"Yes, it is undoubtedly an expensive hobby," says Major Hendrie in response to a question, "but the pleasure to be derived from it more than repays the expense. You get a great insight from it into what Great Britain's soldiers and sailors have done the world over. Take this Abyssinian Medal for instance. Colonel Sweeney of Toronto wears it. It recalls to mind the way Great Britain, for the sake of one subject, whom the King of Abyssinia illegally imprisoned, spent eight million pounds to secure his liberty by force, and to punish King Theodore. It provides a grand object lesson, showing the privileges and rights of British citizenship."

"In buying medals it is quite possible that an amateur might be imposed upon," says Major Hendrie. "An unscrupulous dealer might attach two bars to a medal and thereby convert a common specimen into a rare specimen. Such an imposition, however, could be easily discovered if reference is made to Ottawa or to the War Office in London. Each medal bears on the rim the name and regiment of the recipient and the records will show whether he received one or two bars."

Major Hendrie thinks that the Dominion and provincial governments should do something to secure collections of medals, particularly medals given to Canadians who have fought for the Empire. He commends highly the action of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. M. Gibson, in securing the medals, sword of honor and Victoria Cross of Lieut.-Dunn, an old Upper Canada College boy, who distinguished himself in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and presenting them to his old college, where they will be the pride and inspiration of future generations.

"A collection of medals will teach Canadians, whether of British or foreign birth, British history. If the Ottawa Government were to start an investigation, they would be surprised to find how many Canadians rise to high places in the naval and military service of the Empire."



# THE BEST FROM THE CURRENT MAGAZINES




## EUROPEAN SNOBBERY IN ASIA.

EUROPEAN snobbery in Asia rouses the protest of Melville E. Stone, General Manager of the Associated Press, and in an article in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) he sets forth facts that should make the average European or American blush for his ideals. The cry of Asiatics, he says, is: "Stop cheating us; stop swindling us; stop treating us as your inferiors who are to be beaten and robbed. Treat us fairly and we will go more than half-way. Leave to us the question whether Japanese laborers shall go to America to annoy you, and we will stop them. But do not say that you will admit the lessards of Hungary and Italy and Russia, simply because they are white, and shut us out simply because we are yellow." He goes on to say:—

Although whole libraries have been written concerning Asia and the Asians, there is a widespread belief that, because of the differences in our mentalities, it is not possible for us ever to understand them, or they us. Kipling says that "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." The "oldest inhabitant" in India or China or Japan is sure to tell you that the Oriental mind is unfathomable. I have not the temerity to challenge these opinions. And yet I venture to suggest that there is an older authority holding a different view, and that I still have some respect for Cicero's idea

that there is a "common bond" uniting all of the children of men.

And whatever our ignorance of, or indifference for, the Orientals in the past, it is well to note that conditions, both for us and for them, have entirely changed within the last decade. There is a new United States and a new Asia. The Spanish War created the one; the Russo-Japanese War the other. When we acquired the Philippine Islands we assumed the government of eight millions of Orientals and touched elbow with all Asia. When Japan defeated Russia, the Oriental learned his power. For untold centuries he had respected power. His native sovereign was an autocrat, who enslaved him, beat him, killed him, if need be. Then came the European, with powder and guns and warships; and thereafter the white man behind the gun represented power. A handful of British with cannon could enforce obedience from hundreds of millions of people. Suddenly the little Empire of Japan, one of the least among the Asiatic powers, challenged, fought, and defeated the great European Colossus, Russia.

The Asian discovered then that it was not the white man, but the gun that did the business; he learned that a yellow man behind the gun was quite as effective as a white man, and he found that the Christian soldier alone was afraid of death. Then followed in travail the birth of the

new Asia. There were actual revolutions in Turkey and Persia, a startling recrudescence of unrest in India and Ceylon, and, at this moment, China is in a state of revolutionary ferment.

What is to be the outcome? What does all this mean for the future of the world? Let us view the problem from the political, the commercial, and the moral aspects. How long will the 6,000 soldiers we have in the Philippines be able to keep our flag aloft among 8,000,000 of natives? How long will the 75,000 English soldiers in India be able to maintain British sovereignty over 300,000,000 of Asians? Believe me, these are not idle questions. They are up to us for an answer, whether we will or no, and upon our ability to make answer will depend the future of what we are pleased to call our Western civilization. I would not be an alarmist, and yet I would have you feel that Macaulay's suggestion of the New Zealander on a broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul, has come to be more than an extravagant figure of speech.

And I am convinced that there is real danger awaiting us unless we mend our ways. It is not the Asian who needs educating; it is the European. I am not worrying half so much about the heathen in his blindness as I am about the Christian in his blindness.

Asia is awake and preparing for the coming struggle, and we are doing very much to force the issue and to prepare her for the contest. For a century we have been sending at enormous cost our missionaries to all parts of the hemisphere to civilize. There may be doubt as to the amount of proselyting we have been able to accomplish: there can be no possible doubt of the work we have done to strengthen the Asian people politically and commercially.

A statesman of Japan said recently, in a conversation I had with him: "Your missionaries undoubtedly have done good for the morals of our people, but they have done far more for our health and strength as a nation. They come to us with doctors and nurses, and hospitals, and schools. Before Perry's arrival 2,000,000 infants were born every year in Japan, and for lack of proper sanitary measures they died. Now, with the hospitals and sanit-

ary and hygienic methods introduced by the missionaries, the 2,000,000 children are born, but they do not die." This is true of every other Oriental country. Meanwhile, in the countries of Europe the increase of population is slow, and, in some countries, as in France, it is hardly increasing at all. In America race suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent.

In the recent war between Russia and Japan, Dr. Louis Seaman, who visited their field hospitals and talked freely with their army surgeons, found that the Japanese had outstripped us in almost every department of military surgery. The foreign colonies of Tokio and other Japanese cities employ native physicians in preference to Europeans.

Asia is coming into her own again. It was Asia through Arabia which gave Europe the literature, the arts, and the sciences, which we have developed and of which we now boast. Gunpowder was probably invented in China; it was certainly introduced into Europe from Arabia. The finely-tempered steel of Damascus went over from Arabia at the time of the Moorish invasion of Spain, and its manufacture was continued at Toledo. The coppermiths of Baidad supplied the world's market with their wonderful productions centuries before there were any industries in Europe. Weaving of silk and cotton had its birth as an industry in Arabia, and the weaving of wool was learned by the Crusaders in the same wonderful country. Astronomy, mathematics, the mariner's compass—all came to us from the Arabs.

One cannot have forgotten that the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Koran are all of Arabian origin. The inhabitants of central Arabia have to-day the oldest liberal government—practically a republic—on earth. And, if you go farther afield, to India, China, and Japan, you shall find a civilization older than history and marvelous in its character. One cannot read that great library of Eastern Sacred Writings, edited by Dr. Max Müller, without being tremendously impressed.

It will not do for us to assume that ours is the only civilization. What are the basic virtues, the sum of which we call our Christian civilization? I hope we are all agreed that they are not primarily beliefs in certain theological dogmas, or certain

forms of church polity, or in the shape or length of priestly vestments, but in the attitudes of correct Christian living. Is frugality a virtue? Year Asian far exceeds us in frugality. Is industry as they. Is integrity esteemed? It is the unchallenged judgment of every European writer that the word of an Asian was good until they were corrupted by the inroads of Westerners. Is politeness, which is but another name for the golden rule, to be commended? Nowhere will you find such scrupulous politeness as is daily and hourly observed east of Suez.

Is observance of law desirable? The peaceable and orderly lives which the great mass of the people of Asia have led for centuries attest their habits of obedience. There are cities in India, Japan, and China with crowded populations running from a hundred thousand into the millions where there is scarcely the semblance of police control, and where crime is hardly known. They are a calm, thoughtful people, to whom what Mr. Arthur Benson has so well called "the gospel of push," and what our own vigorous Roosevelt calls a "strenuous life," is unknown. But I am not at all sure that this is an unmitigated evil, for there are no "brain-storms" there, and neurasthenia is provided for nowhere. In the light of the fact that the number of inmates in the insane hospitals of our country doubled in six years, according to the latest available statistics, I cannot but feel that we need less strenuously rather than more. Compared with Western civilization, theirs will not suffer perhaps as much as you would imagine; and perhaps you will agree that the chief characteristics of our civilization are push and extravagance, and that in this respect they have the better of us.

All this brings me to my topic. And I must say that, paraphrasing Mr. Lincoln's words at Gettysburg, in large measure it is not for us to educate, but to be educated. We shall never meet the problems growing out of our relation with the Far East unless we absolutely and once for all put away race prejudice. I believe the European snob in Asia is distinctly the enemy of the civilised West. And his coadjutor in this country is a fitting crim-

inal yoke-fellow. Let me give you some illustrations of what I mean—cases which came under my personal observation. From Bombay to Yokohama there is not a social club at any port or treaty point where a native, whatever his culture or refinement, will be admitted.

At the Bengal Club at Calcutta last year a member in perfectly good standing innocently invited a Eurasian gentleman—that is, one who is half native and half European—to dine with him. It became known that the invitation had been extended, and a storm of opposition broke among the members. The matter was finally adjusted by setting aside the ladies' department of the club, and there the offending member and his unfortunate guest dined alone. The next day the member was called before the board of governors and notified that another like breach of the rules would result in his expulsion.

The beating of native servants and workmen in India is a daily and hourly occurrence. It formerly was so at Hongkong and Shanghai, but Mr. Sprague, the representative of the Standard Oil Company at Shanghai, told me that since the Russo-Japanese war the natives would not stand it, and that all beating of them by Europeans in that city had ceased.

While in Calcutta I attended a ball at Government House, and noted that while one or two native princesses were on the floor dancing with white men, there were twenty or more native gentlemen standing about as "wall flowers." I called the attention of Lady Minto to the fact, and she explained that no white woman would think of dancing with a native; it would certainly result in ostracism.

The son of a maharaja goes to England, is educated at Oxford or Cambridge, is lionized in the West End of London—maybe he is honored with an invitation to Windsor. When he goes back home he may enter no white man's club; if he be fortunate enough to be invited to a white man's function, no white woman will dance or associate with him, and if by any luck he should marry a European, he, his wife, and his children become outcasts.

Although native troops, like the Sikhs, have shown undying loyalty to the British flag, and on frequent occasions have

exhibited courage in the highest degree, no one of them ever has or ever can achieve the Victoria Cross.

I have no thought, in saying this, of criticizing British rule in India. I do not question that it has been of enormous benefit. Neither do I doubt that under the administration of Lord Morley there is the most sincere desire to do all for India that the cause of humanity or Christianity may dictate. And I am also quite ready to say that the problem is a difficult one; that "the white man's burden" is one not easy to bear. I know that attempts to do justice are often misunderstood by the natives, are construed as evidence of fear. I know that the Bengalis, who are responsible for most of the unrest in India, are a silly lot, whose lives and property would not be worth a great war British protection withdrawn. I know that the beneficent British supremacy has been made possible only by the religious divisions among the natives. But this is all the more reason why the greatest care should be exercised not alone in India, but throughout Asia, why the line of cleavage should not be permitted to pass from a religious to a racial one, and the danger that it may do so grows with every hour.

On the one hand, there is a very perceptible loosening of the bonds of religious caste; not infrequently to-day high-class Brahmins not only shake hands with Moslems and Christians, but even sit at table and eat meat with them. On the other hand, there was a startling evidence during the recent war of the secret racial tie that binds all Asia. We are accustomed to think and speak of India as a British possession, forgetting that after all only five-eighths of its area is British, while there are over 800 native princes and chiefs, each governing a state, which is more or less independent. Some of these princes are enormously wealthy. So far as they have any religious bent, they are Hindu, or Mahatma, and in this respect not at all at one with the Japanese, who are either Shinto or Buddhist. Yet while the war was on, it was not uncommon for a rich Maharaja to call at Government House and ask if it would be regarded as an unfriendly act for him to buy Japanese bonds. Of course, the viceroy was forced to say it would not, since Britain and Japan were in treaty alliance. Of course,

these investments were made through London banks, and the extent of the transactions will never be known. We do know, however, that there was a mysterious absorption of Japanese securities, which never could be accounted for by either the London financiers or our own.

What I feel is that the danger of Asiatic ethnic solidarity is immensely accentuated by the attitude of certain of the British themselves. It goes without saying that the younger son of a British nobleman, who does not succeed to his father's estate and does not go into trade, but who finds the only outlet for his activities in the army or navy, the church, or in the Indian civil service, becomes far more of a snob, and therefore far more of a danger when dealing with natives in Asia than he would be permitted to be at home in England. And the harm that one such person can do it may take an army to undo.

I have spoken thus freely respecting the conditions in India because I feel at liberty to do so, since my mother was born under the British flag, and I have a very large number of relatives in the British army, navy and church. But I should be wholly lacking in fairness if I did not ask your attention to similar cases of race prejudice in which we are involved and which are equally dangerous in other parts of Asia.

Let me tell you a story as it was told me by a Harvard graduate, who is now a minister of the Japanese Crown. "When Perry came here," said he, "and Townsend Harris (of blessed memory) followed him and made the first treaty with Japan, it was stipulated that we (the Japanese) should give them ground for their legations and their consulates, compounds. We did so. Yokohama was then an unimportant place, a native fishing village. It was the natural port of Tokio, but as we had no foreign trade that meant nothing. We gave them ground in Yokohama for their consulate. Merchants and traders followed, and we gave them ground also for their shops. The British and the Russians and other European nations came in and we gave them like concessions. In Yokohama, as you know, houses and stores are not numbered as you number them in America—110 Broadway, for instance—but are numbered in the or-

der in which they were built. Thus, "Number 1 Yokohama" may be half a mile distant from "Number 2 Yokohama." This method of numbering still survives.

"Well, as time went on the village grew into a city. Under the treaty of Townsend Harris and all the other treaties the right of extra-territoriality was recognized. That is whenever a case arose in which a foreigner was involved it must be tried by the consul of the country to which the foreigner belonged. As time went on, Sir Harry Parks, the British minister, asked for ground in Yokohama for a race-track. We cautiously suggested that horse-racing was said to be wicked by the European missionaries. But he insisted and we gave him the ground. Then we were asked for ground for a social club for the foreigners, and we gave them a plot on the sea front, the finest piece of land in the city.

"Later they wanted to play cricket and football, and finally golf. Well, we gave them ground for this. As the city grew, this cricket-field was so surrounded by buildings that it was practically in the center of town. Understand, all of this ground was donated. Last year we suggested that we could use the cricket-field, and we offered to give in place of it a field in the suburbs. As railways had been built meanwhile, the new field would be even more accessible than the old one was when we gave it. The foreigners demurred, and proposed that we buy the old field and with the purchase-money they would secure a new one. Finally, we compromised by paying for their improvements and furnishing them a new field with like improvements free of cost.

"The question of taxation arose. Yokohama had grown to be a city of 300,000 inhabitants, with millions of dollars invested in buildings owned by foreigners. We asked no taxes on the ground we had donated to them, but we did think it fair that they should pay taxes on their buildings. They said no, that everywhere in the West the buildings went with the ground. We submitted the question to the Americans, but they dodged the issue, saying they would do whatever the others did. Then, under the law of extra-territoriality, we were compelled to leave the

decision to the British consul, and he decided against us. The case has now gone to The Hague Court.

"Finally, when I tell you that in the light of this history no native Japanese gentleman has ever been permitted to enter the club-house or the grand-stand of the race-track or to play upon the cricket-field, perhaps you will understand why there is some feeling against foreigners in Yokohama."

When Commodore Perry went to Japan in 1853 he wrote a letter to the Japanese Emperor containing these words:

"With the Americans, as indeed with all Christian people, it is considered a sacred duty to receive with kindness, and to soothe and protect all, of whatever nation, who may be cast upon their shores, and such has been the course of the Americans with all Japanese subjects who have fallen under their protection."

With his warships Perry compelled Japan to receive citizens of the United States and to grant them extraordinary domiciliary rights. From that day to this we have spent enormous sums to establish schools in Japan for the education of the natives. Yet we now are seeking to deny them admission to this country and we are refusing to permit them to attend our schools.

In the Philippines a ruffian American soldier, recruited from the penitents of New York, shoves a native gentleman from the sidewalk of Manila with an oath, calling him a "nigger." Yet that "nigger" is very likely a cultivated gentleman, educated at the Sorbonne, in Paris.

The infamous opium war upon China, and the equally infamous existent compulsion of China to receive Indian opium, are outrages no whit worse than our own extortion of abominable exorbitant damages for losses of American ships to Chinese pirates in the Yellow Sea. For many years there was no more profitable undertaking for the owner of an American clipper ship than to sell it and its cargo to the Chinese government after it had been looted by pirates.

Such, my friends, is something of the shameful record of our relations with the Far East. In India, in China, and in Japan we have been the guests who have enjoyed their hospitality, only to rise in the morning and say to our hosts, "You must not sit at table with us." Believe

me, this condition cannot endure. Politically we are in grave danger. Commercially, with their industry and their frugality, they are fast outstripping us.

They have ceased buying flour from the Minneapolis mills, because they are grinding Indian and Manchurian wheat with Chinese labor at Woeung. A line of ships is running from the Yellow River to Seattle, bringing 72,000 tons a year of pig iron manufactured at Hankow, and delivered, freight and duty added, cheaper than we can produce it. In Cawnpore, India, with American machinery they are making shoes so cheaply that the manufacturers of Lynn can no longer compete with them. The cottons and silks which we one time sent from here to Asia are now made in Japan and China.

Thus we are related to them politically, and commercially. Socially they are all saying to us, "Stop cheating us; stop swindling us; stop your treating us as your inferiors who are to be beaten and robbed." Japan is crying out, "Treat us fairly and we will go more than half way. Leave to us the question whether Japanese laborers shall go to America to annoy you, and we will stop them. But do not say that you will admit the laborers of Hungary and Italy and Russia, simply because they are white, and shut us out because we are yellow."

The Singalese natives of Ceylon, while I was in Colombo addressed a remarkable communication to the Governor General. They said a hundred years ago there was established in the United States a new theory of government—that there should be no taxation without representation. "Now," said they, "we ask a share in the government of the island. We pay taxes. You may fix a property qualification and say that no one having less than a thousand pounds sterling shall share in the government. We shall not object. You may also fix an educational qualification. You may say that no one but a college graduate shall take part in the government. We will not object. In short, you may fix any qualification except a racial qualification. That would not be fair." "And what answer have you to make?" I asked Mr. Cressy Rolles, editor of The

Times, of Ceylon. "To meet their request," he replied, "would mean to turn over the government of Ceylon to them at once, because there are 6,000 of them and only 5,000 English men, women, and children. We must stop educating them."

What do you think of that for a remedy? Personally, I do not think it will work, any more than I think any rule of arbitrary repression can endure. I take refuge in the large experience and ripe judgment of Lord Curzon, of Keddleston, who in July, 1904, was given the freedom of the city of London in Guildhall, and on that occasion used these words: "Depend upon it, you will never rule the East except through the heart, and the moment imagination has gone out of your Asiatic policy your empire will dwindle and decay."

I am also impressed with the correctness of Lord Morley's attitude. Speaking in support of the Indian reform proposals two years ago, he said: "The Founder of Christianity arose in an Oriental country, and when I am told that Orientals always mistake kindness for fear, I must repeat that I do not believe it, any more than I believe the stranger saying of Carlyle, that after all the fundamental question between any two beings is, Can I kill them, or canst thou kill me? I do not agree that any organized society has ever subsisted upon either of those principles, or that brutality is always present as a fundamental postulate in the relations between rulers and ruled."

And Curzon and Morley have many supporters in their view. In smug complacency, you may close your doors which look toward Asia, while you open wide those which look toward Europe; you may refuse the Oriental admission to your schools, while you accord the privilege to any child of an European; you may pile import duties mountain high, and raise our standards of living to any pitch of extravagance; you may build warships without limit, and you may continue to treat the Asian as legitimate prey. But I am confident that it will not avail.

As a soldier, whether at Omsdeman, in the Nælan, or on 203-Metre Hill, at Peet Arthur, the man of color has shown himself a right good fighting man; in commerce he has, by his industry, per-

severance, ingenuity, and frugality, given us pause; and before the eternal throne his temporal and his spiritual welfare are worth as much as yours or mine.

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### THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF A KING.

DANIEL L. Hanson has made a remarkable computation — the commercial value of a king. Writing in *The World* to-day he sets forth the case of King Haakon VII of Norway, and his effect on Norwegian trade. The new era in Norway, says Mr. Hanson, had its inception in the year 1905, and took as its war cry "Norway for the Norwegians." Its initial step was a political crisis, handled so diplomatically—words displacing gunpowder—that Norway, without firing a shot, became independent of any other government, free to win or lose in the world's race, as her policy and energy might direct.

To Norwegians in America who felt that it might be necessary to insinuate themselves upon the presidential altar of the home land, this first step of the infant Norway seemed stumbling and calamitous. To re-establish a monarchy, to elect a king instead of a president, was termed suicidal. But the returned prodigal, spending a few months in Norway studying people and statistics, is convinced, gradually, nevertheless forcibly, that the home land did both wisely and well. For he finds the measure of the wisdom of Norway's statesmen to be the progress made during the last five years.

Bjornson said, years ago, that Norway had the men and the wealth, but needed a crisis to give birth to some national idea, a standard around which a thrifty people could rally and be inspired.

The new king, Haakon VII., became that standard—a personality rather than an idea, there being already a surfeit of ideas. Norway welcomed a king twelve months in the year rather than a possible six weeks in the summer. She also had a queen, and, to insure stability to the new dynasty, a crown prince. In this royal

family Norway found a new life and impulse.

There are kings and kings; some inspire respect by their personality and lineage, while others have origins shrouded in obscurity and find lessons necessary as to how the royal ermine should be trailed; their bourgeois names are more familiar than their kingly titles.

The new king of Norway qualifies in the first class. The grandson of "Europe's father-in-law," the late Christian of Denmark, he himself is the "nephew of Europe." One uncle is king of Denmark, another of Greece. The dowager empress of Russia is his aunt, so is the queen mother of Great Britain. He is cousin to his own wife, to the uncrowned Kaiser, to the royal family of Spain and to the king of England. King Haakon has a corner on royal pedigree. To hold more firmly the loyalty of his new subjects, he assumed the good old Norwegian name of Haakon as his legal title; by nature he is physically equipped to call himself after that sturdy Norse king who took a delight in hanging barons, Haakon Longlegs.

To insure loyalty for his dynasty the Danish-born crown prince was quickly naturalized into Norewegian by being enswathed in the grand old saga name of Olaf. So the tall king, the little, auburn-tressed queen and the yellow-haired crown prince constitute a royal family which, in five years, has endeared itself to a nation of over three million people.

Love and loyalty to a nation's ruler on the part of the governed must have a real subjective value in order to be permanent and marketable. A mere objective adulation is not coinable into dollars. The value of kings is being measured more and more, like that of university presidents, by the gold standard. What of Haakon and of Norway?

Two events in the year 1910 can be looked upon as milestones in Norway's march toward commercial prosperity; the exposition, at Bergen, and the new tariff law, effective July first.

The exposition, a small affair, sheltered itself behind the walls of the old fortress of the Hanseatic League. Small and unassuming, it was a revelation to the visitor from abroad, and, possibly, to the natives themselves, of the versatility and skill of Norwegian manufacturers and mechanics working under an inspiration.

The excessive diffidence and lack of self-assertion, which both Bjornson and Reen considered as being the chief Norwegian faults, and the Gynstli habit of going around obstacles instead of over or through them, seemed to have disappeared. There was nothing wanting in the long line of Norwegian home products from an anchovy to an automobile, from a sewing machine needle to a torpedo boat, the last mentioned giving its hourly salute from the fjord front.

It was my good fortune on that July afternoon to walk through the exposition behind one of Europe's great rulers, who was making an incognito visit. He was attended by a lone attache, who made notes at his royal master's bidding. Merely to enumerate even what Norway had to offer for inspection will be impossible within the limits of a magazine article, but we can touch upon a few items that seemed particularly interesting to both royalty and plebeian.

Naturally, Norway stands pre-eminent in furnishing the table with smoked, dried and salted meats; fish preserved in more than fifty-seven ways, and cheese made from goat's milk, most delicious to the palate, some of it selling for seventy cents a pound in American markets. A biscuit establishment in Christiania had an exhibit of seventy-one different kinds of cake and crackers. Evaporated creams and milk also were displayed, and preserved fruit in glass jars, all bearing the national guarantee for purity. In this section the attache was very busy.

The furniture booths showed examples not only of national designs which were most attractive, but also imitations of French styles, named after various profligate kings. With her vast timber resources and workmen who have become

skilled through long years of apprenticeship, Norway is doing wonders in the manufacture of furniture and interior woods.

In house-heating apparatus I felt sure of America's pre-eminence, but Norway has made long strides in that way as well. Among others was a decidedly unique house-heating boiler with some features about it that could be well copied by American manufacturers. Radiation I saw in only the plain patterns, with no attempt at decoration, but the tendency with us is in the same direction.

Enameled kitchen utensils were exhibited in large quantities, as well as enamel painted tin, and also printed tin. In this last mentioned were some fine examples of colorwork, and the attendant insisted that the tints were fast.

In the book department were shown some beautiful samples of the printer's and bookbinder's art, while the ecstasies with justifiable pride pointed to four hundred different volumes, written by Norwegian authors in fifty years—a concrete exhibit of the Norwegian renaissance in literature.

One of the surprising exhibits was that of jewelry, the export trade in which has grown rapidly during the last five years. There was shown enamel work in silver and gold, bangle and flagpole ornaments, the designs of which were much more chic than I had seen earlier along the Grand boulevards, in Paris. Christians is especially interested in the manufacture of this sort of material, and the tourist will see along Carl Johans Gade of that city some very attractive show windows devoted almost entirely to bijouterie. Cutlery was also much in evidence, and silver-mounted harnesses for either king's horses or the Laplander's reindeer. Boots also from the spiked affair of the lumberman to a lady's dancing slipper, were exhibited, and the finer grades of shoes compared well with the American product much better than I had seen on the Continent.

It was fitting that Ole Bull's home town, Bergen, should not neglect musical instruments. There were cases of violins and other stringed instruments, and several booths of organs and pianos, all made in Norway, and bearing a legend to that effect. I mentioned to an attendant that

on the steamer from Germany I had seen a score of pianos and organs, made in Munich and Dresden.

"Yes, the cheaper ones come from there, but sixty-five dollars duty on a piano and twenty per cent on an organ will soon stop that."

Only music can be made of carriages, wagons of all sorts, sleighs, skates, fishing—a most wonderful collection—guns, skis—fishing rods, tackle and ammunition, all made in Norway. Royalty seemed very much interested in automobiles and motor boats, which had a separate building set aside for them.

An Englishman said to me: "Now I know where we can get goods without the 'made in Germany' label. If we withhold trade from our Teutonic enemy, we will do more to cure his Anglophobia than if we were to send a dozen Dreadnoughts to Hamburg and Kiel."

My friend spoke in no uncertain accents, and I wondered if the ears of innocent royalty had caught his words.

On passing out through the gates I noticed a table laden with green-colored pamphlets. I paid half a crown for one and read its title while waiting for one of Bergen's intermittent showers to do its work: "The Tariff List, effective July 1, 1910."

Yes, Norway had a tariff, an infant as to days, but sturdy and able to hold its own; around it the whole economic fabric was already revolving. The study of the Norwegian people and their institutions became more complicated than had at first promised. This was no longer a simple people, but a people with a protective tariff, therefore a complex nation. I mentioned tariff at the breakfast table in Christiania one day to have the Storting member, from Hardanger, say:

"It was sent from heaven to poor Norway."

The sentence rang with all the sincerity of earnest belief, and could not but awaken in an American's heart the hope that a heaven-sent tariff might descend on the Land of the Free, where, with a larger population to work upon, it could do more good than in little Norway.

"But it is such a little tariff!" exclaimed the theological student at the other end of the table. We ventured a

prophesy that it would grow—in time—as we had seen other tariffs grow.

"There are three kinds of customs levied," explained he from the Storting, "one for revenue only, to light and protect our coast line, another for protection under which to build up manufacturing industries, and a third to cover luxuries."

"But they are all drawn from the same pockets," I suggested.

"Yes, but in different ways," insisted the Hardanger man.

The question of the tariff in Norway still can be looked upon by the visitor from the objective viewpoint, but as a student of economics he is anxious to see how that country will have its future affected by it. Can a land as small as she is, with limited, tillable acreage, prosper under this institution of national exclusiveness?

Some nations learn rapidly, and Norway among them. The new tariff went into effect July 1, 1910, and the first strike of mechanics was well under way in early May. Building operations in Christiania stood still for over a month, but the men won and had three weeks of increased wages wherewith to anticipate the higher prices which the tariff was suspected of inflicting with it.

Said a retired sea captain who could look down from his island home on the economic turmoil which seemed to be agitating the land:

"It is harder to get money this year than it was last."

"Why, captain?"

"Well, a lot of new manufacturers are starting up small factories and are willing to pay more than either a farmer or a vessel owner feels justified in doing. But it will be all right in the long run, when we have learned what we can profitably manufacture and what we will have to let alone."

And our American heart echoed, "Yes, in the long run."

Norway's tariff law seems to have back of it a united people and not a bureaucracy. The Storting, which passed it, is a body of representatives from the entire people, and not of a venal faction desirous of exploiting itself at the expense of a whole nation.

"I don't believe that your tariff is going to build up any large factories," I said to the Storting man from Hardanger.

"That is what we want to avoid, sir; we want a dozen small factories in an industry rather than a single large one."

In other words, the new tariff law of Norway is intended as a scientific solution of the country's commercial problems. Or, looking at it from another viewpoint, as the foundation on which to build up its permanent material prosperity.

Already one sees the signs of unrest throughout the kingdom. But it is a magnetic unrest that holds the young men at home, the emigration from Norway during the last year being the smallest in the forty years during which records have been kept. There is a disposition among even the younger element to see the game to its finish.

The tariff, however, has already touched the breakfast table. I asked a housewife in one of Christiania's suburbs:

"What does real cost a pound?"

She hesitated a moment before replying, then said:

"I'm just figuring it up as we, this year, haven't bought more than a quarter of a pound at a time. It is so much higher than it was twelve months ago. And cheese is higher, too; twenty-seven cents a pound for goat cheese against seventeen cents last July."

Inquiry developed the fact that everything was higher—bread, butter, eggs, cheese, oil, as well as house furnishing goods and clothing, but yet no one complained, or else ended a mild complaint with: "It's going to cost us something to boost Norway, but we are willing to pay the price."

But what of Haakon the Seventh?

We have seen what five years have done among the people in manufacturing, weaving it to incorporate so serious an economic document as the tariff law into its commercial life. What more will be done along that line during the next four years, the great National Exposition at Christiania, in 1914 will demonstrate.

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The government, however, has not been idle. It has put into operation a system of land grants that is developing agriculture and forestry. Steps have been taken under national auspices to utilize the tremendous power that heretofore has been hurrying itself in ten thousand places over the rocks in the form of waterfalls.

During the reign of Haakon, the national railway mileage has been almost doubled, and the Storting of 1910 passed appropriations for lines opening up hitherto undeveloped sections. There might also be mentioned as one of the steps in Norway's march—whether progressive or retrogressive, time only will show—the granting of universal suffrage to women. Not, however, because of any militant qualities they have displayed.

More than all these, however, is the change that has come over the national character. The Norwegian has passed, from a pessimistic attitude that formerly made him a destructive critic of whatever the government did, into that of a constructive optimist. Nothing so clearly indicated that, as the debates in which I listened in the Storting during July. They were so different from the venomous discussion that had characterized that body under the old regime.

And has Haakon done all these things?

Yes, by being a personality rather than a system, by smiling cheerfully when other rulers would have made speeches, necessitating their being pulled out by a derrick. Haakon the Seventh smiles whenever one of his subjects comes within the zone of communication, and is said to look pleasant even when in repose.

Verily, a smile is better than a speech. Around him has crystallized a sentiment of patriotism and of national ambition, which, in their last analysis, have proved to have a value in dollars and cents.

These things have all been done, not by Haakon Seventh, but because of him.

This is the twentieth century miracle—the transmutation of royalty into gold.

## WHO BETRAYS HER?

**A** GAIN we reproduce in condensed form, an article from Pearson's Magazine, on a sex topic. It is a pertinent article—too pertinent, some

people may say. Look at the great stores, the great factories—yes and the little one too—look at the horde of unskilled girls they employ. Consider how much these

employers pay these girls. Consider that these girls love fun and a good time just as any girl does, and then consider *WHO IS TO BLAME?* "The procuress? The cadet? The man ligher up?" Or is it the saintly head of the store—the man who leads in Laymen's Missionary Movements; who sends checks to Foreign Missions; who astounds the nation with his gifts to organized charities?

The following condensation from Pearson's Magazine is written from an American standpoint but the deductions apply to Canada. We don't say that this is the last word on the matter. We are open to conviction if the Canadian employer tells us that he is "the victim of the system" or if he has anything else to say. But if some employers would take more interest in their employees and less in foreign missions or the latest improvements in motor cars, their boast that "no girl receives less than \$5 a week in my employ" might be turned into a shame. For what girl can live on \$5 a week and live as nature makes her wish to live? Precious few.

This is the article:

When a girl goes to work in a department store she faces three obvious temptations.

1. The Procureuse. This is an insidious evil, one most difficult for an unsophisticated girl to know until it is too late. One day one of her woman customers, handsomely dressed, expresses a warm interest in the young girl behind the counter. The girl, poor, struggling to make a neat and pretty appearance on wages which are not even sufficient to buy the necessities of life, is flattered and dazzled by the vista that opens before her. Her new-found friend asks her to call some Sunday or some evening, and she leaves an address that to the girl seems to be in a fashionable part of the city. If the girl calls, if she is weak, if her soft desires for ease and luxury for one moment get the upper hand, she is doomed. She joins the army of prostitution.

2. The Cadet. Or one day a young man speaks to her. He is versed in superficial manners that her unformed taste pronounces grand. She flirts a little. He asks her to a dance, or he takes her out some evening to a moving-picture show.

Perhaps he promises marriage; perhaps he uses one of the black arts of seduction; perhaps neither is necessary. If she falls she becomes a member of the same army, under a different banner.

3. The Man Higher Up. Or soon she finds that all hard and disagreeable tasks are falling to her. She has more than her share of work; however well she may perform her extra duties she does not advance. Then one day the floor walker, or the chief clerk, or the department manager explains to her, perhaps bluntly, perhaps attractively, how she may advance, or how she "may make a little on the side." She enrolls under another banner—but it is the same army.

Many, many of the girls never fall, never falter. They march on valiantly, true to themselves, shunning the pitfalls, scorning the temptations. Yet these temptations are always there, ever ready, ever insistent; the procureuse, the cadet and the man higher up.

And yet neither the procureuse nor the cadet nor the man higher up represents the class to be considered in seeking an answer to that question, who betrays the working girl? They are but secondary manifestations of a great sore spot in our civilization. Let us probe the primary cause. Let us discover who is the original betrayer of the working girl.

The owner of a department store is never a man of moderate means. He is either a spectacular bankrupt or a millionaire. If a bankrupt, he either gets out of the business or else his bankruptcy is but a temporary and not disgraceful step in his rise to independent fortune. As a rule, he is a millionaire, and most often a multi-millionaire.

How does he acquire, in his own name, this enormous amount of money? By business acumen, by skillful manipulation of the buying and the selling markets, by shrewd location, judicious advertising, consistent policies, and by paying starvation wages to the great bulk of his employees.

On the credit side of his ledger, then, we have—acumen, perseverance, industry, executive skill. On the debit side—heartlessness.

A writer, contributing material for this article, stood in a room in Chicago with

an employer, looking on 600 girls at work.

"What do you pay these girls?" asked the writer, and added, sarcastically, "Five dollars a week?"

"No! No!" quickly responded the employer, resenting an implied affront. "Only a small number of these girls get as little as five dollars. The average wage of the 600 is seven dollars a week."

He spoke proudly, as if to imply that he was no slave-driver, no unjust tyrant. He considered himself a very fair man, a generous employer. Yet the National Consumers' League, after an exhaustive and accurate study of the question, has announced that it is impossible for a working girl in a city to live on less than eight dollars a week, if she supports herself, and has the necessities of life.

Now let us look at the employer's side of the question for a moment. I have talked with many of them; I know their attitude, their "reasons" for this wage tyranny.

"That is all the girls are worth," the employer says. "They are stupid, careless, ignorant. If they show unusual aptitude they may advance. I have women I pay as high as \$5,000 a year. I have many that get from fifteen to thirty dollars a week, but the run of them are worth only what they get—a few dollars a week."

"Very well," I replied. "But suppose it were difficult to get girls to work in your store, suppose your competitors were bidding for their services, would that not raise the wages?"

He laughed. "The unskilled girl is a drag on the labor market. We can always get more than we can possibly use. The supply far exceeds the demand."

"Then it is simply because you do not have to pay any more. Is that the reason of low wages?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Do you ever consider what a girl needs instead of what you can get her for?"

He looked at me blankly, almost as stupidly as one of his green girls looks at her first customer. "No," he snapped. "We pay the market price." He added proudly, with the self-satisfaction of a

business man in good standing, "And we pay it."

The law of supply and demand, then, rules the wages of working girls at the present time. The French have a more accurate term to express this economic law. Offer and demand, they say. That is surely what it is. The girls "offer," humbly, beseechingly, trustingly, often thankfully. The employer "demands" rigorously, utterly.

"Why not make your profits a little less—they would still be generous—and give the girls a little more?" I asked as employer whose pay-roll concerns over 3,000 women every week.

He replied frankly and patiently: "The whole structure of our business would be disrupted. I might pay a few cents more per week, but a few dollars more to each woman each week would eventually mean that the wages of every working woman in this town would rise, and that would lower our margin of surplus."

"You mean your profits?"

"No, surplus. You must understand that every big business must have a pretty good-sized sinking fund, a reserve, a sort of sheet anchor. We must always be ready for emergencies—panics, suspended credit, bad business."

"But your dividends are enormous."

"Only a fair return on the capital invested."

I went no further on this line. I had no expectation of convincing that individual. I said nothing of watered stock. Especially did I say nothing of the sop that nearly every millionaire employer throws to his conscience, in the form of what he so proudly calls "charity." Let us consider that here, not in an accusing frame of mind, but soberly, in an attempt to diagnose this disease before we name a remedy.

Take Marshall Field. He died "worth" a quarter of a billion. The credit side of his ledger was piled high with business virtues. He had out-generated, out-gamed every rival. He was a merchant prince of the first rank.

But the debit side of his ledger was pretty black. In his stores thousands of girls had met procureuses, cadets and

puny, impertinent, slimy "men higher up." On his starvation wages thousands of girls had fared but two alternatives, a life of shame or a life of pitiful self-denial.

How did Marshall Field square things with himself? He threw a magnificent sop to his conscience—the Field Museum. He built a wonderful palace on the site of the world's fair and stocked it with treasures of art and science, and "gave" it to the public. A generous man, a princely man, a public-spirited citizen!

But I remember well a conversation I heard between two of Marshall Field's employees the day that museum was opened. "Let us go out Sunday and see the old man's bobby," said one.

"I'll never set foot in it," said the other. "To call that the 'Field Museum' is an insult to you and me. He picked our pockets so he could put his name on that stuff. And what do I want of it? If I ever entered that place I'd be blinded with the tears that would come when I thought of the theatres, the new ribbons, the actual bread and butter I had been compelled to give up so he could 'donate' that thing. I want the right to spend the money I make myself. It's bad enough to have to live ten hours a day under Marshall Field's rules. I want my nights and Sundays to myself."

The cost of the Field Museum and all his other charities did not amount to more than three or four per cent. of Marshall Field's total income. Yet if he had abstained from "charity" and had indulged in the justice of paying just a little more to the girls in his stores, he might not have been known as such a princely giver.

There is the rub. The millionaire employer is almost childishly human. Justice is too subtle, too modest, too self-renewing a virtue for his paucity and barbaric mind to comprehend. "Charity" is to him the more attractive virtue.

There was once in San Francisco a merchant prince who also gave a museum to the city. He was not in his personal life as was Marshall Field, ostentatious, self-denying, absorbed in the mental problems of his vast affairs. Instead, he had the emotional nature of a Turk, the conscience of a Persian strap, and the sexual instinct of Louis XVI.

This merchant was a bachelor, but he had eleven "homes" scattered judiciously in exclusive localities. These "homes" were peopled by concubines which he acquired from various sources, but the principal source was his own store. There he kept a man on the constant lookout for young, attractive girls, and, like Louis XVI, he wanted them "quite fresh."

In this store a girl received from three to seven dollars a week, according to the length of her service. When the week's work was done she could go on Sunday afternoon to Golden Gate Park and there be permitted, under the suspicious eyes of uniformed guards, to look for a brief time on the treasures amassed from scrimping her wages and the wages of the "likes of her."

Or, she might be "fortunate" enough to be invited to one of the eleven "homes." Then she could have a few treasures of art and dress every day in the week. But for her own normal, wholesome life, she had less than enough to supply the bare necessities. Such is the irony of a working girl's life in a great city.

Or take the case of Nathan Straus, principal owner in two of the largest department stores in Greater New York. To the public at large Nathan Straus is known as a very public-spirited citizen, a generous man. In fact, you find him listed in "Who's Who" as a philanthropist.

For some years Nathan Straus has given annually about \$100,000 for the pasteurization of milk for poor children. Recently the medical world has divided on the question of the pasteurization of milk. It is now contended by many that pasteurization takes all the nourishment from milk, and that it is a useless thing to feed anybody. Babies are said not to grow strong on pasteurized milk.

However, Nathan Straus's intention was to do some good to the poor. But he chose a spectacular way to do the "good." Columns and columns and columns of free advertising for Nathan Straus. Not long ago he announced that he would withdraw from the free milk depots. Then a group of prominent citizens appointed a committee to prevail upon him to stay in the "good" work. He "reluctantly" consented. More advertising. A banquet was

gotten up to applaud this great "philanthropist." More advertising. So it goes.

Meanwhile the thousands of girls in Nathan Straus's stores, whose wages are being each week mulcted to supply uncertain milk to the poor, toil on surrounded by the procreant, the cadet and the slimy little man higher up.

Why does not Nathan Straus do some justice and give less "charity?"

It is urged that all department-store owners, all employers of female labor, are not alike. Exceptions are mentioned. They are exceptions only in appearance.

For instance, a girl employed in a big New York store said to me, "I am very lucky to be working for so-and-so. I was ill last winter for a month and I got my pay in full regularly all the time I was absent from duty."

She was—and is—lucky. Not all employers are so fair. But if her wages had been right she could have taken care of herself when she was ill. Moreover, the rule under which she got her full pay concerned girls in that store who had been employed there at least two years. So it was a shrewd business move on the part of the employer. He wanted a tried and proved girl back at work; he wanted to keep other tried and proved employees loyal to him.

Then, there are stores now in every large city which supply grammar-school education for young cash girls while they are learning their business. They are paid very little—from two to three dollars a week—but then each day they are sent to a school in the store for three hours. A grammar-school education is considered essential for a department-store clerk. That is the reason for the apparent generosity.

There are stores that have reading rooms, resting rooms, medical attendance, even gymnasiums for their female employees. It is all a step forward, but always in the interests of "business," that is, of improved efficiency.

These apparent generousities are always in the line of the exigent charities, always at the behest and under the regulation of the employer. The wages are not increased so the girls can afford to have these opportunities in their homes or in

any of the individual ways which induce self-respect, which build up character.

A census taken last year by the Women's Trade Union League, of Chicago, showed that from 25 per cent. to 30 per cent. of the women employed in the department stores on State Street were not receiving sufficient money to enable them to procure the necessities of life.

Miss Mead Miner, head of Waverly House, a New York home for women, is said to have declared that 16 per cent. of the girls who apply there for refuge, have entered a life of immorality in the great city in the country because of insufficient wages, which do not allow them to pay for food and lodging.

These are present day conditions. This is modern wage slavery, and the slaveholder is not any individual employer. It is the whole group of employers as a class. These employers, taking advantage of a condition of "offer and demand," extract huge sums therefrom, and then, as a sop to conscience, throw back promiscuously and most often unwisely a tiny percentage to "charity."

John B. Coleman, a special deputy attorney-general who investigated the milk trust last year, has this to say about these "philanthropies": "A man who marks down the price of labor or marks up the price of a commodity and then contributes to some hospital, library or college or museum about one per cent. of the increase he realizes, is not a public-spirited citizen or a philanthropist. He is a thief that is restoring to the public one one-hundredth of the property he has stolen from them."

What will we do about it?

So long as human nature is human nature it is not probable that men will do otherwise than make all the profits they can and then attempt to square themselves by donating to charity.

For centuries we have tried Christianity. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." With these eminent merchant princes Christianity has failed, although most of them are deacons and trustees in the church.

The trend of the times seems to be toward some sort of legislation that will institute a minimum wage law. We must approach this problem of a minimum wage law cautiously, and later consider the

objections to it; but as a proposition for the relief of the conditions outlined above, it seems the only solution.

Minimum wages! Suppose that we make it illegal for anyone to pay less than a certain amount for labor. Unconstitutional, say the judges. Illegal, say the lawyers.

But they are doing it in England, and the larger part of our jurisprudence comes from England. In London a year ago, in February, 1909, there was established the first minimum wage board. It is composed of selected committees of employers and employees who meet, confer and agree on rates of wages in all trades and employments that concern women and children. The English seem to think the men can take care of themselves. (Yet some of the women there want suffrage, which is another story.)

All the conferences are public. The information is furnished by the persons concerned—employers and employees—and so must be trustworthy.

The results of this English scheme are yet to be known. Students of sociology throughout the world are eagerly awaiting a definite proof that the scheme is practicable; or, if not, why not.

If such a law should be passed, and should survive the assaults that would surely be made upon it by the most skillful of attorneys, and should become a working efficiency with us, one of its first duties would be to answer a number of questions for which there is now no adequate or accurate answer.

For instance, what is the relation of wages to tuberculosis, melancholia and vice? How long is the trade life of women in the different industries, and how is this related to their wages and to the age at which they enter the field of labor? How much may a girl legally spend on ribbons? Is recreation a necessity of life? Is sunlight a luxury?

While these questions go unanswered we provide reformatories for girls when we should be building penitentiaries for their employers. Some states already imprison the man who blights the life of one young girl. What should be done to an employer who, by overwork and under-

pay, blights the lives of hundreds and even thousands of young girls?

Why not appoint a board which shall legally force employers to pay women a living wage, instead of striving to have the state appropriate money for a tuberculosis hospital to care for girls whose disease springs from a too meagre butcher's bill, caused directly by a less than living wage?

Why should our "philanthropists" build hospitals for the demented girls whose earliest symptom was a meek willingness to work for a telephone company every night in the year for six dollars a week?

Why not check this "philanthropic" hysteria and circulate a little more beef juice in the home?

Why not pass a minimum wage law? There are two reasons.

First, it smacks of paternalism. It is a step toward socialism, under which benign rule the state, an unknown entity, becomes responsible for the individual. It is not all of socialism, but just a bite of it. As a remedy for our sociologic ills the minimum wage law might be compared to the morphia prescribed by a physician. It is a necessary remedy as the pain is desperate; but its after effects will be depressing, and if the dose becomes too large, it may be fatal.

However, socialism or no socialism, the minimum wage law is bound to come if the "philanthropists" merchant princes do not do justice of their own accord (which is not likely), and if—

Second, the courts do not rule against it.

There is an old precedent in the law, coming from the days of the earliest English common pleas right down to date, which provides that in any and all circumstances every individual must have what is legally defined as "liberty of contract."

That issue one must be hindered, by legislation or otherwise, from contracting to do anything he may please to do. Time and time again, generation after generation, the courts have upheld the sacredness of that principle, "liberty of contract."

## "THE EXPERIENCES OF A RUSSIAN BOOKSELLER."

HAVING been for many years a bookseller in Russia, says Ivan Narodny, writing in *The Bookman*, I have found that to the Russian a book is something sacred and mysterious. To him it is almost a fetish, a thing to be revered. He never regards it as a piece of furniture or a decoration. To the half-educated peasant it is the silent speech of the divine mysteries; to the educated reader it is the message of genius. A Russian never buys an edition de luxe to keep for show. If he has one it probably has been presented to him by some one else on some important occasion. I can hardly think of any sets of a hundred or four hundred dollar editions or of a prescription for a five-foot book shelf. The Russians would laugh at any prescriptions for a family library, even if such prescriptions had been suggested by men like Tolstoi or Turgenev.

When the present Czar was the heir-apparent and made a trip in the Orient, Prince Uchtomsky and one of the best Russian artists were invited to accompany the imperial traveler and write the book of his travels. The book was published gorgeously and nothing was spared to make it artistic, interesting and attractive. Brockhaus and Company in Leipzig were subsidized to bring out a German edition at the same time. The Russian edition was of one thousand copies and the price was fifty rubles a copy. It was really a very beautiful work and one would suppose it would have had a big sale. At that time all the higher Russian nobility was favorably disposed to the court and many big retail sellers made a propaganda among their customers, counting on a large sale. I, being at that time the manager of a provincial bookstore, took personally a copy to the governor of the province, feeling sure that he would buy it. But to my surprise he replied:

"I might have been induced to buy a new book by Tchekhoff or Korolenko for such a price, but as to buying that book, I have no interest in it at all. I would not buy it for five rubles, for I do not keep books for their appearance or for the names of their authors. I like to

have books which I read and reread with reverence."

Thus the book of the Czarévitch's travels in the Orient was a failure and I believe that hardly more than a hundred copies of it were sold in the bookstores. Finally it was taken out of sale by the Minister of the Court and distributed as a souvenir for the palace employees or as presents for the members of the Imperial family.

About the same time a publisher brought out a collection of essays by Hertzen, a famous Russian exiled writer. It was a primitive paper-covered edition, and as it was prohibited by the Censor, only a few copies were left with each retail dealer. I procured five or ten copies and covered them with the covers of the orthodox prayer book, so that if a search were made by the police, the prohibited books would not be discovered in my store. The original price of each copy was five rubles, but I placed it at ten. In less than a week the books were sold, and I had scores of customers who offered me twenty rubles for a copy if I would get it for them. But the fact was I could not get them at any price. It is not unusual for a bookseller to sell prohibited literature for a double price or triple price. I sold *Siberia and the Exile System*, by George Kennan, for five to ten rubles a copy, although it was listed at only one ruble.

This may give a slight idea of the peculiarity of the Russian reader and also illustrates the fact that in Russia one appreciates more the thought and the spirit of the work than the fame of its author or the binding. I am positive that if a Russian Prime Minister should write something his book would find scarcely a buyer, because of his social prominence. General Kuropatkin wrote a book on the Russo-Japanese war and the expectation was that it would be a great success, yet of the foreign editions ten times more were sold than of the Russian. About ten years ago the Grand Duke Constantine published a volume of his poems and one would think that the people would have bought it out of sheer curiosity. But the



publisher tells me that not two hundred copies have been sold since the book appeared.

To succeed in Russia a book must have three pronounced qualities. It must first of all have a strong dramatic element, which is based upon true psychological characterization. Next, it must have a thought and strong emotional appeal; and finally it must have an individual originality, which fascinates the reader either with some temporary social political problem or with the treatment of the momentary moods of society. In America a book must make a hit immediately or it is a failure, but in Russia a good book comes to the surface after several years. Gorky and Andrieff were the only Russian writers who made their reputation in two or three years; but Tolstoi, Turgeneff and Dostoyevsky were able to succeed only in the course of from six to ten years.

Very often books that have but little significance in their native country become the greatest "sellers" abroad. Some of the American authors who are almost forgotten in their own country are still in high demand in Russia. For example, Henry George, Bret Hartie, Cooper and Longfellow. I cannot imagine a Russian student of literature or an average reader who does not have the books of these American authors on their shelves. The works of Emerson, Mark Twain and Walt Whitman, the biographies of Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln and Uncle Tom's Cabin are and remain the most popular American books in Russia.

A Russian reader likes to read only such American books as are tinged with the wild adventurous life of the new world, something that smacks of the aboriginal, of the Indians; or which expresses such original elements as are supposed to represent the spirit of the American people. The Russian average reader as a rule imagines America as a country of absolute freedom and happiness of which he dreams as of an idyllic paradise. Nobody likes to read American fiction that sounds like a cheap imitation of the European. They do not like American writers who are occupied with clever plots or with social scandals. The Russian demands that America offer something typical of its soul, both in ideas and in

conception. Many Russian publishers have tried again and again to bring out such books as have succeeded in America, but nearly all have failed.

*The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair, and *Looking Backward*, by Bellamy, were the only popular books of the American "sellers" that succeeded in Russia. Their success was due to their socialistic qualities and they were published at a time when the spirit of socialism had reached its culmination. But these books both died in their early youth. Nothing is now heard of them, though a few years ago they sold by hundreds of thousands of copies. Few English authors have made in Russia such a success as Herbert Spencer, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. In the beginning of this century they attracted attention and made a great sensation. But whether they will continue to sell is hard to predict.

At the same time Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche created a furore and their works were published in half a dozen various editions. The Sunday editor of every newspaper had to print something by these literary gods in his Sunday section. Circles and clubs for their propaganda were founded everywhere. Ibsen, Hauptmann and Nietzsche were discussed alike by high society and by the literary vagabonds. It was a real fad for a time. Only now under the pressure of new ideas they are gradually disappearing and giving place.

For some three or four years Gorky and Walt Whitman were the objects of a literary cult. Their books were to be seen on tables in private houses and in clubs, and their portraits were placed like holy pictures in places of honor in book-stores and in public halls. Just as an orthodox religious peasant crosses himself every time he passes a holy picture, just so a follower of these literary idols bowed reverently before the masterpieces of Walt Whitman and Gorky. Many of the Russian authors that have had a great success abroad are at home almost neglected. Of Turgeneff and Andrieff less is sold in Russia than abroad. Tchekhoff, Dostoyevsky and Korolenko are but little known in America, but they are at present Russia's most popular authors.

Pessimistic realism has for fifty years dominated Russian fiction. Yet in a very different key is the work of a new writer, who has probably made the biggest sensation in modern Russian literature. Arzbaschoff is the literary hero of Russia of to-day. Of his *Saxia* over a million copies have been sold in one year, although his recent novels have created less furore. He is a modern Boccaccio, the impressionist of an erotic fiction. His style is vivid and fascinating, but he so reeks with sensualism that he leaves Maupassant far behind.

Russian readers differ not only in their literary tastes, but also, as here, in their point of view. A book of fiction must not only fascinate the intellect, but also it must touch the heart. It must be direct, simple and natural as if the author were telling a story verbally. In Russia the writer of fiction has not only to undergo the severe training of the journalist and

the literary critic, but also he has to be a student of psychology, sociology and arts before he attempts to make a career as a novelist. This may be best illustrated by my own experience. I was a journalist for two years, for three years I was a bookseller and then for some years longer a literary critic. I had published many short stories in the periodicals, yet I did not yet dare to write my individual style of fiction, over which I had worked for over ten years, until men like Dr. Tchekhoff, Professor Schroeder and Tolstoi found something to appreciate in my stories. However, my first attempts at originally were soon nipped in the bud, when the Russian Government, unable to agree with my efforts, made me a prisoner for four years in St. Petersburg. After my release political persecution forced me to leave my country, probably forever, and thus to become an author in a new country and in the midst of a new life.

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## TEMPERAMENT AND SALESMANSHIP.

IN one of our smaller cities, says James H. Collins, in *December Priests' Ink*, a music teacher has brought together enough men from local theatre bands to make a fair symphony orchestra, giving several Sunday night concerts each winter.

At the best concert last season everything depended on the E-flat clarinet. No other man in town could play the parts "in an educated way." The leader spent a month warming him up with praise, and he rehearsed splendidly. All seemed well.

But a few hours before the concert a dependent creature appeared at the leader's house. It was the E-flat clarinet, and he came to say his instruments had gone back on him—they weren't working right that morning—he'd rather cut his throat than play to-night. So a clarinet was recruited from a dance orchestra to fake the parts.

This is the thing sometimes called "temperament."

It has to be reckoned with in sales management.

The salesman is as much a creative artist as any E-flat clarinet, and subject to the same glees and glooms. As an experienced western manager puts it, the salesman is never quite perfect; he has certain faculties developed more than others; bumps stand out on his head; the best salesman on the force is generally the one who has to be held with an iron hand in practical matters such as expense accounts and reports.

The manager who has the least trouble with his temperamental equation seems to be the type of man who can sell his whole proposition all over, again to the salesman whose knees have weakened.

For instance, an eastern directory publisher has a young solicitor, who, for a month at a time, will sell advertising space on his own steam. He finds unheeded-of prospects, wins them over to the directory idea, helps them work out schemes, and is so thoroughly interested in his job that he manages himself. But some morning, without any traceable cause, he lingers around the office and

hates to start out. Then the publisher gets a copy of the directory, takes the solicitor into his office, sits down with him, and spends an hour or two selling him the book all over again. The boss takes it up position by position. He analyzes the back cover, the inside cover, the outside space, the lettering on the edges of the leaves, compares their book with competitors' to the disadvantage of the latter, picks out new lines of business they ought to be getting, and so forth. By lunch time usually, the boss has closed his own salesman, and sends him out with fresh interest in his work, gingered up for another month.

When Hugh Chalmers managed a cash register selling force he found temperament responsible for many lost opportunities. A salesman with the blues, arriving at a town, would decide on his way up from the station that it was a pretty dull place, and therefore he need not unpack his samples—there would be time enough to empty the trunk if a live customer should be found. To cure his men of this practice, Mr. Chalmers used to tell a story about himself in the same circumstances. One day, when feeling blue, he made a little place where the outlook was thoroughly discouraging. On the principle that he was never able to talk so well to a prospect when he knew that his trunks would have to be unpacked if he really interested him, he got his samples arranged at the hotel before starting out. Only one merchant in town seemed inclined to listen to cash register arguments, and Mr. Chalmers couldn't get him warmed up to the point of promising to come to the hotel. The prospect said he wasn't interested just now, that he hadn't time, and so on, until finally Mr. Chalmers left him and went back to brood in the lobby. Looking aimlessly into the billiard room before lunch, he saw this merchant playing pool. Within ten minutes he had him in his room and had sold a machine, something that would have been impossible had his trunks not been unpacked.

When a salesman is suffering from temperament, he is generally fertile in suggestions for increasing the scope of the line with new goods to approximate something that competitors are selling. A toilet goods house, for example, makes about a

dozen preparations for manicures and barbers. These goods are sterling stuff, and the line is adapted to every need that customers are likely to have. From time to time, however, a salesman will come in protesting that he can no longer sell their balm because some competitor's cold cream is better suited to the trade. The sales manager then goes over their whole line with his men, showing him that each preparation is adapted to several uses, that when a customer has them all he doesn't need anything else, and that the line is purposely held to a few standard general purpose articles to save customers money by keeping down their investment in superficial novelties that may be called for but once a day. That kind of argument silences the objections.

A big shoe house requires its salesman to visit retailers in the order of their ratings, or according to central location, as far as possible. This practice was established for temperamental reasons. It was found that after a salesman had been away from the home office a month, had a few set-backs, and got a bit homesick and gloomy, he would begin to hunt for little shoe dealers on the outskirts of a town, and after a week was actually afraid to talk to a merchant who had plate glass windows. As an outcome, sales were kept up fairly well, but the line was being placed with dealers who didn't count in their communities, and who probably had doubtful credit. The rule braces salesmen up—when they call on big merchants first the little ones are always more or less easy.

A typewriter sales manager keeps his selling organization toned up by the general policy of selling men not so much the goods as their own time. His philosophy on that subject is complete and practical. Time is raw material that costs nothing, and every man has an equal amount of it, he explains to a salesman. Some men sell their raw material in the form of hard manual labor, and get only a dollar and a half a day for it. A man like Frick or Carnegie, with just the same amount of time, manages to sell it for tens of thousands of dollars a year. There seems to be no upward limit in the figures at which time can be sold when knowledge and ability are added to it. Therefore, he keeps his men centered on

selling their time plus knowledge and ability, shows them how to lay it out to get the best returns from each day, and keeps them so intent on marketing something that belongs to them that they seldom lose interest in selling what belongs to the house.

The sales manager of a house with several men covering foreign countries, says that the foreign field is the hardest test of sales management. Men in a strange country, struggling with unfamiliar customs and language, easily grow despondent. To keep them keyed up, he writes frequent letters giving news of the house and the men at home, and it pays handsomely in sales. A schedule of foreign mails is always on his desk, and he makes it a point to have something for his foreign salesmen on each steamer coming in to a port where they are working. One of the most aggressive shoe selling organizations in the United States is kept in tune by the same device, the president of the company being sales manager in this case, and writing weekly letters to men on the road. Each letter sounds some new note, announces some new point in policy, and raises enthusiasm.

One type of sales-manager will handle his men as individuals, as does a real estate promoter in New York City, whose best salesman was formerly an actor. The latter makes a far better income than he ever earned on the stage, and likes his job immensely. Yet several times a year the boss finds it necessary to invite him and his wife to his home, show him a little personal attention, let him know that he is appreciated as a good fellow apart from business. If this isn't done every so often, the salesman literally begins to pine away. Asking him out to the house and assuring him that he is a wonder seems

to play the same part in his present work that the applause used to play when he was doing one-night stands.

Another kind of manager will handle his men like an old-fashioned preacher, holding them up to an almost austere sense of duty. An excellent illustration of this method is a certain general agent in a New York life insurance office, who was born in Scotland and has so strong a tincture of Scotch theology that he always wanted to be a preacher, but missed his calling. On a Monday morning he will gather his soliciting force and begin talking. They did well last week, he admits. The office got more insurance than in the same week of any previous year. If they think that they can safely rest on what was done last week, however, they are greatly mistaken. Here they ever stopped to reflect what it would mean if each man there had brought in as little as one more application in the week just past? The premiums would have meant something in the form of cash, certainly. But that isn't what he is thinking about. Suppose each man had brought in just one more application for a thousand-dollar policy. Consider what that would have meant to the people they had persuaded to take out the additional insurance! Think of the poverty and misery abolished among widows and orphans! Think of the addition to the peace of mind of the policyholders! Stop a moment and realize what just one little thousand-dollar policy apiece would mean to the thrift and prosperity of the country! Suppose each man in that office were to do it this week, and next week, and every week for a year! By the time this theological general agent has finished talking those solicitors hustle out and begin getting business, and temperament seldom bothers his organization.

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#### HINTS FOR THE MAN WHO BUYS A MOTOR.

NOT a few valuable hints to the man who hopes or intends to buy a motor are given by Mr. Herbert N. Towle, writing in *Recreation*. In the following condensation he deals with the question of second-hand cars, equipment for new cars, the garage, and the use a man may expect to make of his car.

The man, he says, who uses his car only for recreation (there are many of them) a total of 1,000 miles in eight months will give him a bowing acquaintance with a goodly lot of sign-boards. Allowing for rainy nights, holidays and Sundays, and for some time to be devoted to other pursuits or recreations, he may

even go off on a short tour of three or four hundred miles and still not run his total worth over a thousand. Such a man, if practical and careful, can get a surprisingly good return out of a thousand dollars invested in an automobile.

Concerning the subject of the purchase price, a word should be said about the allowance for equipment. Many cars are sold to-day completely equipped, or so nearly so that the addition of \$50 or so covers everything except clothing, license, and insurance. Other cars, however, especially those sold at low prices, are often very imperfectly equipped, and one must add the price of a folding top, speedometer, wind shield (if desired), and various other things, before one is really through spending money. The lamps supplied with some low-priced cars are very flimsy and inefficient, and the critical purchaser will insist on good lamps of proper size being furnished, paying the difference in price if necessary. A good automatic generator or a gas tank is as important as the lamps; and, for both safety and peace of mind, a long-range horn is an important feature of the equipment. These horns are operated by electricity or by the exhaust pressure; the former type costs more, but is more satisfactory. Another essential item of equipment is three or four spare inner tubes and—except for the smallest cars—a spare shoe. In place of the latter, a light car intended for local use only may carry a blow-out patch and one or two tire levers.

If the car is to be kept on the premises, a garage must be provided, and this will cost from \$150 up, an average figure being about \$400 for a one-car stucco garage with hot-water heater (essential in New York latitudes if the car is to be used in winter), underground gasoline tank, bench, locker, and the most necessary tools.

Supposing now that the choice has fallen on a second-hand car, the question arises whether it should be overhauled by the seller before purchase, or by the purchaser afterward. If the seller is responsible, the former plan is better; otherwise, the purchaser will do best to put himself in the hands of an expert, who will see that a good job is turned out. It is important,

before the car is bought, to ascertain as nearly as possible how much work will be required on it, and what it will cost. An exact estimate can only be made after the car has been taken apart, but prior examination will permit an outside figure to be named. This figure may run from \$75 for a small runabout in fair condition to ten times that sum for a fifty-horse, power car which has been allowed to deteriorate. The mere disassembling, cleaning, and reassembling the parts of a large car costs about \$150, so it is well not to have a car all taken apart unless work is to be done on it.

The condition of a second-hand car may vary all the way from nearly brand new to the last stages of decrepitude. It is well to verify the seller's statement of the age of the car, by noting either its number or the earmarks of the model, which usually change from year to year. The nameplate alone should not be trusted, as it is easily changed.

In examining the car, look carefully for evidences of collision. See that the axles are not sprung and that the springs do not sag. Usually the first part of a car to wear out is the steering gear; therefore this should be examined for looseness and wear in the reducing gear and connections. Grasp the right front wheels by opposite spokes and shake them, to detect "play." See whether the steering column is loose or rigid. If loose, a shop job is required to make it permanently snug. An old car with bevel gear drive will show looseness in the universal joints of the propeller shaft. The differential gears and pinions, and likewise the bevel driving pinion, are liable to be worn. Jack up one end of the rear axle, set one of the change gears in mesh, and rock the rear wheel back and forth. This will show how much back-lash there is in the transmission from the gears to the rear wheel. It will disclose wear, if any, in the propeller shaft joints, in the bearings of the bevel pinion shaft, and in the gear shaft bearings next to the propeller shaft. Looseness in the bearings adjacent to the rear wheel may be detected by shaking the wheel. If the wheel bearing is plain bushed, some looseness is expected, but a ball or a roller bearing should be snug.

# THE BEST BOOK

## AND OTHERS



### Howard's End

IF you read the new Novel, Howard's End, you will meet a woman that is quite worth while meeting. She is not among the characters, and her name is not mentioned in the book. And yet behind every character in the whole story, she moves, and through each paragraph one catches vague glimpses of her that pique one's curiosity to exasperation. In short, although you may like the whole book and though you will undoubtedly have a vivid impression of the various people that walk and talk their way through it, still it is the author or authoress of "Howard's End" that compels one curiosity. "It" is a mystery.

Of course the book is signed and its title page includes a list of the other books written by the same author—E. M. Forster. This list mentions: "A Room With a View," "Where Angels Fear to Tread," and "The Longest Journey." Unfortunately we had not read any of these books when we opened the cover of Howard's End, but we intend to do so. For in the author of Howard's End exists a personality worth meeting, and we are curious to know if the other books signed by that name have the same quality.

Howard's End is a story without a plot worth calling a plot, without a bit of

the usual descriptive flights, without much color, without sentiment, without action, and without any particular moral. And yet you read the book with intense interest. You cannot scan it rapidly. You are bound to read it line for line. When you are through reading it you will not be much wiser about anything save a certain class of people in England and even then you will not have gained any great new light upon the subject. You will have met two interesting sisters, Margaret and Helen Schlegel, half German, half English orphans. They are independently wealthy. They have a young dyspeptic brother and an aunt who is truly English. But she and the brother do not matter. On the other hand you are introduced early in the story to a Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Ruth Wilcox, the wife of a remarkably stupid, level-headed, simple-minded business man, and the mother of an equally stupid, etc., family. They are worthy people, withal, but uninteresting, except for the Mother. And just after you are beginning to see that she has qualities of her own and is starting to make friends with the Schlegel girls, she dies and leaves the Schlegels her house, which is called Howard's End. The Schlegels do not know it and when the commonplace family find it out they de-

side that the Mother was not responsible when she made the bequest, and they take advantage of the informal manner in which she made it, to destroy the paper, and keep the house themselves. But this has nothing much to do with the story.

In the end, the elder girl, Margaret, marries the widower. She is of a highly intellectual and remarkably well-balanced type. She is the opposite of the husband, but she "manages" him in all things. The other sister, more beautiful but more flighty, has an affair with a poor clerk with whom the sisters had come in contact and whom they had at one time tried to assist into the life of "culture" for which he longed. The affair ends disgracefully but the girl, Helen, does not act as does the usual insipid lady under the same circumstances. She admits that she lured the clerk on. She accepts her position in society philosophically.

But it is not fair to the book to try to tell the story because there is no story and yet—the thing is worth reading. As I said before the lasting impression that one has is that the person who wrote that book is an interesting person. You can't help wondering what he or she is like. As a matter of fact it seems to be a woman that wrote it. You can gather that much by a few little turns in her philosophy. The conversations in the book are bright and original. There are no "dramatics" and only one really tense part—that is when Margaret tells her fool of a husband what she thinks of him. It is not a problem novel. It is not a study of anything in particular. It is not wonderful for the story it tells, but the whole thing bristles with originality that commands your interest. The only real way in which anyone can get an idea of the thing is to give that person some of the characteristic extracts.

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The Anglo-German relations are dealt with in a way that might apply to Canadians. Their father is referred to as having said once to a German: "Your Pan-Germanism is no more imaginative than is our Imperialism over here. It is the vice of a vulgar mind to be thrilled by bigness, to think that a thousand square miles are more wonderful than one square mile and that a million square miles are

almost the same as Heaven.

Oh, yes, you Germans have learned men who collect more facts than do the learned men of England. They collect facts and facts and Empires of Facts, but which of them will rekindle the light within?"

... It was a unique education for the little girls (the heroines of the book). The haughty German nephew would be at Wickham Place one day—convinced that Germany was appointed by God to govern the world. Aunt Juley would come the next day convinced that Great Britain had been appointed to the same post by the same authority. ... Putting her head on one side, Margaret (the elder of the two sisters in the story) remarked: "To me, either one of two things is very clear: either God does not know his own mind about England and Germany, or else these do not know the mind of God." "A hateful little girl!" (comments the author of the book) "but at thirteen she had grasped a dilemma that most people travel through life without perceiving."

Then, if you are musical, take this comment on a visit paid by the two girls to Queen's Hall, where, among other things, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is rendered. This part comes at the beginning of a chapter.

"It will be generally admitted that this Symphony is the most sublime noise that ever penetrated into the ear of man. Whether you are like Mrs. Munt, and tap your foot surreptitiously when the tunes come; or like Helen, who can see heroes and shipwrecks in the music's flood; or like Tibby (the young dyspeptic brother) who is profoundly versed in counterpoint and holds the full score open on his knee; ... in any case the passion of your life becomes more vivid and you are bound to admit that such a noise is cheap at two shillings. ... Even if you sit on the extreme left of Queen's Hall so that the brass bumps at you before the rest of the music arrives, it is still cheap.

... The Andante had begun—very beautiful but bearing a family likeness to all the other beautiful Andantes that Beethoven has written. ... Helen's attention wandered and she gazed at the architecture. Much did she censure the attenuated cupids who circled

the ceiling of Queen's Hall. ... clad in sallow pantalons. 'How awful to marry a man like these cupids,' thought Helen."

Speaking of Bast Lattently's wife, the book says: "Take my word for it, that of her smile was simply stunning, and it is only you and I who will be fastidious, and complain that true joy begins in the eyes, and that the eyes of Jacky did not accord with her smile, but were anxious and hungry."

Then this is a sample of one of the many conversations in the story. Miss Schlegel the elder was discussing Money with her aunt, Mrs. Munt.

"Money palls the edges of all things," said Miss Schlegel. "God help these who have none!"

"But this is something quite new!" said Mrs. Munt, who collected new ideas as a squirrel collects nuts, and was especially attracted by those that are portable.

"New for me; but sensible people have acknowledged it for years. You and I and the Wilcoxes stand upon Money as upon islands. It is so firm beneath our feet that we forget its very existence. It's only when we see someone near us tottering that we realize all that an independent income means. Last night, when we were talking up here round the fire, I began to think that the very soul of the world is economic, and that the lowest abyss is not the absence of Love, but the absence of Coin."

"I call that rather cynical."

"So do I. But Helen and I, we ought to remember, when we are tempted to criticize others, that we are standing on these islands, and that most of the others are down below the surface of the sea. The poor cannot always reach those whom they want to love, and they can hardly ever escape from those whom they love no longer. We rich can ..."

"That's more like Socialism," said Mrs. Munt, suspiciously.

"Call it what you like. I call it going through life with one's hand spread open

on the table. I'm tired of these rich people who pretend to be poor, and think it shows a nice mind to ignore the powers of money that keep their feet above the waves. I stand each year upon six hundred pounds, and Helen upon the same, and Tibby (the Brother) will stand upon eight, and as fast as our pounds crumble away into the sea they are renewed. All our thoughts are the thoughts of six-hundred-pounders, and all our speeches; and because we don't want to steal umbrellas ourselves, we forget that below the sea people do want to steal them, and do steal them sometimes, and we forget that what's a joke up here is down there reality."

There is this too, about Death:

"A Funeral is not Death, any more than Baptism is birth, or marriage union. All three are the clumsy devices, coming now too late, now too early, by which society would register the quick motions of men."

The description of London is good.

"To speak against London is no longer fashionable. 'The Earth' as an artistic cult has had its day and the literature of the near future will probably ignore the country and seek inspiration from the town. ... Certainly London fascinates. One visualizes it as a tract of quivering grey, intelligent without purpose, and excitable without love; ... as a heart that certainly beats, but with no pulsation of humanity. ... A friend explains himself; the earth is explicable,—from her we came and to her we must return; but who can explain Westminster Bridge Road or Liverpool Street in the morning—the city inhaling—or the same thoroughfares in the evening—the city exhaling her exhausted air? ... London is religion's opportunity—not the decorous religion of theologians, but anthropomorphic, crude. Yes, the continuous flow would be tolerable if a man of our own sort—not anyone pompous or fearful—were caring for us up in the sky."



# RANDOM COMMENT

## BY THE EDITOR



### Mr. Hill and the Canadian West

THEY say that J. J. Hill has been attending to his own business too well.

This is the talk in some of the eastern clubs, especially those that succor the Protectionists in these days of reciprocity treaties. The chief allegation against Mr. Hill is that he has been prompting the western farmer to demand free trade or free-trade, because, and only because, such trade would benefit Mr. Hill by diverting some of the east and west traffic of the Dominion into north and south channels, to the benefit of Mr. Hill's railroads.

One story goes that J. J. Hill paid the expenses of the western farmers to Ottawa. Another story is that he paid \$50,000 "bribe money in various ways"—in Canada. Other stories, a trifle less foolish, have it that Mr. Hill's agents have been busy tainting the news supplies of the west, giving the items, wherever possible, a free trade and reciprocity tincture. The same people that tell these stories allege that American lecturers traveled through the west, addressing the Grain Growers' Associations on "Direct Legislation," and charging nothing for their services, the inference being that Hill paid them.

We cannot undertake to deny or to affirm these stories. But they make one stop to think. For the picture of J. J. Hill making speeches, and giving interviews in which he advises closer relations be-

tween Canada and the United States, is quite natural, and these things are undoubtedly the naive revelation of what Mr. Hill would like, because it would benefit his purse.

Observe the railway map of North America. Observe how the Hill lines, running north toward Canada, seem to stop limpidly at the Canadian boundary, as though they were diffident and waited for an invitation before entering, or, rather, as though they were hungry porters outside the gate of a city anxiously waiting for the traffic, originating in Canada or going into Canada from the States, to employ their services. These "porters" are Mr. Hill's. The more they carry the more money Mr. Hill makes. It is, therefore, not impossible that Mr. Hill has been doing his level best to bring about Canadian reciprocity.

But it is not probable.

Many people may disagree with our view. But we would still submit that the thing is very improbable. Our first reason for so supposing is that we would be casting a serious reflection on the bona fides of the Canadian west, by believing that its free-or-trade demand was not the cry of the people themselves. The western Canadian would be insulted if you told him that he had been bought, or bribed, to "holler for reciprocity." As for the tainting of the news sources, we fancy that

that would be a task larger than even Hill could undertake, and get efficient results from. He may have subsidized lecturers to lecture for free trade, but, again, we doubt it. We believe that the western farmers thought of free trade all by themselves—that the more they thought of it the more they wanted it—and that they went to Ottawa of their own accord, and not because Jim Hill pulled any strings. We are not defending Mr. Hill—because we think that if he could have done these things he would have done them. We're not standing in defence of the west's free-trade policy.

But these stories of Hill and the west are a peculiar comment on ourselves—the Canadian people. They are indeed a reflection on the eastern Canadian, just as the entire reciprocity discussion is a reflection on all Canadians. The eastern Canadian really cannot bring himself to believe that westerners honestly mean what

they say. In turn, the westerners think there is something crooked in the manufacturer's case. The westerner is always hinting at "red drawing-rooms," or the campaign fund; and he firmly believes that the big manufacturers are bribing the Government to "protect" them from American competition.

In short, the various sections of this large piece of earth which is called Canada, don't understand one another. When one man speaks, he speaks only from the point of view of his own local interests. The man who has a truly Canadian viewpoint, who can understand how the western farmer feels and how the eastern manufacturer feels, is indeed a rare specimen.

The men who believe that it took Jim Hill to stir the west to demand free trade may perhaps be revealing their own inability to see two sides and to believe in the sincerity of "the other fellow."



*The editor is prepared to purchase each month limited number of original anecdotes about prominent Canadians, for which prompt payment will be made.*

Sir X—, a noted politician, was touring a district in the interests of his candidate for a provincial election.

The warden of the county council was destined to entertain the noted guest during his stay in a certain village. To the warden's family it was a wonderful event. Think of having a real Sir at the table! "Now," said one of the daughters of the house, "the much-disputed question will be settled: When you are away from home is it good form to fold your table

napkin after a meal, or should you leave it in a heap by your plate? We shall see!"

Sir X— came and was most genial towards all. Towards the close of dinner the host and guest became enthusiastic over assured election successes. In fact, so did the daughters, and forgot all about the disposition of the table napkin. When the men had retired for a smoke, a search was instituted. His napkin was under the table!



Mr. Brown (after colliding with his own apple tree several times) returning home very late: "Mosh remark'ble fog I ever 's'perienced! Absh'lutely solid!"

—The rattler

The following are true copies of letters received from grateful patients by a Canadian doctor while practising in India:

"Dear She,—My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay you—vengeance belongeth unto God.

"Yours noticeably."

Then another:

"Dear and Fair Madame,—I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ulto. For your help in the matter I shall ever remain grateful.

"Yours reverently."

\* \* \*

A story at the expense of Col. Irvine, the warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, is related by himself. Some time ago a convict under his care came up to him with a "special request." When asked the nature of it, he replied that he would like permission to follow his trade. "Certain-

ly," said Col. Irvine, "as far as possible men are permitted to keep in touch with their vocations whilst undergoing imprisonment." "See that this man is put to his profession," he added, turning to his deputy, "and, by the way, No. —, what is your trade?"

"I'm a balloonist," was the answer.

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The populace crowded around Cæsar clamoring for their mighty hero.

"Cæsar," spoke up the appointed one, "wilt thou be our king?"

"Nay, my faithful followers, I cannot," answered the warrior.

"Hail, all hail to Cæsar," bellowed a voice in the crowd. They all hailed.

"Let us beseech of you, Cæsar; take the crown," pressed the speaker.

"My dear citizens and loyal compatriots, I cannot do this thing that you ask of me; the time is not ripe."

"Hail, all hail to Cæsar," again spoke up the voice from the crowd. They all hailed as before.

"Now, our Cæsar," said the speaker, "we have all hailed; it is up to you to reign."



Half-hours at Eton — Medicine Day

—The Sketch